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fore he fell to his death while returning from his bridal trip and this tragic event cast a gloom over the entire college community. On the following Sunday a large assembly gathered in the Craven Memorial Hall to pay a last tribute of love and respect to this man who was so near to the hearts of all.

The life of Professor Bivins is of especial interest to readers of THE ARCHIVE on account of his connection with the college as student, editor of this magazine, headmaster of Trinity Park School, and always a loyal alumnus and faithful friend. On this account, this brief sketch is given.

Joseph Francis, the son of John M. and Martha M. Bivins, was born on May 31, 1874, in the little town of Albemarle, then and now the county seat of Stanly. He was fortunate in being the child of the right kind of parents. They were of the best of North Carolina families, high-minded, God-fearing people, fit progenitors of their noble son. They had a deep sense of parental responsibility and sought early to give their children the foundation of true character, to train them in the making and using of the best life.

The village of Albemarle was not an exception to the generality of small North Carolina towns. There were the usual temptations to be faced, the usual battles to be fought and won. There were ample opportunities for the making of a bad boy but in this instance evil influences were defeated by the inherent goodness of the youth. Joe, as he was always known to his intimate friends, was distinctively a good boy; not goody-goody, for he loved all the sports and pastimes of a healthy boy, but manly, vigorous, upright. In his makeup noble qualities soon began to assert themselves, and the youth showed promise of the man that was to be.

His life is a striking contradiction of the popular theory that a youth must sow his wild oats. Boys must be boys, but they need not be bad boys. There was no period of wildness and the usual youthful folly in Joe Bivins' life; he

seemed to have an innate consciousness of the right and an abhorrence of wrong. At the age of ten he joined the church and two years later professed conversion. It is hardly probable that there was any violent change in his life—there were no great sins to be given up; his experience was a gradual unfolding and development of those faculties which make for truth and righteousness. His whole religious life was a growth, a constant increase in the spiritual side of his being and a continual nearing to the Source of all good.

Unlike the average boy, Joseph liked to go to school and was exceedingly fond of his books, giving early evidence of those qualities which made him the foremost student in one of the best classes that has ever graduated from Trinity College. Most of his early school days were spent under the tuition of Prof. H. W. Spinks, who was in charge of the Albemarle Academy at that time. Prof. Spinks was a man of great force of character, trying all the time to lead his students to the higher life. Probably this man had more influence than any other over the subsequent life of Professor Bivins. He often referred to his old friend and teacher in after life, and regarded him as an ideal man to prepare boys for college. Certainly he gave this student the very best of preparation.

In the fall of 1893, young Bivins, then nineteen years old, came to Durham, where he entered the Sophomore class in Trinity College, then under the administration of President Crowell. From the very first he took a prominent stand in college life. He was a faithful student and made a record in the class room of which his instructors still talk. He lives in their memory as the ideal student, one of those who give the teacher a sense of encouragement and new zeal in his work. He gave himself up completely to his task, placing himself in the hands of his teachers and responding readily to their every suggestion for his advancement. He was always on the alert for ideas and never let a subject go until he had completely mastered it. He never worked for grades, but

did his work to get all out of it that it held for him. As a matter of course the grades followed, but they were not the end toward which he was striving. There have been few men at Trinity who surpassed his record in the class room.

Although a brilliant scholar he was not a one-sided man, not a bookworm, but a student in the broadest sense of the word. He did not go about with bowed head and stooped shoulders, begrudging every minute away from his books, but recognized the fact that text books are not the only source of profit in college and guided his course by that theory. He entered heartily into every phase of college life, being distinctively an all-round man. Although never rising to prominence as an athlete, he was an earnest supporter of all forms of athletics, and always contended for the highest type of manhood in college sports. A vigorous protest against professionalism was entered by him, and he was an early supporter of purity in athletics. His position has come to be recognized as the correct one.

In the Young Men's Christian Association, he was one of the most faithful workers and did his full share in promoting the cause of Christ among his companions. He lived the Christ life and tried earnestly to attract his fellow students to it. He had a powerful hold upon his associates in college and was the direct means of bringing a large number of them into a full realization of the Christian experience. In the spring of 1896, his Senior year, one of the greatest meetings in the history of the college was held. The whole community was affected, every man in the Senior class was converted. No man did more for that meeting than did Joe Bivins. He was one of the most energetic workers and its success was largely due to his efforts.

In the hall of debate, Mr. Bivins was feared more than any man in college and his competitors usually came out worsted in any contest with him. In inter-society debates he was a power, and the Columbian Literary Society recognized his value by twice choosing him to represent her in forensic con-

tests. Two medals were given him as a reward for work done within her walls. One of these he wore until his death.

As literary manager and assistant-editor of THE ARCHIVE he did some of his best work, making it one of the ablest college magazines in the whole South. During his connection with the publication there was a marked improvement noticeable in the matter which made up its columns. Its standards were advanced and it was given tone and dignity among college journals. The articles from his pen were of an especially high order; several poems and stories possessed true literary merit. One of his best "solid" articles was "Relation of the Student Body to the Success of the College." This was a paper read before the Student Conference in June, 1895, and published in THE ARCHIVE the following fall. In this article, a significant sentence occurs. Speaking of success in managing an institution, he says that it "consists in cultivating in the students a spirit of honor and manly independence; in making them to feel that they have a part in the management of the college and that it does not all rest upon a foreign force called a faculty." Much of the success which came to him as a teacher was due to the working out of this principle.

Mr. Bivins graduated in 1896 with the highest honors, being the valedictorian of his class and winning the Braxton Craven Scholarship Medal. He was the last Trinity man to deliver a valedictory address, for the custom died out with the passing of the class of 1896. The address of that year still lives in the minds of many who heard it as a master of its kind.

Trinity had faith in this son of hers and sent him out into the world with perfect assurance that he would add honor to her name. This expectation was fully realized. Unto the end, Joseph Bivins' life was full of noble achievements, and his alma mater watched his progress with a proud heart.

Mr. Bivins early conceived as his life work the preparing of Southern youths for college. He saw the need of more effi-

cient preparatory work and began to plan for the development of this particular part of the State's educational system. After graduation, he taught one year at Roxboro, and one at his home town of Albemarle. At both these places he was remarkably successful and his noble qualities endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. It early became evident that he had special aptitude as a teacher and that he was destined to be one of the State's leading educators. He had divinely implanted gifts which made him especially suited for this line of work.

In the year 1898, the Trinity Park School was organized with the purpose of founding a strictly high grade preparatory school. In casting about for a man to put at its head, the name of Professor Bivins suggested itself and he was unhesitatingly elected to the position, which he filled most acceptably, until his untimely death removed him from the scene of his earthly labors. Few men could have done what Professor Bivins did. Coming to this institution in the very beginning, he threw the whole force of his vigorous personality into its upbuilding with the result that in the six years of his able administration it came to the very foremost of Southern preparatory schools.

Professor Bivins' success as a teacher was due to a number of facts. He did rely only upon his own experience but was continually seeking for practical ideas in teaching and school management from other sources. By a close reading of the best educational journals and a careful study of the methods of the most successful teachers he sought to add to his own practical knowledge. He recently made an extended trip on which he visited all the leading preparatory schools of the country, observing closely their methods of work. This visit resulted in a large number of plans for the extension of his work in his own school. Death cut them all short.

It was as a teacher that this writer first knew Professor Bivins. And it was as a teacher and a friend that he and all

the students loved and honored him. There has hardly been a man in the State with such a control over boys, with such a sure way of winning their affections. His frank, open countenance, his pleasant laugh and the kindly word that ever fell from his lips made way for him into the hearts of every one. All the boys loved him and respected him, consequently they were ready to obey his rules. Of these there were very few. He was a perfect gentleman himself and treated his students as such. They generally responded to this appeal to their honor. He kept in vital touch with every student both in and out of school and made each feel that he had a genuine interest in his welfare. The boys loved him because he made himself one of them and understood and appreciated all their joys and sorrows. He was always ready to speak a word to help a boy along and many a hard place has been smoothed over by his friendly helpfulness.

In everything which pertained to the welfare of his boys, Professor Bivins was deeply concerned. His help was made manifest everywhere. He attended the meetings of their societies and athletic association and took as much interest in these things as any of the boys. About their spiritual life he was most especially anxious. All the time he held up to them Jesus Christ as the perfect man and urged them to come up to this standard. He kept a picture of the head of Christ hanging over his mantel, and often urged them to do the same. All the time he begged them to put aside all things mean and low and turn to the higher life. Pure ideals and noble aspirations he constantly held before them and called them to nobler planes of living. Professor Bivins was never too busy to attend a Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting or to lead a Bible class, but delighted in doing such work. The spiritual life of the school was his especial charge. He stood for virtue and morality and vice was never allowed to exist when discovered. He taught a large class each year at Main Street Sunday School composed of students from the Park School. In his Sabbath talks to them many seeds of truth

were sown. In the brief six years of work in this school hundreds of young lives were touched for good, whose influence will be felt for years to come. There is no measuring the volume of good done by this consecrated leader of men.

The lively affection that Professor Bivins had for the students of his school extended to all with whom he came in contact. This dominant trait of his character gave him a tremendous hold upon men everywhere. Wherever he went he made friends. There was an indefinable something in the buoyant personality of this man that made him lovable. He was always cheerful, never despondent. He looked upon life with eyes that saw so much of good that the prospect was pleasing to the soul. All men were his brothers and he was ready to clasp hands in friendship and love. All over the State, wherever he was known, he had friends, and today they mourn the brilliant life cut off in the flower of its vigorous manhood.

Professor Bivins was licensed to preach in 1898, and at the time of his death was a member of the North Carolina Conference. As a preacher and public speaker he was in great demand. Those who have heard him preach will not soon forget the earnest, persuasive logic of his discourse. He appealed to all the finer sides of a man's nature, inviting him to the same high plane from which he himself called back a message of love and sympathy to those below him. His words thrilled with a burning enthusiasm, there was an intense glow in his manly face, his honest blue eyes looked straight into the hearts of his hearers and made way for his earnest appeal. He believed thoroughly in the abundant life and felt that the Christian religion had a world of good to offer to men. He preached a personal Saviour, a personal God and presented Jesus Christ as the ideal man, the brother of us all. By his death an able pulpit orator was lost to the South, a man who would have rendered valiant service to his church.

Although engrossed with his school duties, Professor

Bivins was a careful and conscientious student. The world of books was to him a full store house from which he could gather "life and food for future years." He had a keen appreciation of good literature and studied it as the best interpretation of life. He wandered freely in the great world of letters, hand in hand with the master minds of all ages. Though thoroughly competent to teach any branch of the curriculum, Professor Bivins was especially fond of literature and made that his chief work. His abounding interest illumined the subject and gave the students new impetus in their task. Who that has sat under his instruction can forget the kindling enthusiasm with which he would open up some new field to the uncertain steps of his followers?

The lives of Phillips Brooks and Thomas Arnold were carefully studied by Professor Bivins and he worked out in his daily life the great principles which he gained therefrom. Phillips Brooks was a powerful instrument in shaping his religious life. He made a careful study of the noted preacher and wrote a lengthy paper for the ARCHIVE concerning him. Unconsciously he absorbed a great deal of his spirit and became very much under the influence of his teachings.

Dr. Arnold was his model in the school room to a great extent. His ways of dealing with students were largely fashioned after those of the great master of Rugby school. He often referred to Dr. Arnold, and considered him one of the greatest men of England.

The love of such a man as Professor Bivins must have been deep and powerful, pure and holy, and it would have been a priceless gift to any woman. For all women he had the highest regard; to one woman his heart gave love and devotion. In his college days he had a class-mate who was his ideal woman. Their friendship grew into love and on Thursday, September 1, 1904, they were quietly married. On the following Monday the final chapter of this sad, sad story came with his untimely taking off. The cup of happiness was quaffed for a brief season and then rudely snatched

away and dashed to the ground. The tragedy of it all! We pause to drop a tear of sympathy for the bride-widow and pass on, ever casting mournful glances behind us.

North Carolina has need of such men as Joseph Francis Bivins. The South has need of them. This divinely endowed prophet would have labored long and earnestly for the upbuilding of his commonwealth. When we think of what he would have been we must feel a sense of sorrow at our great loss. His work was just beginning and would have grown in volume with the coming years. He has left an heritage that can not pass away. "We would not think of him as dead but as an immortal youth with a smile on his face. 'A-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passed at a bound on the other side. Trailing with him clouds of glory, this full-blooded spirit shot into the spiritual land.'"

We are better for his having lived among us. He was one of those who do some perpetual good in the world. The full fruitage of the service rendered by him to humanity is yet to be seen. We mourn one who would have been a great leader of men, and his leadership would have been away from low and sordid things to the heights of pure thinking and noble living. We would have followed him gladly, for he was,

> "One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake."

RAISING THE FLAG.

BY W. H. MOORE, D. D., PITTSBORO, N. C.

[Written for use of Class 1905, at Raising of Flag, Sept. 7, 1904.]

The bugle makes its call
On me, on you, on all,
Once more to raise
The ensign of the free;
Symbol of liberty
It hence shall ever be
And happy days.

Our mother makes her call,
On us in line to fall
This blessed day;
And o'er our heads unfurl
This banner to the world
As foe of every churl—
Our hope and stay.

Then let us raise it high,
And be our battle cry
Freedom to think
The higher thoughts of God;
And leaning on His rod,
Long as we tread His sod,
Pure knowledge drink.

From mountains to the sea,
Our eyes we fix on thee,
Flag of the free;
Unfettered be each fold,
And kind thy message bold,
Till with thy story told,
All shall love thee.

THOMAS ARNOLD.*

BY PROF. J. F. BIVINS.

In the few minutes allotted me I shall attempt to bring to the members of this Assembly some messages from the life of a teacher who became famous in that field of labor. I trust that this will in some measure interest all who are seeking sincerely and earnestly to be as efficient as possible in their chosen work. "I have remarked," says Carlyle, "that a true delineation of the smallest man and his scene of pilgrimage through life is capable of interesting the greatest man; and that all men are to an unspeakable degree brothers, each man's life a strange emblem of every man's, and that portraits faithfully drawn are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls." Surely this is true of the life of a wise and consecrated school master. Surely among the heroes of the ages he, too, deserves a place. Surely among the many thousand passers by there will be some who will gladly turn to drop at least some few flowers of affectionate appreciation on his grave. In fact, I can but believe that in the experiences of most of us who have passed the bright-faced school-boy and school-girl age, there is enshrined along side the mother's picture that of some faithful teacher, who in tenderness and wisdom too often unappreciated,—and in unfailing patience too often tried, guided our uncertain footsteps along the hidden paths of truth. Some men who passed before us daily in some distant class-room, far from the madding crowd, firmly curbing our reckless wills, patiently enduring our taints of blood, but ever leading us on and on into wisdom's wonderland, calling forth our unawakened powers, revealing to us the vast inheritance that is for us, and awakening in us lively aspirations for the highest and holiest things of life—and finding his deepest pleasure not in

*This paper was read at the meeting of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, June, 1901. It made a decided impression on all who heard it. Read now in the light of the author's tragic death, it is particularly interesting because of the light it throws on his ideas of the teacher's work.—EDITOR.

wealth, not in fame, not in popularity (for alas, these he rarely attained), but in seeing perchance that some few seeds out of all that toilsome sowing were finding fruitage in our lives. Many of these men have long since quietly stepped to their places in the silent halls of death; their biographies will never be written, but may God help us to be faithful to the examples they set for us.

Among such characters, Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, would perhaps occupy the most prominent place, not so much because his work differed from theirs in quality, but because he was able to exert an influence that was felt throughout the length and breadth of his native country, and which is still dominant in the educational life of all English speaking peoples. We are very fortunate in having in Stanley's "Life and Letters of Arnold" such a faithful and sympathetic portrait of this striking figure. It finds its place among Boswell's "Johnson," Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," and Allen's "Life of Brooks," as one of our best English biographies. It contains a careful presentation of Arnold's "Life and Correspondence" by one who had been a student under him. It shows not only a great teacher, but a broad-minded man thoroughly alive to the supreme questions of his age, both of school, church, and state—one who stood bravely on the far flung battle line and warred to the knife with falsehood of whatever kind. A man deeply religious, but not a fanatic; a worshiper of knowledge, but not pedantic and cold; a lover of healthy natural life, but not a pagan. Such a life dealt naturally with a great many questions outside the immediate work of the teacher. However, in this paper I only sketch briefly the main events of the forty-seven years of his life and then deal chiefly with his work as a teacher of boys in Rugby school.

He was born in 1795, at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, England, the son of a collector of customs, who died suddenly when the boy was five years old, from the same malady—*angina pectoris*—which afterwards proved fatal to himself

and afterwards to Matthew Arnold, his distinguished son. He owed much of his early training to the devoted care of his mother and especially to the wisdom of his aunt, Miss Dalefield, for whom he always manifested the deepest love and respect. From 1803 to 1807 he was a pupil in the endowed school of Warminster, and was then transferred to Winchester. In 1811, at the age of sixteen, he was entered at Oxford as a scholar of Corpus Christi College. Three years later he took his degree and took a first class in the classics. In 1815 he was elected a Fellow of Oriel, in 1815 he won the chancellor's prize for Latin, and in 1817, that for an English essay. He continued at the University till 1820 at work as a tutor, having been ordained two years earlier. He then left Oxford and took a curacy at Laleham in Surry, married Mary Penrose, and during the next eight years was chiefly occupied in preparing private pupils for the University. In 1828 he accepted the Headmastership of Rugby School, and continued in that post till his sudden death in 1842.

We have long since ceased to believe that a man's character and work are to be accounted for by looking to himself alone, but also to the age in which he was born. Character is shaped largely by environment and great men voice the spirit of their times. Arnold was born in one of the world's soul stirring ages. He was a child during Napoleon's meteor-like career, while Pitt was at the zenith of his power and

> Launched that thunderbolt of war
> On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar.

Brought up amid the bustle of sailors and soldiers, it is not surprising that he afterwards took such interest in the wars of Greece and of Rome, or the exploits of Hannibal and Scipio. He was a man of war from his youth, patriotic, sometimes vehement, and always aggressive in standing for his beliefs on educational, ecclesiastical, and political questions. His was no uncertain sound, so that he was an open target for all who were his opponents on any of those questions.

In early life poetry did not seem to offer much attraction to him. History and political philosophy were the tempting fields of study. Gibbon and Burke, Mitford, Russell and Priestley, Thucydides and Livy, Herodotus and Xenophon, were eagerly read by him at a very early age and had a larger share in the formation of his tastes than Greek tragedies or poets.

He was an ardent admirer and student of Aristotle. He became so imbued with the language and ideas of the Stagyrite that in conversation and in writing he constantly quoted the maxims of the philosopher as oracles and quoted quaint and pointed phrases from him. To him Aristotle was a practical teacher even in so-called modern problems, "he was the guide to right methods of study, the seer who beheld the larger problems of life, of society, and of polity in their true perspective and the intrepid seeker after truth." One writer says of his love for Aristotle, "I never knew a man who made such familiar, even fond, use of an author; it is scarcely too much to say that he spoke of him as of one intimately and affectionately known and valued." It would be well for all teachers to catch from him some such reverence for the great teachers of the past. It was a fortunate circumstance for one who was to become a leader in the public schools of England, that he received his early training in representatives of that class of institutions. Warminster, and especially Winchester, with honorable traditions, inspired him with reverence "for what is ancient and noble and with a desire to do something worthy of his spiritual ancestry." Here, too, he evinced that love of nature which was ever one of his healthiest characteristics.

One of the chief traits of Arnold was the deep seriousness of his nature,—his deep interest in religious questions, and his sincere sense of duty and responsibility. His was an anxiously inquisitive mind, a scrupulously conscientious heart. This led him, about the time of his taking orders as a minister, into a painful state of doubt. His state is de-

scribed as morbid and distressing. He could not give honest assent to some established beliefs of his church and was for some time almost despairing concerning himself. However, little by little, after the severest trials,

> "He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the spectres of his mind
> And laid them; thus he came at length
>
> To find a stronger faith his own,
> And Power was with him in the night,
> Which makes the darkness and the light,
> And dwells not in the light alone."

His desire to see clearly into the truth of things and to banish prejudice sometimes alarmed his timid and orthodox friends, but nevertheless led some to admit that it is better to have Arnold's doubts than some men's certainties. His early struggles led him in all after life to understand the struggles of serious young men and to know how to give them the needed sympathy and help. His life work gave him abundant opportunity to turn to good account the lessons he had learned.

I must pass hurriedly over Arnold's eight years at Laleham. He spent his time here preparing young men for the University, in editing a lexicon to Thucydides, and with Greek and Roman History. One says of his work here, "The most remarkable thing which struck me in joining the Laleham circle, was the wonderful healthfulness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Arnold's great power as a private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do, that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well." Life at Laleham was a valuable experience, coming between the quasi-public life of the University and the storm and stress of his work at Rugby. It did much to strengthen his character, to give solidity to his scholarship, and to deepen his religious convictions. He called it a place of "premature rest." It really

was to him what the sojourn in Midian was to Moses of old—a preparation for the larger responsibility to come.

When the trustees of Rugby were looking about for a man, Dr. Hawkins, the Provost of Oriel, in recommending Arnold, said that "if Arnold is elected he will change the face of education all through the public schools of England." He himself had some misgivings as to his fitness, but he realized that his powers had not yet had their fullest exercise. Before the election he wrote, "If I do get it, I feel as if I could set to work very heartily and, with God's blessing, I should like to try whether my notions of Christian education are really impracticable, whether our system of public schools has not in it some noble elements, which, under the blessing of the spirit of all holiness and wisdom, might produce fruit even to life eternal."

He was elected to the Headmastership of Rugby on December 2, 1827. He was then 32 years of age. He entered upon his duties in August of 1828. The state of the school when he began his work, the ideas and principles he set to work in it, and the work he accomplished will be the subjects for consideration in the remaining portion of this paper. The humility of spirit with which he entered upon his work is shown in the closing sentence of a letter to a friend, "May God grant that I may labor with an entire confidence in Him and with none in myself without Him;" and again, in reference to his wife, "So here begins the second act of our lives; may God bless it to us and make it help forward the great end of all."

In England the term public or grammar school is generally understood to apply to those institutions usually some centuries old, which were founded expressly for instruction in the Latin and Greek languages, and were designed to prepare students for the Universities. Rugby School was founded in 1567 upon land given by one Lawrence Sheriff, grocer. The principal requirement made by the founders of the masters was that "they teche always that is best and

instruct the children in Greek and redynge Latin." The school, after many years of waiting, was considerably enlarged under Arnold's predecessor, Dr. John Wool, Headmaster, 1810–1827. However, Wool proved a failure, especially as a disciplinarian. "When Arnold took hold of it Rugby was regarded as the lowest and most Bœotian of English schools." There was no established standard of scholarship and almost no discipline during Wool's administration. The task before Arnold was a gigantic and formidable one. He realized what would be required of him; he knew the capacity for evil in a crowd of lawless, reckless school boys and also the vast possibilities for good. "The management of boys," he said, "has all the interest of a great game of chess with living creatures for pawns and pieces, and your adversary in plain English, the devil, who truly plays a tough game and is very hard to beat."

As all teachers know, the time between childhood and manhood is a somewhat intractable period—when conscience is slack and the turning to evil easy and seemingly natural. The shepherd's wish in "Winter's Tale," "I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest," has found a loud and sincere amen in the heart of many a school master. But as there seems no way of taking a drop-stitch in this thread of life, it must be passed through the best way possible. With all the advance in civilization and the evolution of mankind, the boy nature does not seem to change. It is the same everywhere the world over. In Arnold's day the dear lads were no more advanced toward the angelic state than they are today and *vice versa*. When Arnold surveyed his field there was truly enough to dishearten him; "drunkenness and swearing were common vices; a hatred of authority and a hatred of submission to it, were combined with a cowardly cringing to the public opinion of the school. A religious graduate was very rare and was laughed at when he appeared. It was generally conceded that public schools were the nurseries of

vice. Arnold had to admit that this was the case, but he refused to admit that it was necessarily so."

His conception of a school was that it should first of all be a place for the formation of character, and next a place for learning and study as a means of attainment for this higher end. In undertaking Rugby, he firmly but respectfully gave the trustees to understand that he must be entirely independent in the management of the school, and that their remedy, if they were dissatisfied, must be dismissal, not interference. With this understanding he flung himself, with all the force of his personality against vice of all kinds. However, he was not extremely radical in his methods. He feared that revolutionary methods would defeat his own purpose. He was tactful in his attempts. For instance, he did not abolish the system of fagging (well known to all readers of Tom Brown's School Days), but he made use of it. "Another system," he said, "might be better than this, but I am placed here in the midst of this one and will make the best use of it," so he first sought and won the confidence of the sixth form—the highest class of the school—told them frankly that he realized their influence for good or evil and that he relied on them for help; "you should feel," he told them, "like officers in the army whose want of moral courage would be thought cowardice. If I have confidence in the sixth there is no post in all England, for which I would exchange this; but if they do not support me, I must go."

He believed that one way of making a boy a gentleman was to treat him as one and show him that he respected and trusted. How many a boy has been ruined by violation of this principle. He did not seem to watch even the smaller boys and in the higher grades any attempt at further proof of an assertion was at once checked. "If you say so, that is quite enough for me; of course I take your word." So it became current among the boys that it was "shame to tell Arnold a lie for he always believed it." No one knew better than Arnold when to look and when to see nothing.

One strong weapon which Arnold made special use of was expulsion. Before he accepted he gave the board of trustees to understand that he would use this more than was the custom in public schools. "Undoubtedly it would be better," he said, "if there were no evil, but evil being unavoidable we are not a jail to keep it in, but a place of education where we must cast it out to prevent it from spreading." Again, "If a boy has set his mind to do nothing, but considers all his work as so much fudge, which he will evade if he can, he is sure to corrupt the rest and I will send him away without scruple." Such a course naturally rendered him unpopular for a time but still he persisted in it. The muttered discontent among the students was put to silence one day by the startling statement, "It is not necessary that this should be a school for three hundred, or even one hundred, boys, but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen!" Again, "Till a man learns that the first, second, and third duty of a school master is to get rid of unpromising subjects, a great public school will never be what it might be and what it ought to be." The cases which fell under this rule were all shades of character from the hopelessly bad to the really good, who yet from their peculiar circumstances might be receiving injury from the system of a public school. He would retain boys after offences which considered in themselves would seem deserving of expulsion and would request the removal of others for offences which to many would not seem sufficient cause. He judged each special case by its final effect on the whole school. It should be stated, however, that he drew a sharp distinction between removal and expulsion. The latter he used in extreme cases, intending it as a punishment and lasting disgrace. But removal which was used in unpromising but not hopelessly bad cases, he took pains to show was not penal or disgraceful but a protection to the boy himself as well as his fellows. Such cases he often allowed to remain till the Christmas holidays and then advised their retention at home.

Though his aim was to give a Christian tone to the school still he did not increase the religious services. As soon as possible he had himself appointed chaplain without salary to succeed the one who died soon after Arnold's appointment. Then he began preaching regularly in the chapel. According to Dean Stanley those sermons were wonderful sources of inspiration to the students. The first one heard in the dimly lighted chapel often marked an epoch in the life of a boy. The themes presented were those that related directly to peculiar needs of school boys, showing Arnold's peculiar insight into the boy nature. For instance, the love of truth, the love of home, the condition of honest intellectual work, and the responsibility which rests upon those who possess knowledge or other gifts to make those gifts useful to others—these were his constant themes. He was especially strong in denouncing that cowardice which makes a boy yield to the public opinion of the set to which he belonged. Sometime after he entered upon his duties he introduced the custom of having a prayer read before the Sixth form in addition to the one read in chapel with a decidedly helpful effect.

One important feature of his preaching was the constant insistence on mental cultivation as a religious duty. It is a sin to be wilfully ignorant; it is Christ-like to develop the mind. This was his teaching. How much harm would be averted if preachers would cease to call education secular and look upon the mind as a thing immortal and education as something as much required of us as long prayers and pious utterances. In a letter to an old pupil he says, "I rejoice that your mind seems to be in a healthier state about the prosecution of your studies. I am quite sure that it is a most solemn duty to cultivate our understandings to the uttermost, for I have seen the evil moral consequences of moral fanaticism to a greater degree than I ever expected to see them realized. And I am satisfied that neglected intellect is far oftener the cause of mischief to a man than a

perverted or overvalued one." "I call by the name of wisdom, knowledge rich and varied, digested and combined and pervaded through and through by the light of the Spirit of God." If teachers and parents alike begin to realize that education is a requisite to salvation, perhaps educational rallies will be as frequent as camp meetings. Perhaps, and would that it were so!

It was Arnold's desire that his assistant master should have clerical orders. This had been a traditional practice for four centuries. The offices of teacher and preacher were closely combined. Whether it would better be so today is a very doubtful question which I will not take time to consider. Certain it is that the use he made of his own ministerial office had a powerfully uplifting effect in his school—informing and awakening conscience, arousing reverence for sacred things, the love of truth and above all the example and character of Christ. He was a spiritual magnet of force, inspiring and drawing his boys into the ways of truth and rectitude. Again he seemed to know each individual boy even down to his personal habits, his appearance, his friends. The slightest change in them seemed to record itself on his spiritual perception. It was this knowledge that gave him such a powerful influence over his students. Fortunate is the school master that has it.

He liked to encourage games and sports, though he seldom joined in them, and had a healthy love of bathing, exercise, and long skirmishing in the country. He often made visits to the school close during athletic contests. However, he did not, like some modern schools, admit athletics into the curriculum on an equality with work. He contended that the extreme attention given to athletic training and games by some schools tended to make the students brutal of soul; and he said the most savage and barbarous of tribes were ever far from being the most courageous. Mental culture first and foremost, and then such physical culture as helps and does not hinder this, was his aim.

I shall now touch but briefly on Arnold's influence on the intellectual life of his school. True to tradition, he gave Latin and Greek the prominent places in his curriculum. However, he did not seek to make proficiency in these the end to be sought, but only the means to an end—a means by which he might obtain access to the best thought and culture of the world. "Latin and Greek were to him the firm earth on which he sought to erect a fabric in which history, poetry, philosophy, ethics, love of truth, and aspirations after nobleness and usefulness should find their due place."

Were he living today he would protest loudly against the attempts of some to have the classics taken from our requirements. He contends that although there is not perhaps the same reason now which existed three or four centuries ago for the study of Greek and Roman literature, there are other reasons just as substantial. "These he finds in the facts that the grammatical forms of Greek and Latin are at once perfect and incapable of being understood without long and minute attention; that the study of them involves the general principles of grammar, and that their peculiar excellences illustrate the conditions under which language may become clear and forcible and beautiful." Besides this he prized them for the broadening of the intellectual horizon which naturally comes from a study of the language and literature of the ancient world. Other strong arguments he used to substantiate his position, which I have not time to discuss.

As to the teaching of science in its restricted sense it hardly came into the Rugby curriculum. However, if true science be defined as organized systematic knowledge against disjointed, unconnected facts, then it was a large part of the course. It is just as possible to teach grammar, says some one, in a scientific way as to treat biology or refraction in an unscientific way. Science, says this author, should come to mean the sound method of investigating truth rather than the particular kind of truth which is under investigation.

Language was the center of the scheme of work in the Rugby school. But along with it were taught history, geography, divinity, ethical and political science. Of these history took the chief place. For Arnold history was a study of supreme importance, not a mere marshalling of dry facts. To him all the history of the past seemed to have a strong bearing on the present, and for one to have a proper knowledge of the present conditions, he must know the past also. He is the best citizen who interprets present problems in the light of the past experience. History is past politics and politics present history was well illustrated in the Rugby lessons. Every lesson in Greek social life, for instance, was made striking and vital by analogies drawn between those past conditions and the complex problems of our own time. Arnold always contended that ancient and modern history are misleading terms; that a large portion of history we choose to call ancient—the history of the Greek republics and of the Roman empire—is practically modern and deals with modern problems. To the lower grades he taught history by a series of biographies of great men in successive ages with the principal actions of their lives presented, illustrated often by pictures of the scenes of their exploits. History was his hobby and the stimulus he gave to its study was one of the most noticeable features of his work. He wrote several historical works, some of which are much used today. Geography was an adjunct to history.

As to his method of teaching or presentation inside the class-room, Arnold, like Socrates of old, and all true teachers, relied on the quiz method. He sought to awaken the intellect of each individual boy. "As a general rule he never gave information except as a reward for an answer." His explanations were as short as possible, enough to dispose of the difficulty and no more. He sought to awaken in boys the power to discover for themselves. With regard to younger boys, he said, "It is a mistake to think they should understand all they learn; for God has so ordered that in youth

the memory should act vigorously, independent of the understanding, whereas a man cannot recollect a thing unless he understands it." Modern high school teachers who are adopting the university system of lecturing would do well to study Arnold's method of teaching.

I shall not deal with any of Arnold's extra-scholastic interests; with his views of the relations of church and state, nor with the controversies in which he was involved. He was a notable figure in all these matters. At times he was so positive in defending his positions that in promulgating his views he aroused much opposition and was at one time openly denounced by the most prominent papers and pulpits of his time. But he was beginning to overcome all this by the time of his death. I shall not tell either of his travels of which he was so fond, nor of his beautiful home life, except to give the names of his children, some of whom have become famous. Jane, the eldest daughter, became the wife of Wm. E. Forster, afterwards M. P. and Vice-President of Committee of Council of Education. Matthew Arnold was his eldest son; Thomas, the second son, became a fellow of his college at Oxford and has since devoted himself to literary work. William Dalefield Arnold was for a time director of public instruction in the Punjab and died on his way home in 1859. Edward was a clergyman and inspector of schools. Mrs. Humphry Ward, his granddaughter, is the well known author of Robert Elsmere and some other famous books.

In 1842 Arnold was elected Professor of History at Oxford. But he did not live to fill the position. On the morning of the 12th of June, 1842, he suddenly fell a victim to a sharp attack of *angina pectoris*.

The sadness caused in the little village of Rugby when the report was sent out that Dr. Arnold was dead can not well be pictured. A blank silent sorrow was written on all faces, of rich and poor alike, for he had been a friend to all classes. It was hard to realize the truth of those dolorous words. Could it be possible that Arnold was dead? Arnold, the

preacher, Arnold, the teacher, Arnold, the friend of mankind! Surely God had not allowed a calamity to come upon the world. But even so it was—all over England the grief was felt. Those who have read Tom Brown at Rugby remembers well Tom's visit to the tomb of his old master as soon as he heard of the death. It was to him the saddest blow upon his young life. Arnold had been to him the personification of strength and the stimulus to worthy toil and the beacon light to hope. He had not allowed himself to think that Arnold would die. His influence on Tom Brown represents Arnold's greatest work for the world. It was not so much creative as it was stimulative. He was an inspirer of men to a great living message to the world, calling men to love the highest life—one whose face was ever toward the east telling to the darkened world about him of the vision he saw and the hope that he felt for a brighter and a better day to come. With this in him, he did greatly change the whole face of education throughout all England. Matthew Arnold expressed in "Rugby Chapel" what all men feel in the presence of a life like his:

Then in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardor divine;
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van. At your voice
Panic, despair flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn
Praise, reinspire the brave.
Order, courage, return.
Eyes rekindling and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go,
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue the march
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the City of God.

GOING WEST.

BY CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL.

It was with a feeling more of pleasure than reluctance that I bade good-bye to home and friends for a year's sojourn in the western part of Texas. There is something about youth —call it natural disposition to wander, courage, or what you will—that makes us love a change of position, struggles amid new scenes; and we refuse not the battle even if defeat crown our efforts. So, having long desired to follow the advice of the great Horace Greely, I boarded the west-bound six o'clock train, and by middle of the afternoon entered the busy, rushing city of Memphis, on the banks of the big Mississippi.

It is not till you cross this great river and begin to penetrate far-famed Arkansas, with its swamps, an innumerable company which no man can number, that you feel yourself really getting into the West. Sure I am that the traveller by this road doesn't see the best part of this state, as one everlasting swamp seems to be always before you during the twelve weary hours you are crossing it. And the frogs! The croak of their torment ascends forever and ever, and they take no rest, neither day nor night.

Once out of Arkansas, a few hours' ride puts you on the treeless prairies of Texas. Standing on the rear platform the panorama is indeed wonderful to one like myself, who has been brought up among lofty wooded hills, where your only extended view comes when you gaze straight up. Away behind you the railroad stretches without a curve till the rails seem to run together and become a single thread of wire in the distance. About you in every direction are seas of corn, wheat and cotton, dotted here and there with handsome residences, villages and thriving towns.

Arrived at the beautiful and business city of Forth Worth, a ride of about a hundred and thirty miles in a southern direction over a continuous cultivated plain brings you to

the little city of Temple. Here you change cars and take a train going due west. For the first few hours the country is broken by low, rugged, barren hills; then you are on the prairie again.

I was standing on the rear vestibule of the sleeper when the cry of "San Angelo the next stop!" made my heart beat quicker as I realized that I was nearing the end of my journey. By my side stood a fine Westerner who was engaged in pointing out to me the beauties of the country and showing that a last paradise had been planted, not eastward in Eden, but westward in Texas. On left and right the mesquit covered prairie extended in level beauty till abruptly stopped by a low range of hills, blue in the distance. The land of corn and wheat, the land where the cotton blossoms grow, now lay far behind us. About us stretched the plain, clad in its native growth, with bosom unscarred by a plow. Here and there fed a herd of cattle, and yonder stood the white cottage of the ranchman, whose yard and garden he had made, despite the drought, to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Now the houses become thicker. We pass some negro cabins, then a factory, and the "All out for San Angelo!" shouted a moment later is needless for me, who, anxious to see where I am to take up my residence for the year, am already on the car steps, grip in hand. The train stops. I leap into the embraces of a crowd of hotel porters and am soon at a comfortable hotel.

There is always much to be learned by the eastern bred young man going West. He knows that the raids of the Choctaws and Comanches are passed, that the buffalo is no longer hunted; and that the lonely, but strangely fascinating life of the frontiersman, as it was years ago in the great West, is no more. Yet in spite of his common sense and better judgment, he remembers all the interesting and wild stories he has read of western life and cannot fully persuade himself that its people are not still to a great extent brave, heroic and Godless backwoodsmen. It is not till he has been

received by them with a hospitality unsurpassed that he realizes that among its busy throng are many true, cultured men and elegant and saintly women; and that love and friendship blossom and ripen there even as they do in the best circles of the East.

San Angelo has a population of seven thousand, and is situated on the Concho river at the terminus of a branch of the Sante Fe railroad about three hundred and fifty miles west of Fort Worth. Its location in the midst of the wide prairie is near two thousand feet above the sea level, beautiful and especially healthful. The newcomer feels in its genial and clarified atmosphere a delicious languor which makes rest delightful. The breeze comes cool and soft as the breath of an infant, save when it rises into a gale and raises such clouds of dust that it looks as if mountains and hills are going to fall on you, without your praying for it. Hither flock consumptives from all parts of the United States, seemingly to die away from home, though many recover who have come while the disease is in its first stages.

The population of this little city is thoroughly cosmopolitan. Some are wise, others otherwise. Here you hear the jolly jargon of the Mexican and the vivacious prattle of the Frenchman. Now and then a red-faced German will pass you, full of bustle and beer. In some of the best business houses you see those dauntless sons of Abraham who have been somehow getting hold of the world's good ever since "Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept," and then beat old Mr. Laban out of both his sheep and his daughters. Here are Americans from every point of the compass and of every degree of honesty. On the streets you see for the first time since you have been West that jolliest of beings—a real Texas cowboy, wearing immense high-heeled boots, two spurs, a broad-birmmed white hat, two or three scars, perhaps, and a sunny smile; while the keen crack of the stageman's whip, as he starts his four horses at a mad gallop for some remote town reminds you of what travel

was "in the good old days." All these people are at work too. This is one of the West's most striking features. Living expenses are high, and though men don't have to work, since it is work or starve, most people prefer to work. I venture to say that you will find fewer people in the West who are on to the secret of living on a salary of nothing a year than in any other place on the face of the globe. And though there are few who are very wealthy, there are still fewer who are miserably poor.

The second day after my arrival at San Anglo was Sunday. As I passed through the streets on my way to church, I found them as peaceful and undisturbed as those of a sedate and quiet village. At church I was received in a good, cordial Methodist fashion; and, to my surprise and embarrassment, was invited to sing in the choir. Knowing myself to be no great power in song, I first refused; but being urged, I at last went, like one of Mr. Longfellow's "dumb driven cattle." With fear and trembling I took my seat beside a lofty singer, whose lank frame was the very personification of "linked sweetness long drawn out." The hymn was announced—an old familiar one—and I arose beside my Ichabod-Crane-like companion to give vent to my soul in a great flood of melody. But alas! nothing was familiar but the words. And just as old bottles break when filled with new wine, even so my new tune filled with old words went asunder. Finding myself alone in some sphere of song that I knew not of, I was dumb with silence and my sorrow was stirred. "Then spake I with my tongue:" "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." Mine was not heard, and of course was sweetest of all. With disconsolation I took my seat.

Some quiet rambles soon made me acquainted with the points of interest about the city. Just across the Concho river stands an old fort where soldiers were quartered to protect the settlers against the Indians in livelier days. At some distance in front are the officers' quarters, and between lies

the parade ground, still smooth and beautiful, though fort and officers' quarters are fast falling in ruins. How interesting must have been the life of those stationed here, with the best of hunting and jolliest of fighting both in camp and out! I have half fancied that with Achilles' baptism, with my heel dipped also, I, even I, could have enjoyed such.

Beyond this some three miles west is the cemetery. It is situated on a slight rise, and being the most beautiful quiet spot, perhaps, in all the prairie, seems quite a fit place for the weary to rest after "life's fitful fever is over." As you stand in this little city of the dead you have a magnificent view of the surrounding country, with its industrial city of the living in one section, and its wide stretching pastures dotted with cottages and browsing herds in another.

Later on in my residence at San Angelo, it was my privilege to make, on horseback and otherwise, some long tours into the country in almost every direction. I usually went as a sportsman. I hunted among bob-whites, blue quails and curlews. Where the jackrabbit with his gigantic ears reminds you of his noble namesake, and where the deer is sometimes seen, I hunted. And I hunted too, where one startles now and then a herd of that most graceful of animals, the antelope; where at night time the mournful howl of the wolf still chills the blood with loneliness if not with fear.

With the country's varied scenes I never grew weary, and could not help remembering many times as I looked upon them those beautiful words of Browning:

> O world as God has made it, all is beauty;
> And knowing this is love and love is duty.

And by association I came to love the West and its big-hearted people with a real tender home-love, akin to that which one feels for the friends and scenes of his childhood. And though I am back again among the high green hills of middle Tennessee, I still have faith in the advice of the great editor and expect to act upon it more permanently by and by.

DEATH IN LIFE.

BY F. W. OBARR.

I climbed upon a mountain's top,
For none would linger down below,
And toilers upward never stop
Until the heights no further go.

Unto the world I made my vow,
For of the world I was a part.
My sacred haunt was on her brow
Where then I watched my day depart.

The lengthening shadows gathered fast
Around my solitary form;
All hopes of safety then were past,
And I was lost amid the storm.

It all was gone, the hope, the fame,
The soul itself gone down in gloom:
The sacrificing to a name
Rewarded with eternal doom.

LIFE IN DEATH.

BY F. W. OBARR.

A broken spirit was the share
That fell to me from out God's will.
He gave it me that I should care
For those that suffer and are still.

"It is a service full of shame:"
So oft I heard my comrades cry:
But still I did it in His name,
For then he would not pass me by.

I saw no setting of the sun,
For when my labors all were o'er,
I felt my duty had been done,
And went to live forevermore.

I gave my body to the dust,
My soul went back from whence it came;
The world still holds it as a trust
To keep alive my humble name.

THE UNDOING OF SOPHOMORE JIM.

BY N. S. OGBURN.

It was January and examination time. Every student and professor was busy getting a schedule of examinations or arranging questions to be given. There was no time for delay, as it was Saturday and work was to begin the following Monday. During the Christmas vacation, work had been dismissed from the minds of the students; but now with the return of duty, there came an anxious, or at least a serious, look upon the faces of most of the boys which even a visitor could not fail to notice.

Jim's face wore a more troubled look than any of the others. For the past four months, he had studied little, had acted indifferently about going on recitations, and had carelessly answered, "Don't know sir," to the majority of the questions put to him. This was not the course he had planned for himself when he entered college. He had never made such a record in school before. In fact he was in danger of falling and he knew it. When he entered as a Freshman, his intentions were good and his ideals high, and his first year had been partially satisfactory. But upon his return in his Sophomore year, a change seemed to come in his life. Popular favor was with him and he responded to the flattery lavished upon him. The football manager grabbed him for the team and gave him the position of full-back. Being a good musician, he was made leader of the Mandolin Club with the College Orchestra, and they had made several trips to different towns. He had held quite a number of different offices in the Panama Literary Society. Society had made many claims upon him; and being of a social disposition, he had almost unconsciously cast his lot with the "Gang" that did not count study as being in their course.

As Jim stood with a look of dejection upon his face, gazing blankly into the future, he saw his friend Gaston coming. Poor Gaston was not considered much among the boys of

Jim's set, being a quiet, unpretentious fellow, but a very good student. He had told Jim several times that he was not doing enough studying. Hitherto, Jim, had laughed it off; but now he saw the importance of his friend's warning, and almost yielded to the impulse to go up to his room and study. But looking a little further down the walk, he saw some of his crowd coming, and study was again dismissed.

"Hello, Jim!" they cried, "Come let's go down town. We've got to get some duds for the reception to-night."

"Reception!" said Jim; "what reception?"

"Why haven't you heard of the one to be given to the Co-eds. tonight by the X. Y. Z. Club? You are to take Miss Fortune, and surely you won't miss it!"

"Why really, fellows, I haven't time—."

"Oh come, now! no fooling. We won't take any excuse. Be sociable awhile and let work alone at least half an hour. We won't be gone long."

A moment's struggle and the battle was lost; and the victors went down the walk arm in arm with Jim. Jim knew what a trip down town would mean; so he gave up all hopes of preparing for the examination in History on Monday. He thought he would miss the meeting of the society that night and study then; so he felt at ease.

When night came and he had had supper, he seated himself to study. He sat still for fifteen minutes—two hours he thought—and then other thoughts took possession of his mind. He took up his mandolin and began to play. This called to his mind the music he had heard some nights before at the Park. There came to him an intense longing to see the dancers and hear the music, and almost unconsciously he got on the car and was soon on his way to Glennwood. Gradually, he himself was drawn into the fun and danced until it was very late—one o'clock.

"What could all this mean?" Jim thought, as he rode home in a carriage. He had never meant to go so far with his "good time," and now he could not have time to prepare

——. But stop! Another whole day would pass before the examination would come off; and "why could it not be spent very profitably in study?" So quoting to himself that old blind saying, "The better the day, the better the deed," Jim retired, expecting to rise early and study.

As sleep stole over his tired body, his mind reverted to his boyhood days when everything seemed so different from what it did now; and soon he was dreaming. He recalled the pictures his mother had painted for him; and as the canvass unrolled, he saw the great heroes of the past—George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, and the Bible characters, Peter and John the Baptist. But there was one which stood out above all the rest—Daniel, who "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's meat." Jim heard a voice, very distinct and clear, which said to him, "Son, dare to be a Daniel;" and from its tenderness, Jim knew it to be his mother's. He was not too old to dream, nor too hard-hearted to think of his mother sometimes, though he had thought little of home this year. He had "had other things to think of;" and when his mother's ideal came to him in his dreams, from force of habit, it soon vanished from him and left him to dream of other things.

When he arose about twelve o'clock the next day, he remembered, very faintly, something of his dream; but putting on his sweater and an old hat, he went to dinner and the dream was soon forgotten. All the afternoon was spent in walking with some of his friends. After supper, some of his acquaintances among the Y. M. C. A. men asked him to accompany them to church; but he couldn't go, as he had this examination to get up. He thought he would get just about as much good from staying at home, anyway; for he didn't believe anybody who went to church did so with the intention of worshipping. Of course he always did so (?); but he wouldn't go tonight.

So seating himself at the table in his room he studied man-

fully. He became interested in the dispute between the eastern and western churches of Europe, in the development of monasteries and feudalism, and in Charlemagne. The work seemed to be interesting to him; and there came to him a joy in work of former days. He did not have time to review even half his book, though. There remained quite a good deal to go over; but it was ten o'clock and all the other boys had returned from church. They had done no work and he had; so he thought he deserved some rest, as he had been losing a good deal of sleep lately. He would be satisfied with a "70;" so, thinking he could pass, he slept again.

When he arose about eight next morning, he immediately dressed and went to breakfast. As he finished breakfast, he was accosted by one of his class-mates who asked him how he was "fixed for exam." "Oh, all I want is a '70,' said Jim, "and I'm sure I can pass in a whirlwind; for I've studied this lesson hard."

With this answer, he turned and hurried back to his room to catch a last glimpse of some of the most important points in his History. The other boys were going to prayers, but he could not go on account of having work to do. When he reached his room, he found his room-mate seated at the window smoking. Being unable to resist the temptation, Jim pulled his cigarette pack from his pocket, and began to smoke, too.

"Well, old fellow," said his room-mate, "how are you fixed for examination? Think you'll pass?"

"Think I'll pass!" said Jim; "why I'll bet you my dress-suit I will. How say you?"

"I'll bet you five dollars you don't get a pass."

"Good! I'll take you up," said Jim. "Let Jones hold stakes." And with that he bounded out of the room, hearing the clock strike the hour for examination.

Upon reaching the recitation room, he found the others writing away on the first question. Gathering his wits and

other working apparatus together, he answered, as best he could, six of the ten questions. They all seemed to be easy, as they were about things of which he had studied the night before; but the succeeding four he could not get, as they dealt with things toward the end of the book. He feared that six answers would not pass him and he just must pass! He could not afford to get less than "70;" for five dollars would mean a great deal to him as ball games would be on soon. "Only twelve minutes!" said he as he looked at his watch. "Something must be done. I will get it and nobody need know." So thinking, he turned to the—well, somewhere, and finding an answer, put it down. Sure of a passing grade, he left the room five minutes before time was up and went to tell of his success.

All the afternoon, his room-mate had to listen to Jim's ejaculations and babbling about his having won the bet. "But Will," said Jim, at last becoming sorry for his room-mate, for he was a poor boy, "I will let you off paying that bet, if you will take me to the show tonight. What say you? It is called "The Twin Swindlers," and I know it will be fine."

"Jim!" said Will, "the idea of such a thing! You know tomorrow we are to have our hardest examination—the one in math.; and if we do anything, we should study that. Besides, you know nothing about that show, and if you were at home you would not go to it."

"Know nothing about that show!" ejaculated Jim. "Why it's got the greatest write-up in the papers; and they say it has played sixty nights in New York and twenty-five in Philadelphia, besides other places. Do you think I would miss such a treat? Examination or no examination, I'm going to that show. Will you pay my way?"

"You've got the drop on me and I guess I'll have to pay it," said Will as he handed out the money. Jim took it, meaning to keep it awhile to tease Will, and then give it back to him.

That evening, Jim and two of his friends sat in the theatre and heard how the "Swindlers" went about "working" every one they possibly could, without ever being caught up with. They seemed so clever in their work that Jim admired their quick-wittedness. After the play, Jim and his friends went to take a social glass together and all reached their rooms late at night.

Jim had so dulled his mind that he went to sleep without even thinking of his mathematics. When he waked next morning, he was confronted by the terrible fact that he had done absolutely nothing for examination. It was an appalling situation. He had never had to face such a problem before. Surely the teacher would let him stand later! But the college rules forbade this unless the student had good reason for missing the first examination, and Jim had none. There was only one thing left to be done, and Jim did it. As he came off the examination, he tried to boast how well he had done, but his gun wouldn't fire as he wished it to do. He was afraid he would betray himself; and so, little by little, he became more quiet and reserved. He was unable to look honest students in the face. People wondered what had changed Jim so; and ere long, he went home—"for his health."

THE SILENT EVE.

BY C. T. HANCOCK.

How calm! all nature seems to be at rest.
The mighty flow of time to that vast sea—
Eternity—is deep; and peacefully
The sinking sun doth paint upon the West
A beauteous scene that thrills the troubled breast.
Hark! The voice of God may still be heard
In rock and pine, by man and lonely bird,
In mighty tones that shake the mountain's crest.
O, soul that is not moved by such an eve,
Whose heart with deep emotion doth not swell!
We know thy nature then can be no less
Divine; for in thy heart thou dost receive
Impulses, which, through time, thy life shall bless
With joys, the source of which thou canst not tell.

TAKEO HIROSE.*

BY A. G. MOORE.

Several years before the beginning of the present war between Russia and Japan a banquet was given in St. Petersburg at which a Russian officer was boasting that the Japanese were so small physically that they could not hold their own in any war. It happened that at this banquet was an educated and accomplished young Japanese officer who was naval attache to the Japanese legation at the Russian capital. He smilingly replied to this thrust at his country by offering to overcome any three Russians at wrestling. At first he was laughed at, but when it was found that he was serious, three large, well-built Russian soldiers were ordered in. Of course no one thought the little Jap would stand half a chance with the giants, and they were all preparing to enjoy his defeat. Imagine their surprise, then, when the young officer easily overcame them one by one at this favorite Japanese sport.

The young Japanese officer who figured in this little scene was Takeo Hirose, a worthy representative of the old warrior class of Japan, the Samurai. He was a descendant of the family of Kiku-Chi, an ancient fighting clan of Japan, was born at Oitaken in 1868, the very first year of the Meiji era, and reared in the country, receiving his early training at a country school. He entered the Naval Academy at the age of nineteen and distinguished himself by his passionate fondness for swordsmanship, which he learned under an Englishman, and for his prowess as a wrestler. He was of a poetic temperament and possessed a dauntless spirit. His first service was during the war with China, in which he showed great bravery. It was during this war that he saw a common sailor named Sugino dive overboard and disconnect the fuse of a torpedo in order to render it harmless to

*An account of the facts which serve as the basis for this story may be found in the *New York World* for April 25, 1904.

the Japanese boats. His admiration for the bravery of the private led to an intimacy and friendship between them which lasted through his life. It was after this war that he was sent to Russia, where he remained for three years after his famous wrestling match.

It is not surprising that this accomplished young man, who, besides his prowess, had many personal attractions, was highly educated and spoke several languages, should have been well received and made many friends at the Russian capital. He won the confidence and esteem of a Russian naval officer of high rank and conversed with him frequently about naval methods and tactics. Indeed, a close friendship grew up between them and he became a familiar visitor in the home. Now this officer had a beautiful daughter, and the gallant young Japanese, who was thrown freely in her company, soon fell desperately in love. Nor was his love unrequited. The young lady returned his affection, and, moreover, her father was not averse to the attachment. He even allowed the fact to be conveyed to the young man that his suit would not be unwelcome. But Hirose realized that this union could not prove a happy one. He foresaw that war was inevitable between the two nations and knew that this would mean the separation of the girl from her family, and great consequent unhappiness. He also knew that he would be required to fight against his wife's country and to use the information which he had gained through his friendship with her father. So he thought the matter over carefully, and after three days, wrote the young lady's father the following note: "When my country calls me to duty I shall have to turn to account all the valuable professional hints received from your kind lips and so help to do mortal hurt to your country's ships. Thus ill must patriotic duty make me repay all your kindness. With this in my mind and in my heart, how can I presume to sue for your daughter's hand, knowing that after the outbreak of the most likely of wars the stern hand of fate might destroy the happiness of

your daughter in the most ruthless of ways, should I have been so happy to have won her hand."

With this noble and patriotic sentiment he turned resolutely away from the woman he loved—away from the happiness which for a brief space had appeared almost within his grasp, only to vanish in the heat of fervent patriotic devotion. He had nothing to do with women after this. His one love seemed to completely fill his heart, and he held his life sacred to her memory.

When the war finally came on between Russia and Japan, Hirose went, under the command of Admiral Togo. He led the first attempt on Port Arthur, on the night of March 23, and for his remarkable gallantry on this occasion was promoted and doubly decorated by the Mikado. These honors reached him the day before the second attempt to block the port. In this attempt, which was made March 27, Admiral Togo sent Hirose as leader of the four ships which were to blow themselves up in the endeavor to block the Russian exit. Again his old friend Sugino, now a petty officer, was on board. As the ship was about ready to be blown up, he saw that Sugino was in a dangerous position, and though he was only a subordinate, yet he was his friend and companion, and Hirose admired him for his bravery and made a desperate attempt to rescue him. But alas! the effort was fatal to himself. He was struck by a projectile from a Russian gun and literally blown to pieces. Today Japan rings with his fame, as the first great naval hero of the war. The Mikado has conferred posthumous honors upon him and granted a life pension to his family. The poets are singing his praises, and his own patriotic poems are being recited. And let us believe that even in hostile Russia, one heart is sad, and one eye dim with grief, on account of his fate!

THE ETERNAL WHY.

BY S. B. U.

There comes a cry from off the waste
Of man's enfeebled mind;
A cry which springs in feverish haste,
And leaves no peace behind.

"Why is it thus, oh Lord?" we say;
"Why can't we understand?
Why does this darkness fill our day,
This scourge from out thy hand?

"Why do we grope in darkest night,
When Thou art sun and moon;
When shall we come into the light,
How soon, oh Lord, how soon?"

Is there no answer to our cry,
Must we be turned away?
Must we be left to wonder why,
Nor see the coming day?

No, but sometime, we know not when,
Somewhere, we cannot tell,
Our why will have its answer then,
And we shall say "'twas well."

JULIAN BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
ANGIER B. DUKE, - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

It is with quite the usual amount of fear and trembling that the new editor and his staff undertake the management of the ARCHIVE for the next nine months. Tales told us by our predecessors of the vast amount of exercise required in securing contributions last year have not been exactly calculated to arouse any great expectations of having before us a flowery path to tread upon. They have quite prepared us to look for a thorny path instead. However, the editor of last year was considerate enough to hand us down at the close of his work a bit of comforting advice by which we have resolved to profit, if possible. We shall try to "take it easy," and trust that "it won't hurt us," as we have been confidentially informed.

Nevertheless, as everybody knows, the ease and success with which this undertaking is accomplished will depend quite as much upon our fellow students as upon ourselves; and right here at the start, the editor makes his plea for their co-operation. It has become our misfortune to be honored with this generally thankless and always difficult task, but we would like to remind them that the burden has not been entirely taken off their shoulders yet. They must not forget that it is their duty to do most of the writing for the ARCHIVE, while it will be ours, for the most part, to select and to publish. If they remember this, and practice what we preach, perhaps our task will not be

so burdensome, after all. At present, the indications are that there will be more writing done here this year than usual; and we want to urge every student who has heretofore been at all shy about attempting an article for the ARCHIVE to lay aside his diffidence, join in the revival, and give us the best he can, even if all he writes does not appear in print We say this not only to the upper classmen, but to the Freshmen also; for this magazine belongs to them as well as to the other classes, and if a Freshman can write anything worth publishing, we want it. We desire to have enough matter this year to fill the waste basket as well as the pages of the ARCHIVE.

Heretofore, it seems to us, there has not been quite as great a variety of articles in the ARCHIVE as there should be. We do not see why the English department has been made to furnish so many of our contributions, while the departments of History, Science and Political Economy have been so sadly neglected—especially the latter two. These fields all furnish excellent opportunities for interesting papers, and they ought to be made more use of than they have been in the past. We hope to see all these departments more fully developed this year. There should be as great a diversity of matter as possible in our magazine, because it is intended to represent all phases of college work. Therefore let us have plenty of historical papers, scientific treatises, and economical discussions, as well as the poems, stories, and English essays, and we shall then leave behind us a volume of the ARCHIVE that will have measured up to the high standard set by preceding classes.

It is indeed with much gratification that we are able to inform our distant friends that Trinity College is still doing business in the same old way and with its usual number of students, in spite of the dire predictions of its enemies and its so-called friends last fall. We can assure them all

that we are getting along very well, and they may now calm their anxious and troubled hearts and consign their fears to cold storage for future use. We have not yet been utterly ruined. There is still a good bit of us left to begin a new year's work. Indeed, with the establishment of an entirely new department—the Law School—the addition of several able teachers to the faculty, the return of a large percentage of its old students, with many even of its graduates, and the entrance of an unusually large Freshman class, as well as a full and overflowing High School, the best feeder of the college—indeed, with all these encouraging signs it would look as if not even the usefulness of the institution had been destroyed, as some of our friends have feared.

Now, as for ourselves, we never have doubted that the college would open again as successfully as it has. All along we have had in mind that old saying, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." We were sure we were right—and we went ahead, with results that are already apparent. The editor suspects that even some of our opponents are beginning to believe that we were right, too. If not, perhaps later events will more thoroughly convince them.

And here we are inclined to moralize just a bit. We saw our alma mater last year come to a crisis in her history. She had a decision to make, and two courses lay before her. One was hard—very hard—yet it seemed the right way, and with a terrible struggle she chose it, notwithstanding public opinion. And thus it is in the lives of each individual of us. We all come to where necessary decisions must be made, and momentous questions settled. There are ever the two ways, one of which must be taken. Sometimes the easy way is made to seem the right, when it is not; but the trying and difficult course once chosen, sooner or later the difficulties will vanish, and the path of duty become likewise easy. And so we should learn this

lesson from our college—one she teaches both by precept and example. When the way of duty lies clear before us, let us not fear the consequencies of doing the right thing, however much it may cost. As for ourselves, we are glad we were fortunate enough to be here at the time the decision was made, and we very seriously doubt whether the matter did not result in more good than harm, after all.

The untimely death of Prof. J. F. Bivins, Headmaster of Trinity Park School, has brought much sorrow to our community and made a vacancy in our midst to which it is hard to become reconciled. The first news of the sad accident could hardly be believed—it was such a shock for those who knew him. One cannot help exclaiming, "Oh! the pity, the pity of it all!" when such a rare man is taken from us—a man just entering his prime, and happy on the threshold of a life full of joy and promise. He was to us all an openhearted and cordial friend, rejoicing in our successes, and sharing in our sorrows. Those of us who knew him and worked with him keenly feel the loss. One of his old students was overheard to remark that he felt like turning straight back for home when he heard the news on his way to Durham. Such was the esteem in which his boys held him. They each knew that they had lost a friend. To his sorrowing widow and bereaved family we extend a heart full of sympathy. We grieve with them.

It is really a difficult matter to write a good story—one that contains originality and a style of its own. The good fiction writer seems to be much rarer than the essayist at Trinity. We even have more and better poets here than story writers. Perhaps it is the difficulty of the thing that has caused a dearth in this class of literary work, or

it may be that the authors think that their efforts are less appreciated than the productions of those who write the "solid" articles. At any rate we regret the present state of affairs and hope to remedy matters by a plan we have recently been able to make. In order to encourage the students of Trinity to make more efforts at story writing, an interested friend of the college and of the ARCHIVE, whose name is withheld, has put in our hands a cash prize of twenty-five dollars to be awarded next June to the author of the best story published in the ARCHIVE during the year.

In this contest stories will be accepted only from undergraduate students in college at the time the article appears; (this does not mean, however, that no others may write stories for the ARCHIVE; it applies only to this contest); and no competitor will be allowed more than four stories, and only one in a single number. The prize will be awarded by a committee to be announced later, and will be presented with the other prizes and medals next commencement.

It is hoped by this means to arouse more interest in the writing of short stories, and at the same time make it really worth the while of our contributors to devote more of their time to this sort of work. Considering the quality of our other articles it seems that we ought to have some first-rate stories as well. We trust that the offering of this prize will be an incentive for increased activity along this line, even to the filling of that waste basket aforementioned.

The friends of the college were very much gratified last summer to hear of the establishment of the new Law Department at Trinity. For several years this institution has been complete as a college and prepared to direct its future advancement along the line of university work. The Law Department marks the first step in that direction,

and seems to have been founded as the result of long and carefully laid plans, but not till lately realized.

To those who are interested in genuine higher education, especially in the South, it will be pleasing to note the high standard upon which this new law school is started. The requirements for admission are two years of college training, such as is given at Trinity, and three years are required for a degree. As President Kilgo stated at the opening of the college, this makes our law department two years higher in entrance requirements than the next highest in the Southern States—the next being the University of the South, which requires the same for the law as for the academic department. The wisdom of this can not be questioned, for it is certainly true that in the great majority of cases the successful professional man must have a fairly good education to start with. There are too many of these incomplete men who know just enough law, and not much else, to pass an examination and get license to practice. Trinity College does not mean to send out any jack-leg lawyers.

MISS ALICE CHARLES CRAFT, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The promise of books this autumn is not very rich in comparison with the past few years. It is believed that the publication of many volumes will be withheld until after the political turmoil subsides. Whatever the cause of their apparent scarcity it is certain that books this season are very gratifying as to quality.

Some would-be prophet has made the startling announcement that the American novel is growing more and more inferior, and that none of our writers will have enduring fame. It is true that few *great* names are found among our authors, in fact the majority of them will be forgotten in a few years. Yet there are hundreds who instruct and entertain us, whose books are the *read* books of today; but it will take years to know whether they have the right to be called *great* books.

The most popular book for some time has been Winston Churchill's "The Crossing," an excellent novel and in some respects better than the author's earlier productions. In it is interestingly told the story of "that great movement across the mountains, which swept resistless over the continent until at last it saw the Pacific itself." "The Borderland," the first portion of the book, is decidedly the best part of the story and perhaps the best work ever done by Mr. Churchill. The remaining chapters lack artistic finish. Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, in his review of "The Crossing," says, "'The Borderland' proves that Mr.

Winston Churchill is a very good workman; the other two-thirds of the book prove that he has not yet learned when and where to stop."

Quite an unusual type of novel is Frederick Rogers' new one entitled "In the End." It is a "romance of two worlds," in which the author pictures this life and life in a world which is but a continuation of the good that is here. He believes that the pleasures of earth are continued in heaven, though not marred by wickedness and sorrow. The book is written in a simple, clear style and shows that its writer is a great lover of nature.

Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon's "One Doubtful Hour," a collection of stories, is well written and has a finish which proves that the author is an artist. Volumes of short stories continue to be popular in spite of the fact that publishers are reluctant in accepting them. These stories are of a sad nature and are contrary to the ideas of readers who always wish a story to turn out well. As a whole there is something remarkable about the work and it is decidedly one of the best recent collections of short stories.

It is interesting to note that of the Temple Classics, "Esmond," "Westward Ho," and "Jane Eyre" have been the best selling books of the series. The public has certainly displayed good literary taste in its selections.

"Macbeth" is the latest and fifth volume in the Crowell 16 mo. series of reproductions of Shakspere's First Folio, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. The value of this series of reprints is greatly increased by many illustrations, a glossary, and select critical appreciations.

Judging from several recent works, there seems to be quite a revival of interest in Andrew Jackson. Augustus C. Buell, just before his death last summer, wrote a

biography of Jackson in two volumes. Prof. McMaster's new volume in his "History of the People of the United States," to be published in the spring, deals with Jackson's administration. Chauncey C. Hotchkins has written a book entitled "The Lord Hero of 1812," which deals with Jackson. Mr. William Garrott Brown's biography of Jackson is well known.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are publishing another volume by George Horace Lorimer entitled "Old Gorgon Graham." It is a sequel to "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," though distinctly different in its nature.

Gwendolen Overton's "Captains of the World" will be one of Macmillan Co.'s first autumn publications. This begins a series of studies of modern American life and customs.

The only book to come from Mark Twain this season is "A Dog's Tale," and is to be published this month by Harper & Bros.

Books from abroad are being received in large numbers. One eagerly awaited is Anthony Hope's new novel, which is almost completed and is expected to equal, if not surpass in excellence, the most popular of his productions.

Some interesting announcements by G. P. Putnam's Sons are: "The United States, 1607-1904," by Wm. Estabrook Chancellor and Fletcher Willis Hewes; "History of the Civil War in the United States," by W. Birbeck Wood; "The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," edited upon Carlyle by S. C. Lomas.

The best selling books last month were: "The Crossing," Churchill; "The Castaway," Rives; "In the Bishop's Carriage," Michelson; "The Pillar of Light," Tracy; "The Cost," Philips; "The Silent Places," White.

N. S. OGBURN, JR., - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Once more the manager of this department must write without having anything special to write about. It has been decreed by an unwritten law that he always announce himself and his policy in the first issue ;but before we come to this, we would like to announce something of more direct interest to the students of Trinity.

For the past year or two, the exchanges have been left entirely in the keeping of the manager of this department. As a result, very few if any of the other students ever had an opportunity to look over the magazines of other colleges. This year every student will be given an opprtunity to read the exchanges as much as he likes. There will be a rack for the magazines of this department in the library; and though they will be under the supervision of this department, and will not be allowed to be taken from the library, each student may have an opportunity to see them. We trust this will prove profitable to all, but more especially to those who write for the ARCHIVE. Besides the pleasure this will afford to the students, it will enable the writers to note the mistakes of others and to avoid them; to see the criticisms and suggestions which other magazines make with reference to our work, and to make necessary changes. In all, we think it will be mutually helpful and advantageous. We only ask the students that they help us as far as possible in making this a worthy enterprise.

And now as to our policy. We shall have no clear cut

or rigid rule to follow, but as circumstances demand, our policy will be changed. As a rule it shall not be ours to criticise unfavorably nor in any way to try to discourage amateur, or experienced, writers. On the the other hand, it will be more nearly our policy to choose the good things and speak of them. However, where we see unfavorable criticism necessary, it shall be ours to offer it, only asking in return that our work may be dealt with in the same way by our sister magazines. As a rule the literature in our college magazines is good, but there is always room for improvement. It is often very hard for us to see our mistakes as "there are none so blind as those who won't see;" and if we will allow suggestions to be made to us by orhers, weighing them and accepting that which is worthy, we may expect to improve. Otherwise we may never improve. It is the strong magazine, as well as the strong man, that can fearlessly invite criticism and weigh advice.

We welcome to our table the magazines of other schools which are willing to meet us on the above grounds and it is our sincere wish that all may have a very prosperous and happy year.

Y. M. C. A. Department

C. T. HANCOCK, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The Young Men's Christian Association, which is one of the most vital forces in the life of any student body, opened with unusual enthusiasm, and gives promise of good results for the ensuing year. Its president, who has its every interest at heart, is striving, with his fellow-laborers, to bring it up to its normal standard. And we believe that if everyone will realize, in its broadest sense, the function of the Y. M. C. A. in college life, when rightly managed, and at the same time realize that its work is his work, knowing that greatness in God's sight lies not in the extent of the sphere, but rather in the power of virtue in the soul that works its convictions, that this will be its most successful year in the history of our college. We earnestly entreat all, both students and faculty, to give us their hearty co-operation in the work of the Y. M. C. A.; for the morals of our community are lodged, in a great measure, with it.

The first regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. for the fall term was held September 11, with Dr. Kilgo as leader. His remarks were addressed principally to new men, laying special stress on the fact that a boy can not be too careful in his choice of companions; and showing how one life is absorbed by another; and that the success or failure of any man depends largely on the motives he imbibes from the lives of those with whom he spends his earlier years. During the meeting, two quartets were rendered, which added much to that part of the service.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the college opening is the annual reception given by the Y. M. C. A. Its basic principle is to give new students some idea of the Christian fraternalism which should exist among college men. It comes at a time when the memories of home cling closer to the heart; and, through the speeches they hear, and the kind welcome that is extended to them, the new men are inspired to be

"Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The reception took place in Epworth Hall, Friday evening, September 16, at 8 o'clock. The program was very uniquely arranged through the aid of members of the faculty, to whom we are greatly indebted for the success of the entertainment. At 7:45 o'clock the students began to fill the Y. M. C A. hall; and by 8 o'clock every seat within the room was taken. The president of the Association, Mr. N. S. Ogburn, arose and introuced the first speaker of the evening, Mr. W. L. Rexford, who, with bits of his eloquence, greatly interested his audience as he stated the purpose of the Y. M. C. A. among college men. When he had concluded, the College Quartet, Messrs. Elkins, Foard, Ogburn and Hancock, rendered "Lowly at Thy Feet," after which the president introduced Dr. Kilgo, who made a few interesting remarks in behalf of the new students. Dr. Mims then requested the crowd to retire to the adjacent hall where refreshments would be served.

The committee had it so arranged that no table should be without that element which always makes such an occasion most enjoyable. The young ladies of the college had kindly consented to entertain at the several tables. Perhaps this did more than anything else to make the occasion a success, and the Association wishes to express its sincerest appreciation for their kind assistance.

When refreshments had been served, Professor Meritt, toastmaster for the evening, arose and, with a few humorous remarks, introduced Mr. A. B. Bradsher, '04, who

gave a very interesting history of athletics in Trinity College, concluding his remarks by laying special stress on the value of "pure athletics," and asking for the continuance of Trinity in the S. I. A. A. Then Dr. Glasson spoke for the faculty, and was followed by Mr. T. B. Fuller, President of the Chamber of Commerce of Durham, who made an address welcoming the students to Durham. When he concluded, the toastmaster declared that it was time to say "good night." The crowd retired in great merriment, all seeming to have enjoyed the evening.

As is customary, the regular meeting for missions was held on the 17th. Professor Meritt conducted the service. He gave somewhat of a general survey of missions from more remote periods to the present time, showing the evolution of mission work as carried on by the Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists in England, America and Germany. He remarked that a missionary should be a man who knows the needs of the people among whom he is to work. Place was given for those to labor at home who could not go abroad. Some announcements were made concerning class work. Mr. Hinohara, '04, will take charge of that feature of the Y. M. C. A. work.

The Y. M. C. A. is steadily growing in its advantages, both social and religious. A new room is being fitted up with games of many kinds for afternoon amusement for young men. A committee has been appointed to make this a successful feature of the Association.

The officers of the Association for this year are as follows: N. S. Ogburn, '05, President; A. G. Moore, '05, Vice-President; J. M. Daniel, '07, Secretary; J. A. Morgan, '06, Treasurer. The chairmen of committees are: Religious meetings, W. L. Rexford, '06; Bible study, A. G. Moore; Missions, Hoy Taylor, '06; Membership, H. C. Walker, '06; On Visitation, L. T. Singleton, '06; Music, C. T. Hancock, '05.

At Home and Abroad

J. A. LONG, Jr., - - - - - - - - - - - Manager.

Among the many visitors on the Park during the opening week were Mr. B. F. Dixon, '03, and Mr. H. B. Adams, '04, who is now studying law at the University of North Carolina.

Mr. W. P. Budd, the able editor of the Archive last year, was compelled to undergo an operation at Johns Hopkins Hospital last summer, and we regret that he is not yet able to be out. Mr. Budd has been elected to a position in the Durham Graded Schools for the coming year.

All who knew Gilmer Connelly, Class of 1903, will be pleased to hear that he is again in Durham. He has a position with the American Tobacco Co.

With the American Tobacco Co., also, several of the '04 boys have secured positions. Messrs. J. G. Huckabee, H. C. Satterfield, and C. H. Livengood, all have found the big factories here large enough to keep them busy.

Mr. L. P. Howard is back again in one of the Durham Graded Schools, where he is teaching English and History. He expects to take his A. M. at Trinity this year.

Mr. Zensky Hinohara, who graduated last year, is again at Trinity. His friends are glad that he was not called back to Japan by his government during the summer, as was expected.

It is gratifying to see so many of last year's graduates back this year taking law. Among those already regis-

tered are Messrs. W. S. Lowdermilk, J. P. Frizzelle and B. S. Womble.

Mr. G. G. Greever, from Central College, Missouri, is here taking graduate work, and is also assistant in the English Department. Mr. Greever was editor of his college magazine last year.

Mr. M. S. Giles, '04, goes to Darlington, S. C., to accept a position as "professor." We predict for him much success in training up the young in the way they should go.

Another of the '04 Class has been stricken with a desire to teach the rising generation, and we congratulate Mr. W. S. Lockhart on securing a position in the Trinity Park School to begin his work.

Mr. Claude Rowe, a former student at Trinity and a member of the '05 Class, paid a short visit to friends here a few days after school opened. Mr. Rowe has recently received his license to practice law, and is now at the University of North Carolina, where he will take his A. B. in the spring.

Mr. Kope Elias, Jr., also recently spent a few days with his friends and his two brothers at Trinity. He was on his way to Cornell University, where he will take a special course in Agriculture. Mr. Elias proposes to do some scientific farming when he gets through, we understand.

Mr. J. F. Coltrane, '03, and J. L. Williams, '06, were on the Park the 24th and 25th of last month. Mr. Coltrane will be principal of the Lydia High School, Lydia S. C., for another year, while "Reddy" is taking a tour of the South selling Williams' inks. He will be missed as leader of the "rootin'" at the ball games next spring.

At a recent meeting of the literary societies Messrs. E. F. Lee and S. B. Underwood, Columbians, and M. E. Newsom and J. Blanchard, Hesperians, were elected to

serve on the Debate Council for the coming year. The three members from the faculty are Dr. Mims, Dr. Glasson, and Professor Flowers.

Prof. Jas. J. Wolfe, who is a Ph. D. from Harvard, has filled the vacancy in the department of Biology and Geology, caused by the resignation of Dr. J. I. Hamaker last year. Professor Wolfe seems to be very popular among the students, but O, my! he makes them work, they say.

Mr. F. C. Schneider has been added to the faculty as Adjunct Professor of Applied Mathematics, to take the place of Mr. L. Hendrin, who is away on a leave of absence. Mr. Schneider is from Rutger's College where he received the degree of Bachelor of Science.

From the flattering editorials and articles in some of the leading state papers, Trinity is to be congratulated on securing for the new Law Department the services of Mr. S. F. Mordecai, of Raleigh, Mr. A. C. McIntosh, of Taylorsville, and Mr. R. Percy Reade, of Durham. Mr Mordecai, who is Senior Professor of this department, was connected with the Law School at Wake Forest for several years. Mr. Reade was of the Class of 1900, and received the degree of LL. B. at the University of Michigan. He is also the junior member of the Durham firm, Boone & Reade, Attorneys at Law.

Mr. E. F. Hines, Class 1900, who taught in the Trinity Park School last year, and Mr. J. H. Highsmith, of the same class, principal of the North Durham Graded School last year, have gone to Columbia to pursue advanced courses in Chemistry and Philosophy, respectively. Mr. S. A. Stewart, another of the 1900 Class, who has been in the Park School for several years, has gone to Harvard to study Theology.

During the summer the Class of 1907 lost a good member, society a splendid gentleman, and the world an up-

right young man. The death of Mr. A. K. Murchison was a sad one indeed. He was just entering the prime of his young manhood, with a bright future before him, when suddenly he was taken to another world to live in a brighter present. He was sick only a short time. Taken with pneumonia on Monday of commencement week, to which he had looked forward with a great deal of pleasure, he died two weeks later after much intense suffering. Mr. Murchison was very popular. Not only did he number among his friends almost the entire college community, but in Durham also he had a large and extensive acquaintance. To know Mr. Murchison was to like him, and we shall all remember him as a jolly good fellow, clever and generous. He was one who always delighted in doing a kindness for a friend.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, The Columbian Literary Society, the college community and the State at large, have suffered an irreparable loss in the tragic death of Prof. Joseph Francis Bivins, Headmaster of Trinity Park School, and an honored member of this Society, who has embodied in his life the highest ideals of Christian manhood, therefore by the Columbian Literary Society, in regular meeting assembled, be it *Resolved*,

1. That we fell sorely the loss which the untimely death of Professor Bivins has inflicted upon us, yet we bow before the will of the Guardian of us all who sees beyond our sorrow, for we strive to recognize through it all God's infinite love and mercy.

2. That there is exemplified for us in the life of our deceased friend the noblest type of Christian character, and though we shall not see his kindly face again, his influence still abides, our lives being richer for his having lived

3. That we extend to the bereaved mother, brothers and wife, our deep and heartfelt sympathy, and point them to God the Father, praying that His everlasting arms may be abont them in this dark hour, and that their feet may be led in paths of peace.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, a copy spread upon the minutes, and one published in the Trinity ARCHIVE.

N. S. OGBURN, JR.,
W. L. REXFORD,
S. B. UNDERWOOD.
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Hesperian Literary Society of Trinity College, held September 17, 1904, a committee was appointed and the following resolutions were drawn up as an expression of our sorrow and loss, occasioned by the death of our fellow-member, Abner Kenneth Murchison:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom and love to remove from our midst one of our number, our esteemed friend, be it resolved:

1. That we mourn the loss of one cut off in youth, with the promise of a bright and useful life before him.

2. That we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the grief-stricken parents and pray that God, who comforts the sorrowful, may enable them to see through their grief the tender working of Him who doeth all things well.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, that a copy be sent to the Trinity Archive for publication, and that a copy be spread on our minutes.

H. G. Foard,
L. T. Singleton,
A. G. Moore.
Committee.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1904.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication

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A. G. MOORE, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

WHAT OUR SOCIETY MAY DO FOR NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.*

BY JOHN SPENCER BASSETT.

It is more than twelve years since the Trinity College Historical Society was established for the purpose of aiding in the development of North Carolina, and general American, history. It took in the beginning the general purpose of supplementing at this institution the department of history in the creation of a spirit for historical study. Its specific objects have been to collect historical materials, to

*An address before the Trinity College Historical Society, October 13, 1904.

preserve and display interesting relics of the past, to make and publish researches into our history, and in any other possible way to kindle a spirit for history among the men and women who come within the influence of this training-house of culture. How well it has done these things is not for us to say. But at the beginning of another year it is well for us to go over our own purposes in our own minds and to ask ourselves if there are not some ways in which we can improve the service which we are giving to the common cause.

And in the first place what is the nature of the common cause? I answer it is a cause of devotion. We are enlisted in the work of making clear the cause of truth. We are to roll back darkness, first in our minds and then in those of other people. We are set to cause others to see, by the common obligation of all men of mind, namely, the obligation to pass on to others the torches which we have been fortunate enough to receive. The task given us is not a matter of our own profit. We shall never see the bread which we cast on the waters come back to us in the form of dollars, or in the shape of dignity or position. At the best we shall never have for any trouble that we may take any other reward than the consciousness that we have stood as men in the places in which we have been placed, and, perchance, that we have placed our own bodies in the breach so that those who come after us may see further into the distance by standing upon them. And yet this is all that we have a right to expect. It is a glorious thing to fill the place into which one's life is put.

But my purpose is not to lay down principles. I want to speak of particulars. I want to discuss the means by which this Society may lay its hands to the task which confronts it.

In the first place, we must recognize our common basis of sympathy and purpose. Not every man at college is, will be, or ever can be, a historian. This is because cer-

tain tastes and mental inclinations are embraced in the make-up of a historian. But there are always in our student-body certain men who do have a tendency toward history, just as there are men who lean toward science, and others who lean toward languages, and others who lean toward mathematics. These men who are thus marked out by their natures for the guardians of historical knowledge have it in their power to organize and act together in the most sensible way for the promotion of the best aims of this society. It is to them that I appeal. As for those who do not come within this number—and they will know best of all whether or not they come within it—I have only a sincere godspeed for them in the sphere in which they are more properly called. It is for us others, who are touched with the mania which afflicted Scott's Old Mortality, that I have reserved my appeal. To such ones I say, Let us reason together. What may we do for the history of our State, and for history in general?

I answer, we can love North Carolina history. It is certainly not the greatest part of history. I should tend to delude you if I told you that we are the greatest people in the union, or in the world. We are certainly a virtuous people, an honest people, kind, generous and true; we make life pleasant for ourselves and for the strangers within our gates. But other people, I think, have had a greater influence on the development of our common country than we. If, therefore, the choice had to be made between the history of the nation and the history of our State, it would be foolishness for me to say take North Carolina history. Fortunately, the choice does not have to be made. There is room enough for all. And when you are reasonably familiar with the history of the nation it is the time for you to go rather deeply into the history of your own State.

Moreover, it is not necessary for ours to be the greatest history for us to love it. We do not love our mother

because she is rich, or beautiful, or crowned with the dignity of the world; but because she is our mother. Also, we do not love the history of North Carolina because she is the richest or the most influential of States, but because she is North Carolina. We know, and all the world knows, that she has enough of virtue and enough of achievement to warrant the love of anyone. She has, also, enough of good sense not to demand, or to like, the flattery of her sons. Furthermore, it is no breach of filial respect for us to venture in the spirit of true sonship to tell her the truth.

In the second place, we must be willing to sacrifice for history. We must be willing to sacrifice time, comfort, and money. Results will not come of themselves, let us love never so well. We must have a willingness to put our shoulders under the burden till they pain us from its heaviness. If there were one hundred men in North Carolina who would agree to give their best and sole charitable efforts to placing the writing of North Carolina history on a proper footing, it would not be ten years before no State in the union should exceed us in this department of our thinking. But they would have to be men of devotion. They would have to be grimly in earnest in their undertaking. They would have to be willing to undergo as frequently as was necessary the expenses of common meetings, the expenses of publication, and the inconveniences of the loss of much time. They would have to give up a notion common to many good people that history is a kind of mania for antiquities, an amusement fit for harmless old men and unmated old women.

People often ask why there is not a vigorous North Carolina Historical Society, like, let us say, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. I think it is because we have, as a people, never been willing to sacrifice ourselves to the necessary extent. We have been willing to have other people do it: we have been willing to try to get the State

to do it: but how often have we been willing to tax ourselves tor the common burden. If we had in this State a society the members of which must pay an annual fee of not less than five dollars, and if twenty or a hundred men were willing to join on that basis, it would be an indication that there was enough sacrifice in the movement to insure success. In saying this much, I have no intention to underestimate the good intentions of those worthy people who have launched movements for such societies in the past. They have done, no doubt, what was wisest in view of the conditions which confronted them. I merely give this statement as an illustration of what I have in my mind when I seek to impress on your minds the kind of sacrifice which is necessary to build up the great State society which we all must desire to see established.

It is this kind of devotion which we must have if we are going to make this society the best possible servant of our State. I do not think that it is an impossibility for us at Trinity to set on foot efforts like these in building up our own Society. We are not rich enough to tax ourselves to the extent indicated. It would be a fair test of our sense of sacrifice to put our annual required contribution at one dollar, leaving members to go beyond that as they were able in a voluntary manner. This we ought to do as our absolute duty; but it would be strange if, when we had thus given our own best efforts to the cause, there should not be others who should be willing to share our burdens. But whether there were such persons or not, the task would not be impossible through our own efforts. We are not a weak aggregation of men. We are young, it is true, and most of us poor. But some day we are going to be rich It would be a strange thing indeed if, out of all the accumulating of wealth which is going to happen in North Carolina in the next twenty-five years, none of it should find its way into the pockets of Trinity men. It is true, also, that when you are out in the world of action you are

going to give away various sums of money to objects which appeal to you. It ought not to be too much to hope that in that happy day you will turn back to this hour and remember the needs of this Society. I have faith that if the Society does its duty by North Carolina, you will have the penetration to discover the fact, and discovering it, you will have enough of the old spirit of Trinity to put your gifts here. And if you forget us, then for myself and for those who shall come after you, I will say that we will toil on, in the faith that there is somewhere in the good providence of God the aid which is necessary to give efficiency to our zeal and our hopes.

I should like to give you briefly the story of a certain historical society. It was founded long ago, before the American revolution. It was founded by men who had an abiding faith in themselves as the chosen of God. They put many small efforts into their work. They brought their gifts as they could. They thriftily husbanded their resources. At last there came a day when the perils of youth had been passed. Then the Massachusetts Historical Society stood as an influential and financially independent institution. They were able to charge no annual fees at all and from their vested funds to have a competent income. They support a generous publication fund; they have a handsome building of their own; and there are not many proper demands on their resources which they are not able to meet without inconvenience. All their success has come out of their willingness to sacrifice for the common object. Not many members of that organization today would be willing to appear at the pearly gates with the consciousness that they had not put the Historical Society into their wills. It is equally true that there are not many historians in America who would not consider it one of the greatest honors which could befall them to be asked to join this society. What this great organization has done in Boston during the past century I see no reason

why we should not do in North Carolina, but perhaps on a smaller scale, in the next century.

You will observe that I have spoken several times of a publication fund. It seems to me that no historical society ever more than half lives till it has a publication of historical papers and documents. It is then brought into a vital relation with the general public; for it brings the truth which it may be able to discover to the attention of the world. It makes itself a servant of the hundreds of students in every part of the country who are trying to reconstruct historical truth. It aids also very vitally the life of the very society which conducts the publication; for how better can one stimulate the writing of history than by offering to persons who have it in them to write the inducement of ready and respectable vehicles of reaching the reading world. The "itch for publication" has been responsible, no doubt, for the appearance of much formless and heavy historical literature; but it has stimulated to authorship far more persons who would not otherwise have begun to write than it has wearied of the class who read. And for the reader who does not desire to peruse such books there is always the ready relief of not reading them.

Next to historical workers our Society needs, I think, a fund the proceeds of which shall be irrevocably fixed for purposes of publication. If it ever fulfils its best purposes it must have that fund. As to how to get it, that is a matter of careful consideration. At present it seems safe to say that a fund of $2,000 well invested would give us the desired results. It might well be larger; but if we could raise that much we should make a creditable beginning. How long do you think it ought to take us to raise that much among ourselves? Would it take five years or ten years? I do not know; but I think I know this, that it is absolutely necessary that we raise it. I mean that as a society we cannot afford to be without at least this much.

And if we do not raise it within five years, we shall have to raise it within ten, and if not within ten then it must come within fifteen—or we must fall short of our opportunity. What shall we do? We have already decided to raise the sum. We shall begin this year; for if we do not begin this year we shall have to begin next year. We shall raise as much as we can now. But what we raise we shall save with the greed of a miser. Next year we shall raise some more. Some day we shall have the required amount. It may come after you and I shall have been gathered to the dust of our fathers, but we will put such a spirit of sacrifice into this Society that it can never forget our hopes till they are fully realized. We shall live in our successors; and as for ourselves, we shall be so full of the spirit that we are creating that wherever we go we shall remember to send back to the old mother of our historical aspirations as liberal contributions as our means will allow. We shall say to the constant importunity of charity—and it will always importune us—"No, I have another cause in which I am enlisted, I and a band of devoted ones, and my gifts are reserved for it. Go you to those who are not so engaged."

Our Historical Society ought to be a life affair with most of us. We are going to various places in life's struggle. We ought to carry with us a thread of affection which will always bind us to this work. Our best work for North Carolina history cannot be done in college. Here we can only hope to form a taste for research, or to discover a liking for it. As we get more mature we shall see more certainly the call to each of us to write something. Happy shall we be if we shall have cultivated through the intervening time that first impulse which came to us at college.

There are a hundred phases of our history which need to be written, if the men of sufficient earnestness and capacity should present themselves to undertake the tasks. Will you get ready to undertake some of them? Train your-

selves well now. Make historians of yourselves gradually and without discouragement. It is the work of an aristocrat in the sphere of the mind. It will bring you rich rewards in the approval of your own conscience. There will be those in the future who seek out the good deeds of this generation, and in their reckoning up of things you will not be forgotten. We historians, if I may class myself where I want to be, have an advantage over all other people. We get the last word at everybody. And we are a clannish set. We love to preserve the memories of our brethren. Would you like to join the ranks, and insure that our successors will write you down among the immortals? You need not hesitate. I assure you that men of less worth than any of you are there writ down, and will continue to be so till the end of historical research.

In 1710 there was in North Carolina a man named John Lawson. He was not the most brilliant man who met around the boards of the magnates of the shores of the Albemarle. Other men were as witty, others were as well dressed, others were as well liked for companionship. We know not if he had his peculiarities; but I should not wonder if he had them and if there were not men in that region at that day who sneered at the queer things that Lawson did. They sneer at such men as he today. But Lawson had his innings. He wrote a book. Many men were in the colony who could have written it; but he alone wrote it. Today he has a permanent place in the memory of all North Carolinians; and the bodies of the venison-stuffed scoffers who spoke loftily of "poor old Lawson" have long ago been transformed into green grass, which in turn has passed into piney-woods steer, and from there the Lord only knows where they have gone. So far as the world knows they were as important in the form of green grass or brindled steer as in the form in which they passed their contemptuous judgments about the peculiarities of

Lawson, the historian. What will be known of you a hundred years from today when the stone at your grave shall have crumbled and your own body shall have been resolved into chemical elements in which it existed before the food you ate for breakfast this morning had passed into beef, and wheat, and breakfast-food? Your fate is to be as you wish.

To sum up what I have said; this is my conception of the duty of this society to North Carolina history. It is to love it, to sacrifice for it, to organize for it, to build a publication fund for it,—rapidly if we can, slowly if we must,—and finally to write for it. Some of us may do all of these, all of us may do most of them. May we not hope that out of the large number of young men who pass from these halls every year to fields of labor in this State there will be found a tithe which shall pay their vows at the shrine of our State's history? May we not hope that they will form a Trinity group of historians who shall be known for their good work and their pride of allegiance to the society in which their aspirations had birth? Such a group I would have you become, generous and fair in regard to other groups, but loyal with the old Trinity loyalty in regard to ourselves. If you should become this, whatever else you may become, you cannot fail to create the strongest positive force for our historical uplift that, in my judgment, has ever existed in this State.

PRECATIO SENIORIS.

BY N. S. OGBURN, JR.

O Lord! may I this year have faith
To do the tasks assigned to me,—
Have strength to do the hardest things
And steel my will to shun alway
The easy path;—

Have love for work and love for men
And all the things which Thou hast made;
Be bright-faced mid the clouds and storms,
Light up with smiles the care-worn face
And aching heart;—

Bear mine and my weak brother's part;
And when the path is steep and dark,
May Thy face shine to light my feet
And Thy strength come to lift me on
To nobler deeds.

May this year be the crowning year
Of all the past. And when 'tis done,
The glory, Lord,—if such there be—
Shall all be thine;—my joy to lose
Myself in Thee!

THACKERAY'S ROUNDABOUT PAPERS.

BY GARLAND GREEVER.

Classification by generalities is the supreme evil of popular criticism. Too seldom do we pause to reflect that the confines are not impassable and that the sketch is imperfect without shadings. Against even the genial and widely read Dickens there is a tendency to render the verdict of narrow humanitarianism. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the case of Thackeray, whose amiability is not always so apparent, the impression has obtained that coldness and cynicism are the sole qualities embodied in the man and exemplified in his writings.

There may be much that is true in this current estimate; perhaps the most prominent elements are the ones commonly suggested. Yet to restrict the spirit of a master within the bounds of our own hasty conclusions is proof positive either of criminal ignorance or of reprehensible heedlessness.

It is proper to admit that there is some foundation for the objection that has been brought against Thackeray's novels. Over-reaching satire and his treatment of women are his two weak points For the former we find explanation in his revolt against the methods of his predecessors, which were, in many cases, strained and theatrical; his determination not to be effeminate or untrue to life carried him now and then to extremes, but, considering the course he selected, comparing his raillery with the savage invectives of Swift, his self-repression is remarkable. As to his women, it has been said that every female character in Thackeray is either a knave or a fool, because he knew no other. This statement is too pointed to be accurate. Deplorable indeed to him was the proneness of his generation to content itself with the superficial and to strive unduly for the glittering recognition of society. As this latter tendency was more pronounced in women,

so through women did Thackeray strike most powerfully against the tendency itself. But ere we decide that the sarcastic and the unfeeling predominate in his make-up, shall we not, as seekers after truth, listen to him when he speaks most freely and naturally of his personal opinions, his own ideals, through the medium of the Roundabout Papers?

He called them Roundabout Papers because of their facile and unconventional style, in which they contrast vividly with the more pretentious essays of Carlyle and Macaulay. Upon their pages he recorded, with the careless ease of conversation, his observations of life in its various manifestations, tearing off the mask and revealing hypocrisy in its hideousness when the tinsel of the superficial caught his eye, and praising with no uncertain commendation the true things of the world whenever and wherever found. He was thrown, however, chiefly with the higher classes of society, where existed more of sham and show, to an exposure of which he was driven by veering literary movements. To the literary impulse, moreover, was added his own natural inclinations, which, open and boyish as they were, cried for a shaking off of the fetters, for a casting aside of external influences in favor of the more sensible dictates of the real man within.

In his novels his attitude is a little false; the conventionalities are but partially discarded; the great object is to get before the reader the picture of a society whose spirit is alien to his own. Here your attention is divided between the man and his subject. In the Roundabout Papers, on the other hand, we have him as he is. There are no formalities. The great man receives you into his home, chats with you, and shows you his native self. You are the recipient of the overflow of his personality; that overflow is spontaneous, unforced; to you individually he expresses his views and sentiments. You come away knowing, not so much the great problems he has studied

nor opinions springing from laborious research, but his simple, every-day observations,—knowing the man himself. Surely it is profitable to us to know the spirit as well as the product, the creator as well as his creatures.

For those who consider Thackeray self-sufficient and intolerant there awaits a pleasing disillusion in the Roundabout Papers. Two of his noblest characteristics are his generosity and his magnanimity. From whatever standpoint it may be his whim to view the world, and here he pursues with splendid self-abandon every caprice of the mind, no malignity clouds his purpose. There is not a tinge of jealousy in him. Who will forget that sincere regard for Scott and that desire to emulate "the Wizard of the North" which came from his very heart? What trace of hostility or reserve lurks in his warm encomiums upon Dickens, voiced in public and in private,—Dickens, with whom the reading public was persistently contrasting him? What American does not thrill with pride at his sympathetic review of Washington Irving, the author and the man, or revere him for giving to Cooper's "Leather-Stocking" a place alongside of Falstaff and Sir Roger de Coverley as a mighty creation in literature? As an instance of his liberality we may notice his words on Scott: "Then, above all, we had Walter Scott, the kindly, the generous, the pure—the companion of what countless delightful hours; the purveyor of how much happiness; the friend whom we recall as the constant benefactor of our youth! How well I remember the type and the brownish paper of the old duodecimo 'Tales of my Landlord!' I have never dared to read the 'Pirate,' and the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' or 'Kenilworth,' from that day to this, because the finale is unhappy, and people die, and are murdered at the end. But 'Ivanhoe' and 'Quentin Durward!' Oh for a half-holiday, and a quiet corner, and one of those books again! Those books, and perhaps those eyes with which we read them; and it may be, the brains

behind the eyes! It may be the tart was good; but how fresh the appetite was! If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozens of centuries." In this and a score of similar passages there is neither stint nor covert scoff; he utters every word with hearty self-conviction. In no other writer, perhaps, can we find commendation so unselfish or tributes so magnificent.

We sometimes look upon Thackeray as one who sneered at the good things of life and lacked appreciation for purity of character. In the Roundabout Papers he is his own vindication. He follows with pathetic solicitude the careers of two children in black; he accompanies a lad to the circus with every indication of overbubbling enthusiasm; he tells with simple pathos of the doomed physician who struggled to the last for his patients and his family. In the humble and the unobtrusive he discovers properties that inspire the soul. "There are sweet unspoken thanks before a fair scene of nature: at a sunsetting below a glorious sea; or a moon and a host of stars shining over it: at a bunch of children playing in the street, or a group of flowers by the hedgeside, or a bird singing there. At a hundred moments or occurrences of the day good thoughts pass through the mind, let us trust, which never are spoken; prayers are made which never are said; and TeDeum is sung without church, clerk, choristers, parson, or organ." He does not find true happiness in vain ostentation. "To be good, to be simple, to be modest, to be loved, be thy lot. Be thankful thou art not taller, nor stronger, nor richer, nor wiser than the rest of the world!"

One of the most deeply personal of the varied touches in the Roundabout Papers is the discussion of the characters of his own novels. They are real beings to him, real friends and companions, a new band rushing into his study before the old one has retired, even intruding upon

his privacy when he wishes to be alone. They are obstreperous sometimes, doing the reverse of what he wants them to do, and acting as unaccountably as their counterparts among men. Yet he has a sympathy for them; he has a kindly interest for their welfare, even when depicting their extravagancies or laughing at their follies. He reveals most of this in the novels themselves; the trouble is, a casual reader, predisposed to consider him callous, does not always stop to separate the grain from the chaff, the true meaning from faithful portrayal. In the Roundabout Papers he gives you, in concise and unmistakable terms, his attitude toward these characters; he tells you how he walks with them and talks with them and opens unto them the door of affection. As they come and go, some of them not admirable figures, as the spheres of their action near completion and another volume approaches its conclusion, a sad analogy comes to his mind—another epoch of life has also closed. "Yet a few chapters more, and then the last, after which, behold Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun."

The Roundabout Papers are replete with considerations of the problems and the incidents, big and little, that we meet with in life. Elaborate disquisitions are but seldom attempted; saneness of suggestion, correctness of opinion, sympathy of soul, wholesome contempt for *vanitas vanitatum*, and a plea for merit that is often half concealed are the qualities that, breathing through his words, appeal most strongly to us. Surely we have here sufficient evidences of tenderness, of reverence for the innocence of childhood, for the grandeur of higher womanhood, for the pure and the true everywhere. Surely we have here a forewarning of that dependence upon the genuine sensibilities of the gentler sex which caused him to say: "I can't live without the tenderness of some woman." In literature or in life we might search in vain for a scene in which the throb of sympathy is surer than in the final

paragraph of "*De Juventute*," where Thackeray represents himself as standing, as in reality he had stood, with hushed emotions of awe, in the silence of the sleeping home:

"It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm, the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and short-comings—memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it."

Aside from their happy intellectual strokes, their manifold maxims of right living, and their exquisite freedom of style, in which they are second only to the Essays of Lamb, the Roundabout Papers are valuable because they place before us the true personality of a man who, in some degree at least, is commonly maligned and misunderstood. Those who in the early forties were moved to mirth by his humorous contributions in the periodicals of the day were not aware of the insanity of his wife or that his great heart was torn with sorrow. His fellows at the club in the early fifties scarcely realized that the affable, broad-shouldered man whose kindly face and genial wit made his coming such a pleasure to them was of a temperament shy and sensitive, and that to loiter with them was to him sad solace for his own disasters. So in his happier days, the days of the early sixties, men who had been reading his novels for the last dozen years and thoughtlessly calling

him heartless did not perceive how sorely he was tried by the thorns of another's suffering or how often, in his connection with the *Cornhill Magazine*, he hesitated between editorial duty and personal pity. If ours is a race of hero-worshipers, we may well study the character of a man who never faltered when right was involved nor spared himself in the service of a brother. The most spontaneous, and therefore the most representative, expressions that ever dropped from his pen are contained in the articles which constitute the subject of this paper. The great misfortune about Thackeray is that duty, as he conceived it, led him to write in a strain that caused a general misconception of his disposition; and, while a perusal of the Roundabout Papers will not convince us that he made no mistakes, it will, at any rate, release us from our shallow judgment of this man and incline us to a belief in Lord Houghton's lines:

"O gentler Censor of our age,
Prime master of our ampler tongue,
Whose word of wit and generous page
Were never wroth except with wrong."

FORTY WEEKS AGO.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

I've wandered o'er the campus, Tom,
I sat beneath the tree,
Up which we had to climb and sing,
"Nearer my God to thee."
But the crowd that made us climb, Tom,
And dance, and sing, and crow,
Have changed to Juniors, dignified,
Since forty weeks ago.

The buildings are the same, Tom,
The same old doors and walls,
But in the dark I'm not afraid
To ramble in the halls.
I once was timid in the dark,
But now, I'd have you know,
I've changed into a Soph'more, Tom,
Since forty weeks ago.

The class that takes our place, Tom,
Is just as fresh and green
As we were then; or any class
That ever has been seen.
It's now their time to lock their doors,
While we sing, "Fresh, lie low,"
Just as the Sophomores sung to us
Some forty weeks ago.

They've got a constitution, Tom,
They boast the greatest class
That ever hunted midnight snipes,
Or crossed the college grass.
But they don't know it all, Tom,
They'll learn it sad and slow,
Just as we had to learn it, Tom,
Some forty weeks ago.

The nought six fellows taught us, Tom,
The modern golden rule,
So we would teach this class the things
We learned at Sunday School:
"Freely received ye, freely give."
The Faculty says "No."
The Sophomore's glory all has gone
Since forty weeks ago.

MAGAZINES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY MISS NELLIE STEPHENSON.

Some sections have been rich in magazines as organs of the people which perpetuate the knowledge of the people in science, religion, politics and society. Other sections as important in some respects have been devoid of magazines. Greater is their loss. It is a loss which cannot be retrieved. Such a loss or deficiency, has been experienced in North Carolina. There have been few magazines of importance in the State. These however have existed in critical times and have kept alive the memory of those times.

During, or just before the Revolutionary War, there was a magazine in the State published at New Bern, but the ravages of war and the call to fight for their freedom made it necessary for the editors and writers to lay down the pen and take up the sword. This was a weak organ of the State to begin with, but by its ceasing to exist no doubt many valuable facts about deeds of heroism as well as points of history have been lost.

There were then no more magazines of importance or of any duration for nearly a century. But old manuscripts and papers concerning some of the interesting events which occurred during the time that intervened have been found among the possessions of individuals, and have been recorded in later magazines, making these all the more interesting.

The first magazine of importance in the State, except a college periodical, is one edited in Charlotte just after the close of the great struggle in which the South took such a prominent part and for which she sacrificed so much of what would have been her strength.

This magazine, *The Land We Love*, had an appropriate name, for it was edited by a man every inch a Southerner, whose love for his land, as every other true Southerner's,

was a vital love. General D. H. Hill was born in Virginia, and was an old Virginia gentleman. Before the conflict between North and South, he was an educator, but during the war he took a prominent part in the battles in Virginia and North Carolina as an officer in General Lee's army.

As soon as the war was over, General Hill began to edit this organ of the South, and in it he put his entire energy. The first issue of *The Land We Love* appeared March, 1866. It is a typical Southern paper. In it are preserved the expression of the nature of Southerners when their spirit has been aroused concerning the abolition of an institution they believe to be right.

Through this magazine the literary talent of the South expresses itself. There were few of the contributors, however, who rose to any eminence. Of the poets, Timrod and Paul Hamilton Hayne have come to be recognized as among the best of the South. Mrs. Clark's poems were published in *The Land We Love*, as well as those of many others who will not be known as literary people. Margaret J. Preston, however, is now very well known. The magazine then contained the Literary and Historical departments and the "Haversack." In this interesting department it is General Hill's purpose to preserve and portray the sense of humor among the Southern soldiers.

The editorial department was added several months after the beginning of the magazine. In his more sober, serious articles General Hill puts himself in the background and writes in a fair, unprejudiced, straightforward way. But in the editorials his southernism shows itself. He shows his individual ideas concerning the North and the South, and shows every bit of the prejudice in his nature. Of what the relation should be between North and South, he says, however, "The men who have had mutual hate knocked out and mutual respect knocked in by hard blows, are the men to cement the union if it is

ever to be done;" and "Men who have tested each other's manhood in many a hard struggle will act fairly, squarely and honorably by each other." He had no respect for a renegade, and appealed to all there was good, honorable and true in every individual in the South to counterbalance the opposite spirit which tended to draw it down.

Concerning the advantages for material prosperity of the South, he says they far surpass those of the North. However, the South's conservatism concerning everything will hinder the progress toward a change for better conditions. Before any great change in the industrial line can be made, it is necessary to have a change in the kind of education in the South. General Hill recognized the need of new thought, new methods of work and development, so he worte a series of articles on education. This is one of the most significant utterances throughout the magazine. In these articles he showed that it was necessary first of all, to change the very foundation of their prosperity—their education. The men were educated in the classics chiefly. But now that the things which had aided in making the old easy life possible were swept away, it was hard to rally. It was inevitable that since the times and conditions had changed, their lives and their kinds of education must change.

To realize our defects he thought was necessary, but more necessary the investigating of their causes and the seeking of a remedy. The policy of the South had not been broad enough. "Our whole system of education," he said, "has been contrary to the whole economy of nature. Our limited species of education has kept away, or kept undeveloped, men of art, students of nature, men of scientific impulses. Natural science has languished for want of spmpathy and encouragement. New inventions were not rewarded. New discoveries were not encouraged. To let such talents lie undeveloped is a *sin*. Let us turn about and remedy the evil." Besides in this article, the

general trend of the South towards material and industrial development is seen throughout the magazine. In the first issue is an article on agricultural science, as there is in nearly every issue something of this nature.

In the magazine are studies of the history of other nations at their critical times. There are sketches of travel, personal reminiscences, articles of religion and some fiction.

One department of the magazine was devoted to poems. At first there were few and not regular contributors. In the first number there were three poems written by a North Carolinian, Philo Henderson, who died leaving a few poems. The magazine also contains several poems written by Edgar Allen Poe in his boyhood. Fannie Downing contributed a number of poems. One especially expresses the sentiment of a great many people in the South concerning our defeat, as she, a woman of the South, a Charlotte woman, saw it:

"Man did not conquer her, but God,
For some wise purpose of his own,
Withdrew His arm; she, left alone,
Sank down resistless 'neath his rod."

Some of the magazine is taken up in discussing the ever-present and difficult negro problem. Samuel White Baker, who had studied the negro character in Africa, wrote a book about the time of our civil war, in which he treats of the character, habits and customs of the African. He says he believes the negro in childhood is in advance of the white child in intellectual quickness, but the mind does not expand. The negro man has grown in body but has not advanced in intellect.

In the last issue of *The Land We Love*, which appeared March, 1867, is a lecture delivered by Governor Vance to the young men of Raleigh. His subject was "All About It," or all about North Carolina, her present, her past and her future; her people, her society, her institutions and

manners. He says conquerors usually impress upon the conquered their habits, manners, institutions and laws. "The South are a conquered people, changes will come, which shall we accept, which reject?" He sees altered material conditions, and sees their advantages. With the changes, we must with the good also take the evil. He says the negro is changed. The fate of the African slave is about to be sealed for good or for evil. "Over the dead carcasses of these children of bondage, pompously called 'freedmen,' humanity is exclaiming, 'O freedom, there is no curse like unto thine when thou art forced upon men whose souls are not educated to receive thee.'"

After *The Land We Love* ceased to be issued, for what reason is not known, there was an intermission of five years in which there was no magazine of the kind in the State. But another magazine, *Our Living and Our Dead*, was begun September, 1874. It was a monthly magazine published in Raleigh, and edited by Col. S. D. Pool. It treated of the events of the war in a different way from *The Land We Love*. They are considered more as history. It was the organ of the North Carolina branch of the Southern Historical Society. This being an organ of the Historical Society and being an historical magazine, there are naturally recorded the events of the most recent part of history, and the one in which the South was so greatly affected.

The magazine is systematically divided into several departments. In the first issue there were the Historical Department, the Descriptive and Statistical Department and the Educational Department. The Historical Department is devoted to all the interests of the people concerning historical facts, descriptions of individual characters, or real tradition—the history of the State remotely as well as recently. In this department a good deal of attention is given to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, the Regulation War, and their importance in the history

of the State. The Descriptive and Statistical Department is devoted to particulars concerning the climate, soil, productions, timber and typography of the State. In this department is given also the genealogy of some of the best and oldest families of the State. "With all civilized nations, the character and service of their early founders have always been the subject of the deepest research and increasing interest." In some of the issues appears a Literary Department in which there are short stories, criticisms, poems, etc.

Through the magazine as an organ and as an echo of the Educational Convention, the call for interest and help in educational lines went throughout the State. The Educational Department contains essays read before the State Educational Convention. This department took up, to some extent, the work done by the *North Carolina Journal of Education*, which existed from 1858 to 1862. The *Journal* made no pretentions to being a literary magazine, but its chief end was the promotion of education among the people, and aiding the teachers in advancing the cause of education.

Another magazine of a somewhat similar type was begun, in the succession of magazines, in 1884. This, the *North Carolina Teacher*, was an organ of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, and was devoted entirely to progressive education in North Carolina, the upbuilding of the State and success of the teachers.

In reviewing the magazines of the State, the college magazines are not to be left out of consideration. The most important among these is the *University Magazine*. "This magazine's aim is to preserve the best work of the University in all its departments. It contains articles of a serious sort, poems, critical reviews, essays, book notices, and editorials on topics of general interest."

This magazine has by no means had a smooth, uninterrupted existence. It has been begun no less than four

times. Before 1840 the influence of the University was growing with each year. The class of 1844 was a class of unusually strong men. To the determination of one of the members of this class, Edmund DeBerry Covington, of Richmond County, to start a literay periodical, the starting of the *University Magazine* is due.

The first number was issued March, 1844. Governor Swain was from the beginning an enthusiastic friend of the enterprise. The beginning of the magazine was considered the dawn of an intellectual day in North Carolina. But light from it was doomed not to be shed forth for a great length of time. This time it did not exist a year. The December number was the last issue, for on account of debt and lack of support it could not contiune.

It was then seven years before the work was begun the second time. The University grew, and in 1852 the first number of the second series appeared. Before the end of the year there was a large subscription list. But in 1862, again on account of debt, it was necessary to discontinue.

In September, 1877, it was started again under Mr. F. D. Winston, but lack of co-operation and sympathy of faculty, and lack of means, caused it to be stopped before the second volume of the series was finished.

The students of the University were not satisfied to remain long without an organ. The editor, from former experience of the magazine knew the risk and so began, this time, modestly. They called it the *University Monthly*. The societies aided in supporting it and it progressed. In 1884 it resumed its old name.

In the *University Magazine* are found articles of interest to the general public as well as to the student body. There are articles of solid worth and merit. Historical contributions, literary contributions and addresses by the ablest men of the State have been found from the beginning of the magazine. But there has been a decided advance in many respects.

In the series begun in 1852 the class of articles on North Carolina history written or inspired by Governor Swain, deserves especial notice. To him is due the credit of doing the first work on this subject. He procured valuable papers, manuscripts, letters and records. In this series were contributions from Professor Hubbard and Dr. Wm. Hooper. Joseph Johnston, the South Carolina historian, contributed some historical sketches. General Joseph Graham contributed an article on Revolutionary History of North Carolina. There is a memoir of Judge Nash by Hon. John H. Bryan, and of John Louis Taylor, the first chief justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, by Hon. Wm. H. Battle. One article coming from the Historical Society of North Carolina which should be especially interesting to the University, is the autobiography of Joseph Caldwell, the first president of the University of North Carolina. We find in this series a few steel engravings of distinguished North Carolinians.

The 1878 series had a few serious articles but for the most part it was light.

For the 1882 series there were high ideals and a striving for something better. To 1884 there was a constant improvement in quality. After this issue, as college magazines usually do, the ability has varied with each new board of editors. Among the articles of note is one on "The Late Judge Battle." Of him it is said that every christian virtue is united in one character. In "A glance at Poe," the author says the influence of such a genius can hardly be measured. His originality and his genius have aided in moulding the character of the literature of a nation. Hon. Kemp P. Battle has contributed a number of articles, among which are a biographical sketch of Governor Vance, and an article, especially interesting to the people of North Carolina at the present time, on "Col. Isaac Erwin Avery." The name is one of the oldest and most distinguished in the State. And the Isaac Erwin

Avery of whom the State has been so recently deprived was worthy of the name which had been made and upheld by many preceding generations.

A college magazine usually stands for the highest principles of the institution it represents. There have been a number of these organs in the State within the last two decades, among which are the *Wake Forest Student*, the *Davidson Monthly*, and the TRINITY ARCHIVE. These partake of the nature of almost all college magazines in having criticisms of literature, original articles, a few poems and discussions of topics of interest.

The most recent literary magazine of the State is the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, edited in Durham by Dr. J. S. Bassett. It is one of the most scholarly magazines ever published in North Carolina. The editor himself is a man of genius and one who has infinite capacity for work. Since the very beginning of the *Quarterly*, in January, 1902, the contributors have been some of the most intellectual men, and the first educators of the South, as well as men of Northern universities. An examination of the editor's contributions, also, is of value, on account of his broad way of looking at things. The following are expressions of his in the first issue: "The editor of the *South Atlantic Quarterly* desires to make the journal a medium of encouraging every honest literary effort. He recognizes that to do this there must be liberty to think. He will not close the review to opinions with which he may personally differ. A fair field and a respectful consideration will be his policy. He will consider the *Quarterly* fortunate if it succeeds in presenting the problems of today on all their sides. His ambition is that men shall say that he has sought the truth without prejudice, and with no more than a modest conviction in his own conclusions. To find truth absolutely might be a good thing, but it does not seem likely to be done. The next best thing is to have many people seeking it in the spirit of honest tolerance.

It is this search which develops minds and brings culture; and it is with a reverent hope of attaining it among a larger number of Southern men that the present enterprise is placed before the public."

The *Quarterly* so far has held as high a standard as the editor could have hoped for it, and it has prospects of arousing a literary spirit and a desire to find the truth which otherwise would have been dormant.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

Restlessly roaming o'er hill and dale,
A youth with a yearning heart.
Why the heart's yearning? The same old tale—
Wounded by Cupid's dart.
The shining stars in the boundless blue
Of the silent summer skies,
Tell the time-worn tale forever new
Of a love that never dies.
The balmy breezes that softly blow
Lisp love to his list'ning ear;
The whippoorwill's plaintive wailing low
But tells of his loved one dear.
The rippling rill in its race to the sea
Sings softly, sweetly, "She dreams of thee."

Sauntering sadly, but wisely too,
His heavy heart filled with pain,
A lad, who as lovers often do,
Found his fondest hopes were vain.
And the mocking millions of jewels bright,
That the heavenly heights adorn,
But speak in the stillness of the night
Of a cruel maiden's scorn,
While wailing winds from the distant hills
Sigh sadly within his ear,
And the cries of the lonely whippoorwills
Make music mournfully drear.
The babbling brook in its race to the sea
Laughs loud and long, "What a fool you be."

TOMMY HENDERSON.

BY K. C. SIDBURY.

One morning in early spring I was sitting near the little fountain in Alurn Park, reading the latest number of *Collier's Weekly*. The trees had just begun to bud and the grass to grow. The birds were flitting about in the branches above and the chatter of the squirrels could be heard in the woods near by. After reading a few minutes I threw down the paper and stretched out on the grass to enjoy the warmth of the sun. There was nobody anywhere to be seen, so I decided to return to the village as soon as the novelty of my sun bath was over.

Just as I had risen to go I saw my old friend, Williams, coming down the drive; and, as I was wishing for a companion, I decided to wait till he came up and go back to the village later on. Uncle Hill, as he is called by the "village folk," is always ready for a conversation. He served as a private under General Lee and is ever fond of relating his experiences in the Civil War. Although he is called a bore by many good people, I have always found him very interesting. He has always taken special interest in local history and can trace the pedigree of every family in the neighborhood back for three generations. He has worked out an elaborate history of his own family which goes back to Roger Williams.

As he approached I noticed that he was in a good humor, and he greeted me with a cheerful good-day.

"Have a cigar, Uncle?" said I.

"Thank you. Suppose we get seats. I am too old to stretch my limbs on the damp grass."

We walked over to a settee and sat down.

"Uncle," I continued, "tell me some of the early history of Avirettsville."

He began as follows:

"Avirettsville is much older than many people think

that it is. It takes its name from Alfred Avirette, who was one of its most prominent citizens. Alfred Avirette was not the founder of Avirettsville, however. Tommy Henderson, an Englishman, was the real founder. He came to this country about 1820 and came to Avirettsville when there was nothing to mark the site, except a turpentine still and a small shop. It was just about this time of the year when he came here, bought the shop and still and started in business. The shop soon gave place to a large brick building and the still was greatly enlarged. A saw-mill was put up not far from the still and very soon there were a number of cottages surrounding the store and mill. The business of the place increased and many people from the surrounding country moved to Avirettsville to live and in a few years it was almost as large as it is today.

"Tommy Henderson soon became not only the most prosperous citizen of the place, but also the most popular man in it. When he came to Avirettsville he was about twenty-four years old, a little above the average height, strong and well proportioned. His face was a strong and firm one and showed him to be a man of determination. His hair was black, his eyes small and penetrating, his forehead high and his nose slightly aquiline. He was always punctual and was never away from his business, except on Sundays and court days, unless he was kept away by sickness. He was kind, generous and pleasant; ready at all times to converse with the people of the village upon all subjects except one—himself. He would not talk of his past life with any one; that was a sealed book. That he was from Wessex and had spent the greater part of his life in London was all that was known of him.

"Many suspected that there was a tragedy in his past life which he was trying to live down, while others considered him as an adventurer who had come to America to make a fortune. The most peculiar trait of his character was his total indifference to girls and young women. He

had never of his own accord, since the people of the village had known him, spoken a word to any woman of the village, except in his business capacity, unless it was his landlady, and only to her when it was absolutely necessary. This was a strange freak for a handsome young fellow like Tommy Henderson; and the villagers did not fail to notice it and guess at the cause of such unusual conduct in this young man.

"About ten years passed in this manner and the lines on the merchant's brow began to deepen and his raven locks to be sprinkled with gray. These were years of almost ceaseless toil for him. He was now considered a wealthy man by the people of Avirettsville. But he continued to work just as he did when he first came to the village; and he was the same in his dress and manner of living. As he became more wealthy he became more benevolent. He gave several hundred dollars every year to the poor people of the village. He was loved by every one who knew him. He still went to church on Sunday and walked along the lake shore in the afternoon, but always alone. Many people of the village had often pressed him to visit them, but he always excused himself by saying that he would do so at another time.

"About this time Alfred Avirette, a wealthy planter, who lived a few miles from the village, built a large dwelling in the village and moved his family there. Alfred Avirette had a daughter who was at this time about fifteen years old, and as beautiful as a woodland nymph, bright, intelligent and fond of outdoor sports. She was idolized by both father and mother, and in return for their love she was a loving and obedient child. Nina was fond of rowing on the lake which was near Avirettsville, and often spent hours paddling over it or sitting in her canoe looking over the waters and across the landscape beyond at the brilliant colors of the sky at sunset. There is a little island in the middle of this lake not more than fifty yards square upon

which there is a dwarfed oak and a few scrubby myrtles. Here, under the shade of this little tree, Nina spent many spring mornings and afternoons. Sometimes she would induce her cousin, a pleasant old maid, to accompany her to her little kingdom, as she called it, but she oftener went alone.

"It was about this time that the villagers, as a whole, began to admire Tommy Henderson. They no longer advanced absurd theories to justify his strange conduct or spoke of him any more as an adventurer whose object in settling there was to make a fortune; and even those who once said all manner of hard things against him, united with the others in praising this estimable man whom all had wronged by their hasty opinions.

"Early one afternoon Nina Avirette sought her favorite retreat, the little island in the lake, to read one of Cooper's novels—The Last of the Mohicans. It was scarcely one o'clock when she reached the island. She drew the prow of her boat upon the sand and stood for a moment to gaze across the water at the level country beyond. There were several dark banks of clouds along the western horizon, but the sun was shining brightly. Nina advanced to her accustomed seat beneath the little oak and was very soon eagerly following Duncan Heyward and the sisters through the forests around lake Erie and over the mountains of New York. So deeply absorbed was she that everything around her seemed to fade into insignificance as she followed that trained woodsman and his friends. She had not noticed that the sun was no longer shining, nor that the clouds in the west were growing thicker and darker every minute.

"Suddenly there came a sharp flash of lightning, followed a few seconds later by a heavy roll of thunder. Nina looked up from her book half dazed. She could not realize at once her situation. When she had fully recovered from her temporary unconsciousness she saw dark

clouds and heard the roar of rushing wind in the distance. She arose hurriedly and looked around for her canoe. It had been carried off by the rising water and she could see it not far away as it was slowly drifting toward the shore.

"She turned pale in a moment and grasped the little oak for support. The wind began to blow furiously, dashing the waves against the island and scattering the foam at her feet. She looked toward the village and saw some men going about their work along the shore but the storm had not yet reached the village. She shouted at the top of her voice and waived her leghorn bonnet frantically, and at last succeeded in attracting the attention of one of her father's slaves who ran for help.

"As she saw him disappear the moaning of the wind and the dashing of the water struck terror to her heart. She knelt upon the grass and prayed as she had never done before to be delivered from this frightful death.

"When she looked toward the shore again she saw a score of persons on the bank, but no one was coming to her rescue. The wind was blowing so hard and the waves were rolling so high that no boat which they had on shore could stand the storm. A look of despair was settling on every countenance. Alfred Avirette was not present, but his wife was there imploring the men to rescue her child. It was a sight for pitying angels—that fair young girl upon the island in the middle of the lake in her helpless condition, with her hands uplifted to heaven and her hair tossing wildly in the wind—that pale delicate mother, in an agony of unselfish prayer, begging these men to rescue her unfortunate child!

"Suddenly a man pulled off shoes, stockings and coat, plunged into the surging water and swam toward the unfortunate girl.

" 'God bless him,' sighed the mother as she saw him plunge into the water. She groaned to see how slow was the progress he made. He was a strong, swift swimmer,

but the waves were running so high that he made very little progress against them. After some time he neared the island, and just as he had struck the sand and was wading toward the island a huge wave hid him from the watchers on the shore. A cry of agony burst from the lips of the anxious mother as she saw him disappear. After a moment they saw him again within a few feet of the island and a moment later saw Nina helping him from the water. Now, that he was safe upon the island, the crowd began to be anxious about his return with the girl. They watched eagerly for him to return. The mother stood almost breathless, watching every movement of her child and her would-be rescuer.

"After a few minutes, which seemed ages to the anxious mother, the swimmer led the girl into the water and began to swim for the shore, but the double weight soon began to tell upon his strength and he sank lower and lower in the water every minute. The girl clung to him with a grip of iron from which he was unable to release himself for an instant. Finally he induced her to relax her hold upon his neck, which she had held with her right arm as tightly and as firmly as if it had been encircled by a collar of steel, and hold to his shoulder and upper arm. In this way he managed to keep above water and swim slowly toward the shore. Often the waves would almost tear her from him. At last they were near the shore when a huge wave separated them and sent the swimmer twenty feet backward. The girl floated a moment and disappeared beneath the waves. Again the mother shrieked in an agony of terror. The swimmer saw the girl disappear and made a double effort to reach her in time to keep her from going down a second time. He was just in time, but his strength was almost exhausted and all that he was able to do was to keep above water and let the waves carry them ashore. They finally reached shallow water and the hero gave the girl into the extended arms of her mother who

pressed her to her bosom, dripping and wet as she was. The villagers crowded around the girl anxious to render her some service. Everyone had apparently forgotten the brave man who had risked his life to rescue the girl and when the crowd turned to look for him a few minutes later he was gone. The mother had been so frightened that she had not thought to inquire his name till now and when told that it was Tommy Henderson she could hardly credit the statement, for she had always regarded Mr. Tommy Henderson as an adventurer and fortune seeker whose cash box was the one thought and care of his life.

"That evening a messenger was sent to Tommy Henderson with an invitation pressing him to dine with Mrs. Avirette. The force of habit was so strong that in spite of the pressing appeal he excused himself, saying that he would call at an early date. Nina Avirette was vexed on account of his refusal and sent her servant three successive times to urge him to dine at her home that evening, but the servant returned each time with the same answer. Nina disliked to be thwarted in any of her plans and she resolved to accomplish her purpose now, so she sought her cousin and, with her, set out to call upon Mr. Henderson. They called at the store and asked for the merchant. . The clerk showed them into a cozy little office near the back of the building in which a middle aged man was poring over a ponderous ledger. Nina did not wait for an introduction, but began at once to press the man who had rendered her so great a service to leave his books to the clerk and come with her to dinner. The appeals were so numerous and so persistent that he could not resist longer. He arose, closing the ledger with a bang, and followed the young girl as she gaily complimented his chivalry and chided him for his rudeness in refusing to dine with her. What soul of man could have resisted such appeals?

"The sensation was so strange to him that he remained silent for some time. He seemed to see and act as one in a

dream. As he looked upon the radiant countenance of this beautiful young girl his innermost being was stirred with a passion which had been slumbering for years. Nina did everything in her power to make him feel at ease and very soon he was himself again—that self which he had crossed an ocean to be rid of—and the dainty little girl became more charming every minute he saw her; thus the evening passed swiftly. When he bade her good-night as she stood in the hall at her mother's side, she warmly requested him to visit them again, and as often as he found the leisure to do so. As he reached the door he turned and gazed for a moment at the mother and daughter, still standing in the hall, then slowly made his way to his bachelor's quarters.

* * * * * * * * * *

"On the morning following the day of the rescue the people of Avirettsville were greatly excited on account of the sudden disappearance of Tommy Henderson. No one had seen him since he left the Avirette home on the night of the rescue. A general inquiry was made, but no one knew anything of his whereabouts. And the mystery was no clearer till the following evening when the sheriff of the county rode into the village and began to tack up several posters advertising for sale the entire property of Tommy Henderson. When asked for his authority, he produced a document signed by Tommy Henderson giving him the right to sell the property of the aforesaid merchant. He said that Tommy Henderson had started that morning for London.

"The cause of this sudden disappearance was a greater mystery than the strange life which this man had lived among these people. The only thing that has ever been known is a small clipping from a London paper which is still preserved by the family of Alfred Avirette. This article is headed 'A Husband After Twenty Years' Absence Returns to His Family and is Received With Open Arms.'

The general belief is that the sensation at the Avirette home on the night of the rescue had awakened in the soul of this man the dormant passion of love for home and its attractions, and caused him to return to the wife and family which he had wronged."

Uncle Hill shook the ashes from his half burnt cigar, relighted it and smoked in silence.

THE WASHERWOMAN.

BY C. T. HANCOCK.

Upon the side of a towering hill,
A lonely cottage stood,
Where dwelt a woman; by her skill
She earned her daily food.

Day in, day out, from morn till night,
Beneath an old oak tree,
She rubbed and scrubbed with all her might,
The washerwoman—she.

And as she toiled through summer morn,
She sang a merry lay,
That out upon the breeze was borne
To a maiden far away.

The water she poured on the side of the hill,—
As it had been her rule,—
Flowed far away in a tiny rill,
And formed a little pool.

I wandered o'er the plain one day,
While not a cloud was seen;
And saw that on its bosom lay
A reeking scum of green.

I said: "How lost to all that's pure
Thy bosom now must be!
What once thy beauty did insure
Has passed away from thee."

Long after that I came again,
And saw the pool; and lo!
Where reeking scum before had lain
Did queenly lilies grow.

The washerwoman passed a home,
Where all were bow'd with care;
And heard a maiden sing a song—
A flower adorned her hair.

The lily that blew o'er the maiden's brow
She'd watered every morn;
And yet, she knew not why nor how
Her toil such fruit had born.

The songs she'd sung on the mountain's crest,
Which fell she knew not where,
Still lived within the maiden's breast,
And bred a sweetness there.

Thus every deed, for ought we know,
Lives on and lasts for aye;
Sometime, somewhere, their worth they'll show
To us along life's way.

JULIAN BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
ANGIER B. DUKE, - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The subject of football has been agitated a good deal of late at Trinity. Not only is there more talk about it, but there has even been more of football itself. We had a fine class game not long ago between the Juniors and Sophomores—hard fought and close, and witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd. As an outcome of this growing interest in the game here the students recently presented a petition to the faculty asking that they join them in further petitioning the trustees for intercollegiate football at Trinity. This petition was considered by the faculty. But after much careful deliberation, we learn, and a consideration of all sides of the question, they came to the conclusion that it would be unwise and undesirable to have football here at this time, and therefore they have declined to join the students in their petition to the trustees. Having reasons to believe that it would not be best, they could not conscientiously do so.

This action of the faculty has no doubt disappointed many of the students. Many of the football enthusiasts had hopes that the faculty would grant their petition, and perhaps some of them have unreasonably criticised their refusal. But before we express too harsh an opinion let us "reason together" a little and look at the matter in the light the faculty viewed it. Might they not be right after all, in spite of all our wishes on the subject? Would it really be advisa-

ble to start football at Trinity right now, however much we may desire it? That is the question, and we should think over it very seriously.

The subject of football in general is a very debatable one and it has not been settled yet. A great deal can be said for and against each side. But leaving out all these arguments *pro* and *con*, let us take the question of the advisability of going into football here at the present time. There is much to be said about it. In the first place, suppose the trustees at their next meeting would allow intercollegiate football at Trinity. They meet in June. Of course at that late day no schedule of games could be made for the next season, and so a start next year would be out of the question. But the question of a schedule would of course come up the next year. Now how many schools in North Carolina could we meet on the basis of pure athletics? There are scarcely any in the State that play *pure* football—few enough baseball. And we would not think of playing anything but pure football, if we played at all. Some time in the future perhaps our system of sports will be set right and we shall all have pure athletics. But we are discussing the present.

So we would have to get our games with teams in other States, and not many could we play then without getting too far from home. And here consider the question of finances. A season of football under such conditions would be very expensive, and we have difficulty enough now in making both ends meet in baseball. The addition of football would certainly increase the burden. Then again, it is a fact that the majority of the patrons of the college are unfavorably disposed toward the football of the present, and while many would oppose it with only a protest, the opposition of others might be more serious; the conferences, too, no doubt would have something unfavorable to say on the subject,—and all these things at a time when harmony, not differences, is so much desired.

Besides all these considerations it is still an unsettled question as to whether football as played today will hold a

permanent place in college athletics. The authorities of many schools that do play football have their doubts about it, and with them public opinion is demanding an improvement in the game. It has been suggested to return to some sort of modification of the game as played in England and Scotland, from which it has wandered so far. It has few of the objectionable features that ours has. It is believed that in not many years our game will be changed for the better, and adverse public opinion will be changed with it. In that day perhaps we may have football. But *now*, how about it?

Prof. Ira N. Hollis, in the faculty at Harvard, has written a good article on "Football" in the *Harvard Graduate Magazine* for March, 1903. It will be interesting for us all to read. Prof. Hollis was once a devotee of the game. He is now doubtful about the football of today, and fears that there is more evil than good in the game as played at present. "With the prevailing rules and tendencies," he says, "the game is gradually awakening an unfavorable sentiment which is certain to grow; for the players themselves no longer get any fun out of it. The season constitutes one long period of drudgery, under constantly increasing nervous strain and excitement." He regrets the absence of *chivalrous conduct* in this sport; and another writer, a student athlete, complains that it is becoming more of a *business* than a sport. The demand is that the game be changed.

We confess that we would like to see football played at Trinity. But in view of these things, might not the faculty be right, after all, in believing that it would be unwise to have football here at present? Perhaps we may later; but *now?* Whatever may be our desires on the subject, we should let our wisdom have the better of our wishes; and if it seems best not to have it now, why then let's wait.

Another word we have to say about that story prize offered last month. There have not been near as many stories handed in as was expected and desired. What is the

matter? We wonder if the time between the announcement and the going to press of this number was too short for results, or whether there has simply been no interest taken in the matter. To be sure there are students here who can write stories if they would. We firmly believe it. In looking over the magazines of some colleges we find little else but stories, and it seems strange that we should fall short in this respect. We would like to have in our magazine as many as two first-rate pieces of fiction each month. So we beg the students to give this matter their attention, and let's have something doing in this line. We are going to give somebody twenty-five dollars for a story, but we did not propose to give that money away without having some hard work done for it. Somebody must deserve it. So please get busy and write us some stories—and don't forget to hand them in by the twentieth of the month.

All historical minded people should read with interest the paper by Dr. Bassett in this number. Attention is especially called to the purpose of the Trinity College Historical Society to establish a publication fund, as mentioned in the article. The Historical Society has in its possession a large number of documents and papers which, if printed, could be used by students of history elsewhere and would be of great value to them. It desires to publish these documents and others that it is continually receiving, and appeals to all who are interested in the history of North Carolina to contribute to the establishment of a fund which shall be used perpetually for this purpose. Below is an extract from the society's constitution which will show under what conditions the fund will be raised and managed.

"ARTICLE IV. SECTION 1. The Society shall create and build up a Publication Fund the interest on which shall be used for no other purpose than historical publication. This fund shall be invested under the supervision of the authorities

of Trinity College. It shall be allowed to accumulate until such time as the Society shall deem proper for beginning a publication.

"SEC 2. All funds received from the membership fees of non-resident members shall go to the publication fund, and at least half of the amount received from the membership fees of resident members shall go to the said publication fund.

"SEC. 3. Any person who contributes as much as ten dollars at one time shall be made a life-member of the Society with no further dues to pay.

"SEC. 4. The Society shall appoint a responsible person who shall act as Agent for the Publication Fund."

Dr. J. C. Kilgo, president of Trinity College, Durham, N. C., has been designated as agent, to whom contributions may be sent.

The beginning of this fund will no doubt be small, and only a little at a time can be done. We wish that it might grow very rapidly, and we urge all lovers of their State and its history to help make it grow. Those of us who are at all historically inclined should become members of the society, and do at least this much to aid in its new undertaking.

MISS ALICE CHARLES CRAFT, - - - - - - MANAGER.

It is indeed gratifying to learn that, in spite of the unusually late beginning of the book season this year, there is richness and variety to be found in the volumes now being published. This will be a surprise to those who had fancied that the present season would be comparatively unproductive. It can not be said, however, that the books of the past month have been of extraordinay quality, although numbers of them have been good sellers, and have met with apparent success.

One of the most attractive of recent novels is Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "Tommy & Co." which has been widely read and very favorably criticised. The story is quite original, and throughout it runs that light and humorous vein so characteristic of the author. "Tommy & Co." is the nickname given to the staff of a Fleet Street newspaper, and the story tells of the funny way in which its several members happened to be employed by Mr. Peter Hope, its editor. The chief interest centers around "Tommy," who appears first as an ignorant street urchin, is adopted by the journalist, and finally becomes a very charming sub-editor. "Mr. Jerome" says a good critic, "seems to have the knack of merrily disregarding the plain ordinary facts of existence without making things ridiculous, of emphasizing oddities of character without caricaturing them, and of developing the same possibilities of situations to their fullest extent without exaggerating them." This is no doubt true, and in

no other book is Mr. Jerome's talent as a humorist shown off to greater advantage.

Kipling's new volume of collected stories, entitled "Traffic and Discoveries," has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and is attracting widespread interest.

An appreciation of Kipling in the light of his later work and a study of this book appeared in the New York *Times* of a recent date. The author, Henry W. Boynton, gives a good estimate of that great genius whom "the world is still regarding with a mood of anxious sympathy," and who unfortunately has gone "backward and not forward."

Mr. Hewlett's novel, "The Queen's Quair," is considered by Mr. Mabie to be the most important piece of late fiction. In his review of the book he says: "It shows great thoroughness in preparation and workmanship, and abounds in those carefully wrought and often striking passages which are characteristic of the style of a writer who suggests both Italian and early English novels. The story shows marvelous resource in handling a great range of incidents and variety of characters as well as picturesqueness of style."

"Vergilius," the novel which is bringing Mr. Irving Bacheller before the public at present, is causing wide discussion, and it is certainly a noteworthy book. It must be admitted, however, that "Vergilius" lacks a good deal of surpassing or even equaling "Eben Holden," the author's best work.

George Barr McCutcheon has followed his successful novel "Graustark" by another entitled "Beverly of Graustark." The latter will probably not meet with such marked success. It has been criticised for its lack of literary quality, the story being made up mostly of plotting, fighting and villainy.

Quite an odd piece of fiction is "The Affair at the Inn," which has appeared as a serial in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, but is now in book form. In it the part of each character is

written by a different person, the authors being Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, and Allan McAulay. The unity observed is really remarkable though of course it is a story of the lightest type. It tells of the amusing incidents connected with an American girl's trip abroad, and her conquest of a young Englishman with an automobile.

The Macmillan Co. has in preparation a new edition of the writings of Franklin edited by Prof. Albert H. Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania. It will contain several hundred letters and manuscripts unknown to former editors. The same firm will also issue "William Blake: A Study of His Life and Work," by Irene Langridge, with fifty reproductions from his chief work.

Henry Van Dyke's new book, "Music and Other Poems," collects the lyrical and other verse which for sometime has been making for him a place among American poets. It is published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

In the list of the best selling novels last month "The Crossing," by Churchill, is still at the top. Those ranking next in order are: "In the Bishop's Carriage," Michelson; "The Castaways," Rives; "The Silent Places," White; "The Rose of Old St. Louis," Dillon; "The Queen's Quair," Hewlett.

N. S. OGBURN, JR., - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Some of the exchanges which have reached us so far are very interesting and contain some good reading matter.

The *Wake Forest Student* deserves more than a glance through its pages. The first poem, "The Convict," is a good one, and so is "To the Mountains of Carolina;" but the third goes limping with an excess of feet in some verses and a scarcity in others. The more weighty matter is attractive, and the fiction is very interesting. "A Leap Year Story" deserves honorable mention.

The *Central Collegian* comes to us as an entirely new member of our list, and we gladly welcome it. The departments are all very well worked up; but we think the magazine is too small. It should have more productions from the students in its literary department. If a magazine stands for anything, it should stand as a bulletin for the thought and work of the students. We hope this first arrival is not a fair sample of the *Collegian*.

Red and White, of the A. and M. College, has some well-written stories in it. "Faith, Hope, and Charity" is written in good style and is a good picture of life, while "The Queen of the Moon-beams" is a close second. "A Tale of the Turf" seems to be a little untrue to human nature. "A Lock of Hair" is the best poem, the others lacking rhythm or thought. The "College Bulletin" is something out of the ordinary, but is a good thing to furnish information.

The *Park School Gazette* has a good story in its first issue, "An Adventure with a Wild Animal." May we see more such stories in the following issues.

We gladly welcome to our list the *Converse Concept*, the first magazine from a girls' school to reach us. The cover is very attractive; and as one reads the magazine, he finds some good articles in it. The poem, "Our Country," is patriotic, and shows that daughters of the Confederacy have not forgotten their country. The poem, "A Letter," though expressive of the sentiments of a Freshman, is not good poetry. In this time of war between Russia and Japan, the article on Japan is very timely and good. We should be glad to see something about Russia, now and then. "Heartsease," "Circumstances Alter Cases," and "The Rights of Man" are the best of the short stories. Though many mistakes in the proof have been overlooked, it is nothing but just that we should say the *Concept* is one of the best magazines we have received.

Do you like to read the stories of old fishermen? If so, you will find "The Fisherman's Tale," in the *Buff and Blue*, of interest to you. It is well written, and the fisherman's dialect seems to be well imitated. "The Indian River and Rockledge" tells, in a pleasing style, of some of the beautiful Florida country, and makes one wish to go there. "Grave-Yard Bend" has for a background the region of the Great Lakes and deals with a sturdy backwoods character who stood for his rights. This, too, is very readable. "My First Foot-ball Game" is rather tame, not having enough spirit or snap to make it interesting. It shows that its writer may be new in something besides football. The college must think a great deal of its alumni, for the magazine devotes seven pages to news about them. In all, the *Buff and Blue* is well gotten up in its first issue.

The *William Jewel Student* greets us with a picture of each of its seven editors on its first pages. This is quite a novel

idea, and is a good one, provided you have good-looking editors. It is a partially good idea for the *Student*, and we are glad to see the faces of some with whom we hope to have pleasant relations. We think there are too few light articles and not enough poetry in the *Student*. Only one poem, and that a splendid one, on "William Jewel College," is given. The writer of "Missouri's Greatest Senator" has volubility and easy flow of language and writes well, but uses too many superlatives. According to him, his State is "mightiest of the mighty," his State's virtues "innumerable," and his State's senator of "unparalleled characteristics." Superlatives are never good things to use too freely, lest they lose their meaning. "Flotsam and Jetsam" is a bird's-eye view of the World's Fair, and will be continued. We shall follow it with interest, if all is like the beginning. We would make the same criticism of "Starting to College" that we made of "My First Football Game" in *Buff and Blue*, mentioned above. It's the same old story of the boys leaving home and sad hearts, and getting homesick at school, but finally bracing up and becoming a strong Freshman. We wish the *Student* a prosperous year.

We are glad to have as exchanges, besides those mentioned, "*The Intercollegian*," "*The Crimson-White*," of Alabama University, and "*The Tarquin*," of Rutger's College, New Brunswick, N. J.

HERR SCHAFSKOPF,
HERR POSSENREISZER, } - - - - - - - - - EDITORS.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

OF THE

FRESHMAN CLASS OF TRINITY COLLEGE.*

PER-RAMBLE.

We, the members of the Freshman class of Trinity College, in order to insure order, administer justice, provide for the common protection of members from Sophs, promote favor with the faculty and secure success in passing exams, do ordain and transact, and sware to uphold, the following constitution and by-laws:

*NOTE.—At a recent meeting of the Freshman class, among numerous other committees, one was appointed to draw up a Constitution and By-laws for the class. It is claimed that the above is an exact copy of the report submitted by this committee, and further, that it was received by the class with intense enthusiasm and considerable applause, and immediately adopted by acclamation. It is only fair to add that some of the more conservative members of the Freshman class deny altogether the authenticity of this document, even going so far as to say that nothing of the kind took place at Trinity. The editors have investigated the matter very thoroughly, and while they are not willing to make any statement on their own authority as to the authenticity of this document, they have learned beyond doubt that the Freshmen did appoint a committee to draw up a constitution and by-laws, and they have found at least one Sophomore of good standing who asserts that he saw a copy as quoted here on the bulletin board between midnight and day on the morning of October 18. With this statement of the facts, the editors leave you to draw your own conclusions.

CONSTITUTION.

Article I.

NAME.

This class shall be known for the next four years as the "Freshman Class of Trinity College."

Article II.

The motto that shall be placed on all books, badges, and meddles of the class shall be:

"Wir waren frisch geboren,
Sind noch frisch,
Und immer wollen sein."

Article III.

OFFICERS.

Section 1. The officers of this class shall be a Prezident, Treasurer, janitor, Custodian, and Epic Poet.

Sec. 2. The duties of the Prezident shall be to call class meetings at such times as he is certain there will be no interference.

Sec. 3. The duties of the Treasurer shall be to call upon the members of the class for class dues and to report to the faculty any delinquenticity.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duties of the janitor to report to the Office all disparagements of rooms by Sophomores.

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the Custodian to provide a proper bodyguard for all timid members of the class, provide for the proper care of the class firearms and other implements of protection, and to apply to the faculty of Trinity College for an injunction against any Sophomore who shall by his conduct display any hostile inclinations toward any member of the Freshman class.

Sec. 6. It shall be the duty of the Class Poet to write an epic poem of the heroic deeds and achievements of the members of the class, which shall include a description of all trophies of war and scars of honor.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. No person shall be considered a member of this class who cannot show a matriculation receipt and has not been duly admitted to the College by certificate or otherwise.

SEC. 2. No person shall be a member of this class and at the same time a member of the Junior class.

ARTICLE V.

The class may elect three honorery members; one of whom may be a special, and the other two may be post-graduates —one each from the law and divinity schools.

ARTICLE VI.

SECTION 1. A Committy shall be appointed by the Prezident who shall confer with the News and Observer Publishing Co., of the city of Raleigh, to provide for the publication of 400 copies of these Constitution and By-laws.

SEC. 2. Every member of the class shall be provided with a copy of the Constitution and By-laws, a copy be given to the ARCHIVE for publication, and each member of the class be required to mail one copy (post-paid) to his home.

ARTICLE VII.

That a copy of these Constitution and By-laws be presented to the Trinity College Historical Museum with the compliments of the Freshman class.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

Every member of this class shall be required to conduct himself according to the conduct universally expected of members of this class.

COMMITTY.

THE CHARGE OF THE MASKED BRIGADE.

BY WILLIE Y.

I.

Up the steps, through the night,
Up the steps, onward,
All to the room of the Freshman
Strode the Soph. hundred.
"Forward, the Masked Brigade!
Charge through the door!" they said:
Into the room of the Freshman
Sophomores thundered.

II.

"Forward, the Masked Brigade!"
There was a boy dismayed.
Oh, how that Freshman quaked
When the Sophs. thundered!
His not to make reply,
His not to reason why,
Theirs but the brush to ply:
Into a bottle of polish
Broke the Soph. hundred.

III.

Polish to right of him,
Polish to left of him,
Polish in front of him,
Mixed up and thickened.
Shouting a dreadful yell,
Boldly they blacked and well:
Out from his throbbing heart,
Out from the mouth of fear,
Rose a faint wailing.

IV.

Flashed all their brushes bare,
Flashed in the dim lamp's glare,
Blacking the Freshman there—
Brushes of polish, while
Still the boy trembled.
Covered with odious black,
Sighing with every breath,
Freshman yet quaking
Reeled from the sable stroke,
Fearfully frightened.
Then they stood back and laughed—
Laughed the Soph. hundred.

V.

Polish on right of him,
Polish on left of him,
Polish all over him
Deepened and glistened.
Then shouting loud a yell,
While tears of trouble fell
From him they'd blacked so well,
Out of the Freshman's room,
Back with demoniac joy
Came the dread company,
Dreaded Soph. hundred.

VI.

When will that color fade?
O, the deep dark hue made!
Freshmen still wonder.
Fearful the charge they made!
Terrible Masked Brigade!
Sophomore hundred!

Y. M. C. A. Department

C. T. HANCOCK, - - - - - - - - - - Manager.

Certainly no man can rightly perform the function of his existence and be indifferent to the fundamental principle of all life. Man reaches no further into the unseen and unknown than he has a mind to go. He is what his ideals are. If his conception of life is narrow, built on the outer rather than the inner life, his influence and moral worth in the world will be of low degree; for he has not that latent force within which makes the soul triumph over the world about him. It is through this inward health—this triumph of the soul—that we enjoy all outward things. It gives power, energy and constancy to the will; soundness and clearness to the understanding. It gives us a revelation of ourselves; unfolds the life within; causes the mind to triumph over the body, which is the highest degree of human happiness.

Some men do not attend the regular meetings of the Y. M. C. A., thus betraying their ignorance of its purpose as an element in college life. They fail to realize that their battle with books has one common aim—the revelation of man to man. They think—or seem to—that a recitation well prepared, and a high grade on a final examination constitute the chief elements of noble college life. Now these are fine things, when truly merited; but the street that is swept on but one side is filthy still. Knowledge is not virtue. The true cultivation of man lies in the enlargement of his moral ideas, his conception of duty, justice, self-sacrifice, moral

perfection as seen in the life of Christ; thus he is brought more in tune with the infinite, and becomes the Columbus of his own soul.

Last year when the old chapel was fitted up as an Association Hall, the little room adjoining was also neatly papered and turned over to the Association to be used as they saw fit. It has been decided to place a number of games and amusements in this room and make it as comfortable as possible, to be open to the students during the winter evenings, especially when, on account of rain or unpleasant weather, they cannot get outdoors for recreation and amusement. We believe that this will meet with the hearty approval of all our friends and afford the students many pleasant half-hours. We feel that many of our friends will be glad to make donations for the purpose of fitting up this room, and wish to say that the gift of a crokinole or carrom board, or any other suitable game, will be greatly appreciated. This need not necessarily be restricted to the students. Some of our town friends may see fit to give us something also. A table or chair from some furniture dealer, for instance, would come in very nicely. We also expect, as opportunity may offer, to place in this room certain periodicals and pamphlets, and possibly some interesting books on special subjects.

On September 25, the men of our Association who visited the Summer Conference at Waynesville, N. C., gave interesting accounts of their visits, which were highly appreciated by the Association. Mr. Morgan gave a short account of the question of finance as it was considered during the conference by those men who have such matters in hand. He stated the amounts of money necessary to run the Association during this year; and plans were devised to raise the sum as speedily as possible.

Mr. Moore made some remarks on Bible study, bringing out the information he gained while the topic was being discussed during his stay at Waynesville. He also an-

nounced some plans for Bible study during the scholastic year.

The president of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Ogburn, gave a very interesting account of the sports, games, mountain-climbs, etc., enjoyed by the Association men during their stay at the Conference. He said that this gave a very striking illustration of the brotherhood that existed among college men.

Possibly no service of the present year was more highly appreciated by the Y. M. C. A. than that conducted by Professor Pegram on October 2; his subject being, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way." It was a heart-to-heart talk, and was thoroughly enjoyed by every one present. Professor Pegram speaks words of wisdom gathered from what Rainsford would call a "strenuous life." During the service a trio, "Too Late," was rendered by Messrs. Elkins, Obgurn, and Hancock, the selection being taken from "The Idyls of the King."

On October 10, Dr. Mims addressed the Association, his subject being the character of Robert E. Lee. He gave a clear insight into the life of Lee, laying special stress on his influence and the contribution which he made to Southern life. He said that no man was more beloved by the Southern people than Lee; not because he was a "Southern man;" but because of the genuine character which he exhibited among men. He emphasized the period of his life after the civil war when he was president of Washington College, calling attention to his influence in restraining bitter feelings and harsh writings against the North. He also spoke of Lee's great interest in the Y. M. C. A. of Washington College.

On November 16, at 7:45, Dr. Phillips, of Richmond, Va., will address the Association, his subject being, "The Southern College Man, and the Home Problems of the Church." Dr. Phillips is a clever thinker and will greatly interest us with new ideas on the subject which he has chosen.

At Home and Abroad

J. A. LONG, JR., - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

The first of the annual series of faculty lectures was delivered by President Kilgo on October 21. His subject was "A Generation of Great Men."

Mr. R. A. Law, who took the A. M. degree at Trinity in 1902, stopped over on the Park a day on his return to Harvard, where he will go up for his Ph. D. next spring.

Mr. L. H. Gibbons has given up his law studies here for the present and is now in the insurance business in the eastern part of the State. Capt's success is assured, since he came out ahead as manager of the baseball team last year.

Mr. W. C. Martin is at Watts Hospital suffering with typhoid fever. He is slowly recovering, but will not be able to continue his work this year.

At a recent meeting of the Junior Class for the election of officers, the following were elected: H. G. Foard, President; L. T. Singleton, Vice-President; Miss Nan Goodson, Secretary; D. B. Phillips, Treasurer.

The following have been appointed to act as college marshals during the ensuing year: M. E. Newsom, Jr.,'05; H. G. Foard, '06; F. A. Ogburn, '07, and E. R. Hines,'08.

Mr. Ralph M. Odell, '03 Trinity, '04 Harvard, was on the Park Benefactor's Day. We were unable to learn his intentions as to settling down, but he did visit a certain place in town quite often. Mr. Odell is now learning the cotton mill business in his father's mills at Concord, N. C.

Thursday, October 20, was given as a holiday to allow all those who so desired to attend the Raleigh fair. A good many went down as usual, and enjoyed the miseries of the whip and the come-back ball, as well as the attractions of the *fair*.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association last month Mr. Cecil B. Arthur was elected first assistant manager of the ball team, Mr. John Hutchison second assistant, and Mr. H. G. Foard Secretary of the Association.

The Tennis Association has recently become incorporated with the Athletic Association of the College, being represented on the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association by two of its officers. This union was effected so as to provide means for arranging intercollegiate tournaments that may be held in the future.

Trinity will put out a track team again this year, and training has already begun. Mr. A. C. Goodman has been elected temporary manager of the team, and Mr. J. Blanchard is captain.

The Historical Society held its first meeting of the year in the Y. M. C. A. Hall October 13. Papers were read by Mr. Perrow and Dr. Bassett, and the presentations to the Historical Museum since the last meeting were announced. The following officers were elected for the year: President, Dr. J. S. Bassett; Vice-President, E. C. Perrow; Secretary and Treasurer, A. G. Moore; Curator of the Museum, B. S. Womble.

At a recent class meeting the Sophomores elected their officers for the year as follows: A. C. Goodman, President; A. R. McPhail, Vice-President; Miss Mitchell Waddill, Secretary; J. M. Daniel, Treasurer; Miss Daisy Minor, Statistican. The Sophomores this year are showing that they do have a little sense in spite of their name, and their annual disturbances are becoming more noticeable by their absence.

The college has been comparatively quiet, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

From the noise we hear in the Memorial Hall nearly every night it seems that the Glee Club is trying hard to become perfect through practice. In fact we have noticed already that the noise is gradually changing into something better, and we are confident that some day it will be a melody. Really, the material for the Glee Club this year is better than ever, and we may expect great things from it. Mr. Overton as director insures its musical success, while Messrs. F. A. Ogburn, manager, M. E. Newsom, assistant, and A. B. Duke, treasurer, will look after the business matters.

The first joint debate of the year by the two societies came off in the Y. M. C. A. Hall Saturday night, October 15. The question discussed was, Resolved, "That our legal system should be so altered as to substitute trial by a board of judges for the prevailing method of trial by jury." The speakers were, affirmative, Jerome, Hesperian, Spence and Sidbury, Columbians, Franklin, E. R., Hesperian; negative, Holton, H., Hesperian, Stewart, Columbian, Justus, Hesperian, Hinson, Columbian. The question was won by the negative. It was a very interesting debate, characterized by much good humor and well prepared speeches.

October 3 was Benefactor's Day and the holiday was duly celebrated and enjoyed by all. During the day there were two picnics given by some of the young men to the two girls' societies on the Park. The first party went out to Christian's mill early in the day and returned in the afternoon. This was the Ich Diene Club, the members of which are Misses Edna Kilgo, Nan Jordan, Lucy Bassett, Elise Mims and Isabel Pinnix. The young men in the party were Messrs. Charlie Gibbons, D. S. Murph, W. M. Smith, G. G. Greever, W. M. Jones and T. B. Suiter. Dr. and Mrs. Wolfe were the chaperones.

The second crowd, the Sigma Deltas and their friends, also

went to Christian's mill, but later in the day. In this party were Miss Alice Craft, L. P. Howard; Miss Mitchell Waddill, Paul Webb; Miss Emith Tuttle, Robert Roy Roper; Miss Nan Goodson, F. A. Ogburn; Miss Julia Minor, L. G. Daniels; Miss Alice Franklin, J. P. Lucas; Miss Mary Thomas, Guy Baldwin; Miss Branson, N. S. Ogburn; Miss Daisy Minor, J. A. Long, Jr. Mrs. W. H. Branson and Miss Lucy Cole went along to see that all got their alloted shares of the lunch, and that no one fell in the pond. But Paul Webb and Leslie Howard had to do something to distinguish themselves, so Paul walked in the river, by accident or otherwise, and L. P. would not allow Mrs. Branson to bring back any of the cake.

As Benefactor's Day was a success socially, so was it in every other way. In the evening the students of Trinity and the people of Durham had the opportunity of hearing a lecture which was in every way worthy of the man who delivered it, ex-Governor Thomas J. Jarvis, former United States Senator, one time Minister to Brazil, and once a trustee of the college. The exercises were held in the Craven Memorial Hall, and were opened by a song by the college quartette, Messrs. Hancock, Ogburn, F. A., Elkins and Hawks. Rev. R. C. Beaman then invoked the blessings of God, after which President Kilgo introduced the distinguished speaker of the evening. Governor Jarvis' address was an inspiring message to the student body, and a message like that is always needed by college boys, who sometimes forget that they were made for anything. Next in order was a selection by the quartette, after which the list of donors and donations to the college for the past year was read by Dr. Kilgo, the total value of all benefactions amounting to over $130,000. The audience was then dismissed with the benediction by Mr. Beaman.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1904.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of THE ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to JULIAN BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to M. E. NEWSOM, Jr., Business Manager.

A. G. MOORE, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

PEACE ON EARTH.

"Christ the Lord is born today!"
Hear announcing angels say,
Royal proclamation bringing,
"In His honor peace on earth,
Sound of gladness, joyful singing:
Tears be dried and yield to mirth."
May this message banish sadness,—
As a trumpet note of gladness,
Sound a peace throughout the earth!

SOME CHRISTMAS STORIES.

BY MISS EDNA CLYDE KILGO.

In the realm of Christmas stories, literary criticism is a very second rate affair and the reader shall be spared such discoveries as it might make. What I shall have to say is written in the spirit of the holidays, with the trust that I may remind someone of the wealth of stories of "good-will," that he may say with me, "Oh for a half holiday, a quiet corner and one of these books again."

Irving once remarked that nothing in England exercised a more delightful spell on his imagination than the holiday customs and games. Of them all Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations; something in the very season of the year adds charm to the festivities. The English from the great prevalence of country life are particularly observant of the Christmas holidays and our literature echoes through and through with its joviality. The traditional customs of antiquity and its feudal hospitalities passed away with the baronial castles in which they were celebrated. However, something of the happiness is reflected in the stories that I am going to talk about with you.

Of these stories Dickens easily takes the lead. He says in a preface, "My purpose was, in a whimsical kind of masque which the good-humor of the season justified, to awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season in a Christian land." There is no one who has not some interest in "The Christmas Carol." It tells the selfish man to rid himself of selfishness, the good natured man to enlarge the sphere of his good nature. Its cheery voice of faith and hope carried pleasant warning alike to all that if the spirit of Christmas is lacking no good can come out of its outward observance, that it must shine on the cold hearth to warm it; into the sorrowful heart and comfort it or the plum pudding and roast beef would turn to indigestion; nor could any one have said it with the appropriateness of Dickens. Its

life and spirit, its humor and pathos of a right belong to him. Its kind thought was his and the privilege to light up with some sort of comfort the squalidest places he had made his own.

Scrooge was one of those pitiable creatures in whom the delicate flower of sentiment, the flower whose fragrance is the most exquisite, had been crushed; but the peace and good-will of the hour made a faint new life quiver in it. "As for Tiny Tim," so Thackeray writes, "there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or public, any more than he would of any affection of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him. What a feeling is this for an author to be able to inspire and what a reward to reap." Never had a little book at the outset such brilliancy of promise as did "The Christmas Carol;" published but a few days before Christmas, it was hailed on every side with enthusiastic greetings. Speaking of it Thackeray said, "Had it appeared a fortnight earlier, all the prize cattle would have been gobbled up in pure love and friendship, and not a turkey left in Norfolk. But there is a Christmas for 1844 too; the book will be as early then as now. It seems to me a national benefit, to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness." Many men were known to sit down after reading it and write off letters to their friends, not of business but out of the fulness of heart, to wish old acquaintances a happy Christmas. Jeffrey wrote to Dickens thus: "Blessings on your kind heart. You have done more good by this little publication, fostered more kindly feelings than all the pulpits and confessionals."

When he came to think of a new story for Christmas Dickens resolved to make it a plea for the poor. He was to convert society as he had done Scrooge by showing that its happiness rested on the same foundation as that of the individual—mercy, charity, justice. A friend wrote, "All the

tribe of selfishness, cowardice, and cant will hate you in their hearts; will accuse you of wicked exaggeration. But never mind. The good and the brave are with you." "The Battle of Life" would not be Dickens if we could not discover in it the power peculiar to him of presenting the commonest objects with freshness and beauty, of detecting in the humblest forms of life much of its rarest loveliness. In "The Haunted Man" out of images of gloomy fancies, the supernatural takes a shape that is not forced. "The Cricket on the Hearth" is a fairy tale of home, as tender a domestic idyl as any literature can boast. In "The Chimes" the main doctrine is in the words of Richard Fern—"Gentle folks be not hard on the poor;" no feeling was more firmly rooted in Dickens' heart than this one.

As I have said before, Washington Irving was delighted with the Christmas festivities of England. In "The Sketch Book," five of the sketches depict a holiday season spent in the mother-country. Irving writes of customs in the country while Dickens tells of the city. In "Christmas" he describes something of the holiday charm in general; then we are led by the most alluring way to one of the fine English country homes in "The Stage-Coach." Our companions are the rosy-cheeked school children on their way home—just emancipated from the thraldom of book, birch and pedagogue. Finally our coach arrives at Bracebridge Hall, a stronghold of old English hospitality; the next sketch is "Christmas Eve" at this mansion.

The Squire was a hale old gentleman, whose "countenance beamed with a serene look of indwelling delight"—as Irving says: "He was a singular mixture of whim and benevolence;" the guests were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortably married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half fledged striplings, and bright eyed boarding-school hoydens. The yule clog is already burning. One of the guests I must describe—Master Simon, who "revolved through the family system like a vagrant comet

in its orbit." He was a brisk little man, with the air of an arrant old bachelor; his nose was shaped like the bill of a parrot, his face slightly pitted with smallpox, with a dry perpetual bloom on it, like a frost bitten leaf in autumn. "Christmas Day" is the next sketch; in the morning every one goes to church, after which the whole house is abandoned to merriment. Then came "Christmas Dinner." The Squire said that it reminded him of the time when he was "young and gamesome"—the renowned wassail bowl was present of course. The table was "loaded with good cheer and presented an epitome of country abundance in this season of overflowing larders."

Some other writers who have made the English Christmas customs immortal are Browning in "Christmas Eve and Easter Day;" Tennyson in "Epic," "New Year's Eve," and the three Christmas scenes in "In Memoriam;" Thackeray in "Round About the Christmas Tree;" Milton in his "Ode to Nativity" and many others that I might mention.

The next story deserving our attention is "The First Christmas Tree," by Henry Van Dyke, in "The Blue Flower." The day before Christmas, 722 A. D., the broad snow meadows glistened white and conscious stillness was diffused through the air. Out here is Winfried, of England, or Boniface, the great preacher, scholar, but more than all, the daring traveler, venturesome pilgrim, a priest of romance. Leaving his home and fair estate in Wessex, almost companionless he had gone through the forests of Hesse, Thuringia, and along the borders of Saxony. In the hour of meditation this thought came to him: "Out yonder in the wide forest who knows what storms are raving tonight in the hearts of men? who knows what haunts of wrath and cruelty are closed against the advent of the Prince of Peace?" His religion meant a struggle to win an entrance for the Master everywhere; directly we find him with two others on the untrodden way going to seek and to save the fierce pagans of the forest. Away in the weird woodland, somber and illimitable, he

came on a crowd gathered about a fire under a great tree. This majestic oak towered like a pillar of cloud between the still light of heaven and the crackling, flashing fire on earth. The throng had gathered to make a peace offering to Thor, god of thunder and war, to whom the oak is sacred; he was angry for the death of Balder, the Beautiful. To appease his wrath Thor claimed the death of the noblest, fairest child. The black hammer was lifted to slay the child, but Winfried, his face shining like that of an angel, interfered. Anger and wonder, reverence, joy, and confusion surged through the crowd; conflicting councils troubled the air. Then Winfried spoke; his message was proud, strong, peaceful, loving. He came not for earthly gain but to save souls; the dignity of the words quieted the crowd as men listening to a lofty strain of music. He told them of the birth night of the Christ Child, Son of the All-Father, and Savior of mankind. All the people listened, charmed into stillness. The tree was felled and split that night for a chapel to the true God, as the hero chanted the Christmas carol—

"All glory be to God on high,
And on earth peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

Two stories that it seems to me should be bound together are "The First Christmas," by Lew Wallace, and "The Other Wise Man," by Van Dyke. The first is the story of the three Wise Men of the East, and how they traveled from afar to offer their gifts at the manger-cradle of the Christ Child in Bethlehem. Their faith rested on the star sent by the Father, they asked nothing about His way, yet in due time they arrived. "The Other Wise Man" saw the star too, and set out to follow it, yet did not arrive; we are told of the great love of the fourth pilgrim, of his desire and how it was denied, yet accomplished in the denial, of the long way of his seeking and the strange way of his finding—it reminds one of "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

As did England, so the colonial South reveled in Christmas festivities; and Thomas Nelson Page's stories depict them most characteristically. It is he who has tried to preserve in our life what seemed to him "the sweetest, purest, most beautiful ever lived." Of one of his stories he says, "It may be idealized by the haze of time, but it is as I now remember it." In his sketch of Page in "Southern Writers," Dr. Mims says, "The best account of life in the South before the war is in 'Unc' Edinburg's Drownin'.' The fox-huntings, dueling, Christmas celebrations, hospitalities, chivalry, love-making—are all there." In this story we have the "sho' nough tyah down Chris'mas." The house parties were the center about which the celebrations clustered; distance was nothing to these people, time of no consequence."

"A Captured Santa Claus" is Christmas at Holly Hill in these days of memory and romance. In the words of little Evelyn, "Santa Taus didn' tum this Trismas . . . tause the Yankees wouldn't let him." The story is of peace on earth in the midst of armies, where innate "good-will towards men" plays an important part. "Santa Claus' Partner" is another charming story by Page and is very much like the stories by Dickens. Livingstone is one of those unfortunate men in whom riches has blighted recollections of Christmas; and through the influence of a little child he learns the happiness of giving.

There remains one more of Page's stories, to me the best of them all—"Polly: A Christmas Recollection." A more delightful bit of reading cannot be found; the characters are few but inimitable. There was Drinkwater Torm whom the Colonel had sworn ten thousand times to sell just to prove to himself that Torm did not own him—in which he failed for Torm did own him. Polly was his niece and idol; Bob her neighbor and playmate. But after a while they became sweethearts and then the trouble began to brew. "If the Colonel had not been so hot-headed—that is, if he had not been a man—things would doubtless have straightened them-

selves out in some of those mysterious ways in which the hardest knots into which two young people's affairs contrive to get untangle themselves; but being a man, he must needs, man-like, undertake to manage according to his own plan, which is always the wrong one." Things went very badly after that, the knots got tighter and tighter. Polly was pining her little heart away; the Colonel planned to take her on a long trip, but she upset the plan by taking a trip with Bob instead. Then he swore at Torm, at himself, at the whole female sex, individually and collectively. Polly's room was nailed up and her name forbidden, Christmas came but no one had any heart for it. However, Polly came to the rescue, stole his mint, and went up to his very door in the night. "She actually kissed the window-blind of his room and wanted Bob to do likewise, but that gentleman apparently found something more to his taste and her entreaty was drowned in another sound." She left an invitation for the Colonel to come to her for breakfast the next morning, and Torm was to deliver it. Three times his courage failed him and he went out under pretence of getting hot water. Finally he attracted his wife's attention—"Name o' God, Torm, you gwine a scawl hawgs?" she asked sarcastically. So Torm retreating to the door, broke the news to his master. Slambang, came the shaving can smashing against the door—as Torm retreated to the kitchen. "He's turrible dis mornin', he thowed the whole kittle o' bilin' water at me." "Pity he didn' scawl you to death," added his wife by way of sympathy. The Colonel mounted his horse and rode up to Bob's door—"he would show them his contempt by riding in and straight out again." Up to the steps he went, his face set as grim as a rock, purple with surpressed emotion; the door flew open, there was a cry, a vision. Polly broke into a peal of rippling, delicious laughter; in a moment all bitterness was forever gone and the old gentleman was happily seated at the table. Torm, steadying himself against the sideboard delivered a

discourse on peace on earth, good will to men, so powerful and eloquent that the Colonel, delighted, rose and drank to his health, saying, "Damme if I ever sell him again."

There are many more delightful stories that I would like to tell you about, but the editor specified that I should be brief. But I am going to mention some of their titles. There is "Colonel Carter's Christmas," by F. Hopkinson Smith; Hawthorne's "The Christmas Banquet;" Lanier's poem, "Hardtimes in Elfland;" the Christmas scenes in "The Battle-ground," by Ellen Glascow, and "A Gentleman of the South," by William Garrott Brown. Nor has the theme been exhausted, for in the advertisements of one magazine for this month I noticed these books: "Christmas Eve on Lonesome," by John Fox; "Old Love Stories Retold," by Richard le Gallienne; "Our Christmas Tides," by Theodore Cuyler; "Is There a Santa Claus," by Jacob A. Riis; "Nancy's Country Christmas," by Eleanor Holt; "The Bird's Christmas Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Miss Muffet's Christmas Party."

Taking them altogether the spirit of the stories that we have been talking about might be summed up in these words of Irving's: "If I can by a lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sadness; if I can now and then penetrate the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature and make my reader more in good-humor with his fellow beings and himself, surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain."

THE CHRIST.

BY C. T. HANCOCK.

The ancient hills in silence slept,
While from the East the morning crept,
In robes of blue and amber light,
To put to flight the steps of night.
And o'er those hills on which she'd trod,
Through all the centuries of God,
A star arose as bright as day,
And followed her along the way.
The shepherd, from the massive rock,
Arose to view his gentle flock
That rested on the mountain's side
From dusky eve till morning tide.
There might, far o'er the plain, be heard
The low of kine, the chirp of bird,
As, from the East, the star that night
Proceeded on in stately flight
O'er Nebo's mount, and Olivet's crest
To Judah's plains along the West,
Where Bethlehem, in queenly state,
The coming of our Lord did wait.
Within her bosom on that morn
The King of men on earth was born
To bear their sorrow, heal their woe,
That every human heart might know
That life is duty seen and done,
A battle fought, and victory won.
From Nazareth to Jordan's plain,
Then to the wilderness he came;

Thence up to Cana's lofty height,
Down to Jerusalem's ancient site;
From Herman's slope, with life nigh spent,
Into Gethsemene He went;
Then, into Pilot's hall of sin,
He came to bear the scorns of men.
While sun and moon refused to shine
Upon the broken crags of time;
While Nature's heart was rent in twain
To see the King of Glory slain
Upon Golgotha's field of blood,
The Son of God triumphant stood
O'er sin and death for fallen man,
And thus fulfilled the Maker's plan.
In Joseph's tomb he then was lain;
Three days elapsed; He 'rose again;
Then out from Olivet's sunny height
Away to God he took His flight.
The life he lived was simple, true;
Was full of love, and pity too.
Though He from earth His flight has taken,
His truth with us remains unshaken.
Thy stay with us was not in vain
On earth, O Lord, where thou wast slain;
For, unto every human heart,
A truth sublime Thou didst impart,
That man alone for self can't live,
But must his life for others give.

HER CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY ROBERT MONROE.

I.

In the mill districts of a great Southern city, there dwelt a small family in the regulation-sized house common to all such districts. The home was a humble one, made up of faithful mother and daughter, and indolent father. It was a happy family, however, and the mother and daughter found themselves working willingly, since it had to be done, to support the father. The daughter, Aroma, was the pride of the father, and his whole life was wrapped up in her. He loved to take her upon his knee and look time after time into her pale blue eyes when she was small; and now that she was sixteen, he saw the beauty of a princess in her form and the rays of the sun in her red hair, though it would have required much imagination for others to see so much in just an ordinary mill girl, especially one having red hair and blue eyes. But she returned her father's love, and that hid all her faults to him.

In this same district there were many young boys, boys who were brimful of life, but who had very little opportunity for living in God's out-of-doors. At noon they played marbles or baseball in the road in front of the mill, and then would hurry back to their spindles and hear the hum of machinery for the rest of the day. The big boys engaged their spare time from spinning cotton in spinning yarns and cracking jokes. Most of these boys were first-rate fellows and enjoyed a good clean joke so much that a smutty one was rarely told in their midst.

But there came a stranger among them, a fellow from a small town, somewhat older than most of them—say eighteen—and just old enough to feel his superiority over the other fellows. The boys disliked him at first; he "didn't care what he said about people nor how he said it," was the expression one was heard to use in regard to him; and another was, "he thinks he's somethin'." He was jovial with

them, however, and knew the world, and gradually brought them round to his side, proving himself at length their leader, though without abating any of his old habits. He rather grew bolder and more set in his habits of speech and added daily to his stock of vile stories. He told these only among the boys, and consequently left the older people with the impression that he was a fine fellow, and "purty respectable," as some of them expressed it. So he gradually came to be a part of the community and added his influence to that of the whole district.

The little cottage aforementioned was, one Sunday morning, the object of a visit from Mrs. Newall, who lived only a few houses away. Mrs. Broome, Aroma's mother, had seen her neighbor coming and after various hasty exclamations had succeeded in getting Aroma to carry out exactly the opposite of her commands.

"Here, 'Roma," said she, "read' up the house, here, quick, quick! Put them peelin's in the tub and the quilt pieces on the table in t'other room. Hurry, hurry, girl!" And with that, Aroma, in her haste, threw the quilt pieces into the tub and placed the peelings on the table. As this took place in the other room it was not noticed by the mother, and the two were soon seated for welcoming their visitor. They made it a policy to welcome everyone into their home, though they had to belie their feelings at times.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Newall," said the mother as the woman entered. "Pleasant's the time of day this morning, and I hope you may be well. Come in and set yourself down, and make yourself at hum'." Mrs. Newall took her seat in silence. "Has your week's work tired you? I hope you got rested las' night."

"I never gits no rest, am allus in misery, rhumatics or ailments of some kind and troubles—what's the use to 'numerate 'em? T'aint no use,—but I just been thinkin' what fine gardens air on the way down here, and yours specially; for if you hain't got the finest cabbages yit, I'm beat all hol-

low. Our's hain't done no good this year, for John's been so busy at—er, well—er—he's been so busy that he couldn't work 'em. I jist come over to see if you'uns would be so kind as to lend us a head or two. You know I allus believe in bein' neighborly, and cabbage would come in so well, and John likes 'em so much and Henry and Sarah and Willie like 'em splendid, and as for me—who thinks more of cabbage than me?"

When Aroma had seen the tendency of this speech she knew that the heads of cabbage alone would bring an end to the conversation; and so for the sake of stopping "the machine," she ran to fetch the heads, and pretty ones they were, too! Bringing them, she placed them in the neighbor's lap, and the conversation peremptorily stopped with a short conclusion.

"Well, I must be a-goin'," said Mrs. Newall; and without one thought of thanks, "I'll make John return these heads, when ours git ripe," and out she went. It was her way, and the Broomes undersood it, and knew that she might as well have said "when the sun turns cold."

This same Mrs. Newall was the unhappy mother of the young man already mentioned, whose name was Jethro Newall, called "Jeth" for short. Jeth's brilliancy (otherwheres known as conceit) had won, as we have said, much liking for himself among the older people; and as Aroma liked adventurous youths and was yet free to choose, she had some secret thoughts, or, as it was afterwards put, she had begun "to have some intentions upon Jethro Newall." Jeth was a fellow who could make people believe he had property when he had very little; and in fact all that he could possibly claim was a small piece of land belonging to his widowed mother and situated on the outskirts of the town they had left to come to the mill. And, too, this land was under mortgage; but by his work Jeth managed to clothe himself well enough to make him proud and above most of the mill people.

Aroma and Jeth were often thrown together, and Jeth noticed that Aroma showed him more of her eyes than she did any of the other boys. This put him to thinking, as they all played together or walked to and fro round the bare grounds of the mill. He could talk to the other boys and at the same time be watching 'Roma out the corner of his eye. He had had many experiences and had seen many girls before, but none who seemed to look upon him with such trustful eyes. Could she be thinking of loving? But she must, for she herself had as good as told him so. Couldn't he read her through her eyes? Could she love him, such a fellow? Could he love her? He was not sure, and so he resolved to find out. He had money, too, and wasn't she after that? Girls, he thought, are toys for men to play with until they get tired and then throw down. He would play with her awhile, if she loved him, and then leave her alone, thus teaching her and all women a dear lesson.

II.

About a year had passed by since Jeth's arrival, when seated about their little fire one night, the father, mother and daughter talked of various things. The trials and pleasures of the day were reviewed, each telling in characteristic way what his or her observations had been. Some laughter had been intermixed with the talk; but at length the conversation seemed to come to an end, and all sat looking blankly into the fire. Finally, the daughter slowly arose and with a yawn clasped her hands around her father's neck and kissed her mother, bidding them "good night."

"No, no, my little girl," said the father, as he took her upon his lap, "or I ought to say, 'my little lady,' now; for 'Roma's near 'bout a growed up girl. Wait a little while, and won't it have to be a gran' man, a great big man, what gits my 'yes' when he axes to take you to live with him! He'll sho' have to be a uncommon man, a rich man, one what can take care of you in the style in which you been

bred and born. An' I done got my eyes set on one, an' I'll tell you who he is, but guess." Of course she didn't guess right; for who would? "Jeth," said her father, "he's the fellow." As he said this Aroma's heart beat a little faster, though outwardly she appeared as usual. "And if he makes any propositions to you, don't you refuse him at all; for he can support you, and if you get him, your poor daddy won't have to work no more." For an answer, Aroma simply slipped away from her father; and after playfully tickling to openness the half-closed eyelids of the tired mother, was off to dreamland.

She dreamed that Jeth had come to see her, and oh! how glad she was. They sat talking together, hour after hour, Jeth promising her candy and rides to the park and all sorts of good things; and she was all ears and eyes, with face lighted up, almost entranced by the words of her lover. Yes, it was so, in her dream; for Jeth asked her to love him and she didn't refuse; and then came the best of all—Jeth promised her a Christmas gift! and—— But Aroma was aroused by the voice of her mother.

"'Roma, oh, 'Roma! the mill whistle's are blowin' and you mustn't be late. So git up, quick, and come let's git breakfast."

The young girl sat up in bed rubbing her eyes for some seconds. How she did wish she could have finished her dream. "Why, the marriage hadn't come off, yet!" thought she to herself, "and I wish 't had gone that far."

But poor girl! it never did get that far in actual life. Jeth did come to see her and tell her all sorts of good things, and really did promise her a Christmas present. But some days after his visit he left the community, and the poor girl whom he had wantonly deluded had not refused "any of his propositions." The mill district heard no more of him, and his name was mentioned, if at all, with bated breath; for the people knew that judgment hung over that name, belonging to the author of the most heinous crime their world

had ever known. Likewise, there was a hush when mention was made of a certain fair girl who had once lived there as a member of the Broome family, and the hush was accompanied with looks of infinite sadness. They recalled how she had disappeared from her home one dark wintry night and had never been heard of since, though father and mother had sought diligently for her. Years passed by and soon the whole family and almost the memory of the affair passed from the minds of the people.

III.

It was a bleak winter day in December, the twenty-fourth. Doctor Gomery sat in his office in the great city of A———, smoking silently and meditating. He had just returned from visiting one of his patients, for whose welfare he was deeply concerned; and as he sat very still, a lone tear stole down his cheek. Was he thinking of his patient, and the suffering in the world, or of something else? We know not. But as if hastily coming to himself, he turned to his table and picked up his morning paper. The news on the first few pages was soon absorbed by him as he quickly glanced from head-line to head-line; but an obscure paragraph at the bottom of one of the other pages caught his eye, and he read hurriedly:

SUICIDE ATTEMPTED.

"A most shocking and sad incident,—a despondent young woman becomes tired of life, and tries to destroy herself by swallowing powdered glass.—Life prolonged by quick response of physicians, but may die at any time."

It was enough for him. He surmised the full story, though, for the sake of getting the details, he read the whole paragraph. The woman lived on the outskirts of town, and had been there no one seemed to know how long. The report said she looked to be about twenty-three years old, but was much worn and haggard in appearance.

The doctor had had cases of despondency to deal with before, but none resulting in suicidal attempts. So there

might be something worth while for him in the study of this case. "But doesn't the paper say that her life has been prolonged? And surely the doctors who have called will follow up the case. So my services are not needed and it might be taken as an intrusion on my part." But in spite of this speech to himself, he could not put the case away from his mind. It seemed to say to him, "This woman needs you, and no one can take your place." He was a conscientious physician, and though he was only of middle age, the whole city had learned to love him because of his benevolence and devotion to unselfish service; and it would have been contrary to his principles to refuse to respond to a call, even though it were ever so faint. Throwing his paper down, he donned his hat and overcoat, and, jumping into his buggy, drove quickly to the place mentioned by the reporter.

Dr. Gomery needed no one to point out the place to him; for people were coming and going to and from the cottage, where the poor woman—herself her worst enemy—was the object of the curious and blatant gaze of brazen-faced men and unsympathetic women. With only a little girl to wait upon her, except when the doctors were present, her pitiful moans fell meaningless upon the ears of those who should have been her sisters.

"Doctor, do you think we had ought to do anything for her?" said one woman to him. "She's brought it on herself; and, you know, we aint to blame."

For an answer, Dr. Gomery simply bowed his head—was he praying? and what did he say?—and covered his face with his hands. "Woman," said he, at length, "do you know love? May heaven teach you. If you are afraid of this woman, won't you help me a little and kindly ask these people to retire and have the doors closed? I have not come to interfere with the other doctors; but I would that I might do something for charity's sake and for hers." But he found that he was too late and could do nothing to

relieve her pain. She seemed, however, to be easier just at this time, though she was still faintly moaning.

"Thank you," said he to the woman when the doors were closed. "Now, come, let's sit down by her side and learn how she feels. Can't you tell me something about her?"

The woman told him as best she could what she knew of the case; how the woman was known to be poor and alone save for the company afforded her by the other women in the house from which she had been taken to this house, that the doctors might wait on her better; and how the people had kept aloof from her when she came out, which was seldom. Further than these things the knowledge of the woman did not extend. "Poor woman!" said she, "but—."

She didn't finish; for at that moment another attack came on and the woman moaned, "Nobody loves me! O—why—didn't—they—let—me—die!" Silence reigned a few moments —awful moments too; for a soul was hanging between two worlds. Thoughts quickly flashed through the mind of the physician. What would he do for her in her desperation? Stern Commandment bade him tell her she was a sinner; for so she was and he would be telling her the truth; and she ought to be prepared for the judgment by being told, for she did not know. "Ignorance is no excuse," thought he, "and I shall be held—."

Again the sad wail, "Nobody loves me! Nobody! Oh—why—can't—I—die?" caught his ears, and the face for the first time turned toward him.

What good would death do her? he thought. She would find agony of spirit in the next world and eternal death—in—life only awaited her. Were not the women right in scorning and spurning her and almost leaving her to die? Would it not be right for him to leave her, too?

But once more the bitter cry, "Noboby loves me! Oh—why—don't—I—die?" came from her feeble lips, and this time the eyes of the woman opened upon the two at her side.

Such beseeching looks never fell upon man, thought the

physician; and forever the thought of leaving her bitter longing unanswered fled from him. And in a moment, in quiet persuasive tones, without doubtfulness of meaning, he said to her as gently as possible:

"Sister, I love you, and this woman loves you. Don't think you have no friends. Is there anything you would have us do to to ease your pain? We are going to do everything for you, and nurse you back into life, where you may be strong and live with true friends—truer than you've had—and let you enjoy the pure sunshine, and hear the birds sing. The flowers will bloom beautiful for you once more, and we shall bring them to you until you get well, and—"

"No, let me die. Could anybody love me?" almost as pitifully as before.

"But we don't want you to die. We want you to live for our sake. The birds will sing more sweetly for us if you live; for the more life there is, the gladder the world is. God loves you,—as much as?—much more than—we do; and he wants you to live, too."

"What! God wants me to live! Wicked woman to live! Can it be possible?"

"But, sister, God says He takes no pleasure in the death of the wicked."

"Does He? does He say that? Are you sure He did say so! and He wants me to live!"

"Yes, the Great Maker of all things made you, and He loves all that He has made, and loves you. He does surely," said the doctor, as he tried to read her soul through her face. A change came, but with the same immovable countenance and yearning eyes, the woman said, while tortured more and more with pain,—

"Then I'll live, I'll live! Oh, I want life—don't—let—me—die. And if He wants me to live, He loves me, don't He? and now somebody loves me. Oh—don't—let—me—die. I want to live. I—love—God! I—shall—live!"

With these words the poor woman became exhausted; and, her eyes calmly closing, the lamp of her life went out of this world to burn in a brighter and better.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Christmas dawned bright and beautiful and the whole earth seemed to be glad. Christmas greetings and tokens of love were being carried here and there by swift and joyful messengers. 'Roma's gift had come; but it was a day early and came by another hand than the one which had promised it.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

In a hallway but dimly illumined
A youth and a maiden stray,—
'Tis the time when the year is fast ebbing—
The eve before Christmas day.

As they saunter she turns to him archly,
Well knowing her part to play,—
For the mistletoe hangs just above them,
A beautiful berried spray.

He hesitates only a moment,
Then gathers her quick to his breast,—
Then—a soft smothered sound of resistance,
Which feigns to, but does not, protest.

THE FOUR BACHELORS.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

It was Christmas eve and bitter cold. All day long the snow had been falling and now lay in heaps and drifts. The clouds still hung dark and heavy while an occasional snowflake, like a belated autumn leaf, came fluttering down to join the heaps below. The wind fiercely howled over the hills and, whistling suddenly around the corners, sent the icicles jingling against the window panes.

However fiercely king winter raged, his dominion was restricted to the outer air. Within the cozy club-room all was warm and cheerful. A bright fire crackled in the grate, sending the shadows long and black upon the wall. Before the fire sat four men. They were not of the usual type of club men, but were more quiet and reserved. Society had begun to regard them as the strange four. They were brilliant enough when once engaged, but usually preferred the seclusion of the "Bachelor's Retreat," to the sham of society. They were all fine looking fellows in the very prime of life. Warren Eggleston and Bernard McTyre were each about thirty-three years of age and would easily have passed for brothers. They were both of light complexion and possessed cold grey eyes. They were of medium height and size and of easy deportment. Guy Crawford was a stout man of thirty-six, with a broad forehead over which his chestnut hair hung in heavy folds. The fourth man was the eldest of the group. Forty years, however, made no impression on him and one would judge him to be about thirty. He was tall and finely proportioned. His dark hair rivalled the raven's wing. Eyebrows of the same color drooped softly over a pair of matchless eyes in which just the least tinge of sadness lingered.

"Boys," said McTyre, "you wouldn't think that I know it, but the Book says it is not good for man to be alone. We have spent many a pleasant hour in the 'Bachelor's

Retreat,' but all things must come to a close sometime, somewhere. It is time we were seeking a companionship closer and more sacred than the fellowship of man. I do not mean the companionship of the gods but only of the angels."

"Hurrah for you, 'Nard! Bright idea!" said Eggleston leaping to his feet. "Let us find our fate, tonight. Here's to success, boys!" The others agreed to the proposition and putting on wraps, mufflers and overcoats, they went out into the winter night.

Proposals of this sort were easier than proposals of marriage. Warren Eggleston was the first of the four to realize this fact. He had never taken the matrimonial problem seriously and had never questioned his feelings closely on the subject. When he stepped out into the snow two pictures came into his mind: Daisy White, small, sweet and pretty, with violet eyes and sunny hair; and Maude Graham, tall, handsome and graceful, her dark, wavy locks and brown eyes standing out in fine contrast to her rosy cheeks. He finally decided in favor of Miss Graham, and went to her home. He rang the bell and sent up his card, only to be told that Miss Graham was not in. He turned away, telling himself "the smaller, the sweeter." An hour later he was sitting in the White parlor and Daisy, with her head on his shoulder, was telling him that she would be his Christmas gift, unconscious of how narrowly she had missed seeing another girl marry him.

Guy Crawford found his choice slightly easier. His thoughts immediately turned to Dorothy Winslow and his feet soon followed. Crawford was fond of literature and so was Miss Winslow and they had often whiled away the time discussing their favorite authors. Crawford took a short cut through an alley leading up by the back of the house. When he reached the yard he was surprised to see in the newly fallen snow, tracks leading over the fence. Suspecting that something was wrong he vaulted the fence and followed the tracks. They led to a back window which

opened into the dinning-room. Looking in he saw melting snow on the floor and knew that the intruder was not far ahead. He silently entered the window and cautiously approaching, discovered a big burglar packing the family silver into a sack. The burglar tried to rush past him, but Crawford was a large man and soon overpowered him, receiving a few scars of honor. The burglar was turned over to the police, and Crawford immediately became the hero of the hour, and a very ideal hero according to Miss Winslow's standard, insomuch that when he popped the question a short time later, she hesitated only long enough to make it seem novel-like and then relapsed into the arms of bliss, and into his arms too.

As for McTyre, his mind was made up before he introduced the subject, and had been for sometime. There was a beautiful young widow in town who had once been his heart's idol. In the first contest for her hand he had been defeated by Charley Fentress, and although defeat stung him then, he was glad tonight that he had another chance and Charley didn't. Charley had been dead for a considerable time and the young widow doubtless would have removed her mourning long ere this if it had not been such a good advertisement that she was marriageable. Very few weeds can stand the cold blasts of winter, and widow-weeds wilt quickest of all. He said "Wilt thou!" and they wilted.

James Huntingdon walked aimlessly along to the edge of town. He knew that he must lose when the proposition was made. Years ago he had loved with that mad passion that comes but once in a man's life and drains the springs of emotion dry. He stopped and stood as if in a dream. In his mind appeared a scene of fifteen years ago. He was a young man then and had just graduated from college. He loved Pearl Linwood and believed that she returned his love. One cold night just fifteen years ago they had attended a ball. He stepped into an alcove just in time to see a girl give a man a kiss and, dis-entwining herself from his arms,

rush away. He would have sworn that it was Pearl, and was so offended that he would give her no chance to deny the charge. She had stood in the cold air in evening dress begging him to let her speak but he would not listen. A few days later she was taken ill from the effects of the exposure and died. He learned afterward that he was mistaken, but he could not recall the life. His heart died too and he resolved never to wed. The old anguish came back anew tonight. He stood with bowed head. Suddenly the moon broke through a rift in the clouds and his shadow, falling at his feet, started him. With a sigh he retraced his steps. When he reached the retreat he found that the others had already returned. They saw instantly that he had lost. There was a pained look in his eyes as of one who had unfolded dead friends' clothes. A silence fell on all, broken only by the ticking of the clock and the crackling of the flames. They sat in silence for a long time, then Huntingdon walked to the window and looked out. The clouds were broken, the moon poured its silver splendor over the earth to be reflected in the millions of sparkling snowdrops; here and there a star peeked through as if to steal a glimpse of the beauty. The earth was wrapped in silence for the wind had fallen asleep. Suddenly in the distance a clock struck twelve. The midnight chimes rolled out "Peace on earth, good will to men." Turning to the table, James Huntingdon raised his glass and proposed the toast: "To the girl we love."

THE SNOW.

BY N. S. OGBURN, JR.

Snowing, snowing, snowing.
See falling the beautiful flakes!
Some losing themselves in the glens,
Some falling on marshes and fens;
Blowing, flowing, going,
To die in the streamlets and lakes.

Finding, losing, hiding,
As if at some fanciful play,
They're falling just now in the dells,
They dance to the chime of the bells;
Circling, swirling, gliding,
God's thoughts from the great milky way.

Purely perfect picture!
With everything evenly white.
Most beautiful symbol of truth!
Most youthful delight of all youth!
Beauty lacking mixture!
My soul is filled full of delight.

Sifting, softly shifting,
From hill-top to deep-cloven dale,
The earth is now wrapt in sweet slumber
With naught but the snow to encumber;
Drifting, silent, drifting,
There's naught but the snow in the vale.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY RUDOLPH BAUMBACH.

Translated from the German, by Miss Alice Charles Craft.

One Christmas night a tall man wearing a broad-brimmed hat and a long coat entered the door of an old apartment house. He was followed by a small white dog. Upon arriving on the second floor he opened a door on the sign-board of which was the name of a prominent artist, and in a few moments entered a comfortable, but dimly lighted room. A large gray cat got up from a mat near the fire and greeted him with a low purr, showed the same courtesy to the dog and then lay down again. These animals had known each other for years and lived together not as dog and cat usually do, but as two good old friends.

The man took off his hat and coat and went to the window. In the opposite house glimmered the lights of a Christmas tree and the shadows of children and older people could be seen on the drawn curtains. For quite a while he gazed at the lighted window, then turning around, with his hand over his eyes, he said softly to himself: "I am alone."

As if to contradict this the little dog came near him and rubbed his cold nose on his master's hand; but the master cared not for the caress. "I am alone," he repeated. Then he sat down in a chair and stared before him.

The pictures which passed through the mind of this lonely one were not pleasant: a sad childhood, a youth full of privation, a tiresome struggle, and deceptions of all kinds. Wealth and honor had finally come to him, but in the time of necessity he had forgotten how to be happy. Youth was past; upon his dark hair already shimmered the hoarfrost of autumn—and he was alone.

As he sat thus musing he heard quite near him these words: "Old friend, let's have a little chat. Master is asleep."

"It suits me," was the answer. "You begin."

"That is my dog and cat," the man said to himself, "and I

am dreaming. I have often heard, when I was a child, that on Christmas night animals have the power of speech. Now if I just do not wake up before I find out what they have to say."

"My friend," continued the dog, "do you know that for sometime master hasn't treated me just right, but neglects me? I could forgive him for not having me shaved last summer, but it grieves me deeply that he almost never asks my services."

"Yes," replied the cat, "he isn't what he used to be. Just think, yesterday he even forgot to give me my breakfast. Guess I'll have to go to catching mice again, and that *would* be hard."

"Do you know what would be the best thing for us?" said the dog. "If we could just get a woman in the house who would look after things and keep order."

"Ah! that is a serious question. We have both spent our best years and if now the young wife shows us the door, what then?"

"I think I know one who would not do that," answered the dog, "and you know her too." The cat pointed with her paw to a little picture on the wall. It was a woman's head, a woman with large, dark, childlike eyes. "Do you mean that one?"

"Yes, she would be a good mistress for us. She is kind to me, I know, and she likes you too, for I have seen her with my own eyes give you a bowl of milk, and our master—."

"She also likes him," interrupted the cat. "For when she sits at the window sewing and master crosses the street she looks at him and blushes, and when people blush—."

"I know that," said the dog. "So we both agree and the point is she *must* be our mistress."

"But our master?" asked the cat doubtfully.

"That will take care of itself," the dog responded confidently. "But be quiet! He is waking up."

The sleeper sprang up from the chair and glanced suspi-

ciously at his pets; but they, to all appearances, lay in sweet slumbers, peacefully curled up on their mats. He walked up and down the room with heavy steps, his hands folded behind him like one pondering over something very important.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

We will leave this lonely man with his pets and ascend the stairs to their very top, where in small, miserable rooms tired people are resting from their day's labor. In one of these little rooms, the cleanest and neatest of them all, sat two women, one old, the other young. On a table before them were two smoking bowls and a cake. The girl had a delicate, pale face, and large dark eyes which looked sometimes sadly, and again happily, at the world. She was the niece of the old woman, who by occupation was a laundress, and who had come from her home in the suburbs in order to receive the gifts which her niece had intended for her: a few pounds of sugar and coffee and a soft gray shawl which the old woman was rubbing gently with her rough hand. The cake on the table grew visibly smaller, for the aunt ate as if she had fasted for three days.

"Child," she said, "you would act wisely to go to bed early, for on Christmas night all sorts of strange things happen and you are entirely alone. Aren't you afraid?"

The girl shook her head laughing—

"What kind of strange things aunt?" * * * The aunt sat down and began to display some of her wisdom. "If a girl sits in her room entirely alone, on Christmas night, and places two plates on the table, her future husband will appear to her, not in flesh and blood, but merely a spirit which will disappear when the cock crows. Therefore the girl does well to have nearby a cock in a sack, and if the uncanny guest frightens her she has only to pinch the bag, the cock will crow and the ghost disappear." * * * The story her aunt had told ran in the girl's mind. At first she laughed, then became thoughtful, and finally got a white

cloth, put it on the table and placed upon it plates for two. She had no cock, it is true, but she wore a crucifix around her neck, and before a cross ghosts always vanish. She sat down, folded her hand and thought of the men whom she knew; the shop-keeper's clerk who always weighed the sugar and coffee so generously; the sergeant who met her sometimes and spoke so pleasantly, and the writer in the opposite house who was always playing the flute—but none of these was the right one. Yet, there came still another, but he was a distinguished man who probably never thought of the girl in the attic room.

Two years before, when her mother was living, he had met her one day on the stairs, had stopped and spoken kindly to her. The next day he asked her to sit as a model for a picture. At first she refused, but he had asked her so kindly that she at last, accompanied by her mother, went to his studio. Later she saw the finished picture which represented an old man playing a harp and near him sat a young girl who was no other than the niece herself. When the picture was sold, the artist put a large bank note into her work-basket. She would not have accepted it, but because her mother at that time lay dying she dared not refuse the gift which was sufficient for the funeral expenses and for the purchase of a little cross. Since that time the artist had not spoken to her, but she saw him every day, and with his two companions, the dog and cat, she had made friends and treated them kindly when she had an opportunity.

Just then the lamp flickered and frightened the girl out of her dreams. She saw before her the two plates, laughed and sighed. "You are surely a very foolish creature," she said softly, and got up to take the plates away. Then someone knocked at the door. Heavens, what if the Christmas story were not a fairy tale! The door opened and a figure appeared exactly like the artist. The poor girl sank, trembling on a chair and buried her face in her hands.

"Good evening," said the ghost with a deep voice and

came nearer, sat down and took the girl's hands. Spirits usually have ice-cold hands, but this one which enclosed that of the girl felt warm and life-like. The ghost then continued to speak of the lonely, friendless life that he led and much of love and truth, while the girl listened with throbbing heart.

Suppose it were really not a ghost! With trembling hands she reached to the crucifix which she wore, and held it toward the ghost, who, however, laughed, seized the cross and said: "Poor child, you do not believe my words. I swear to you by the cross I hold in my hand that I mean it truly and honestly. Will you be my wife?"

The heart of the girl sprang up like a lark. No, the form before her was not a spirit that would vanish into mist at the crowing of the cock, but a real man, flesh and blood, his mouth which sought her lips was warm and his heart beat with violent pulsations.

A noise was heard at the door, again it was opened and the little dog sprang in, followed by the cat. They had come to bring their good wishes. * * * The bringing together of these two people was the work of the wise beasts, and they were proud of it; but they did not say so, for true service is silently rewarded.

CHRISTMAS IN THE AIR.

Chris'mas is a-comin',
I smell it in de air;
I tell you things is hummin',
'N' I'se gwine to git my share.

"THE SIN OF DAVID."

BY A. B. DUKE.

With the possible exception of Mr. William Watson, the leading poet of England today is Stephen Phillips, whose claim to that distinction rests on the merit of his two poetic dramas—"Paolo and Francesca" and "Ulysses." Both of these productions have met with the high approval of the critics as well as of the reading public, who have awaited with great interest the publication of his new play, "The Sin of David," which appeared from the press of Macmillan and Company on November 19, and is one of the notable books of the present year.

"The Sin of David," like all of Mr. Phillips' most important work, is a poetical drama. Its theme is that of the Old Testament story of David, Bethsheba and Uriah; but the story is modernized and its scenes are laid in England in the time of Cromwell. Its principal characters are: Sir Hubert Lisle, commander of Cromwell's forces in the Fenlands; Colonel Mardyke, a stern old Puritan officer; and Miriam, his young French wife. These characters are substituted for David, Uriah and Bethsheba; the scene is transferred from Jerusalem to the Fenlands; and in place of the warm passionate temperament of the Israelites we have the cold restraint of the Puritans. So much for the background of the play. The following brief synopsis will give an idea of the action of its story.

Miriam, the young wife of Colonel Mardyke, to whom the repression of her Puritan home life is intolerable, longs for "the color and the music and the bloom of life." Her husband, with his cold Puritan nature, does not understand her temperament. To quote her own words:

> "He starves my soul,
> He locks my spirit up and keeps the keys."

When Sir Hubert Lisle makes Mardyke's house his military headquarters, he and Miriam fall in love with each

other. Just when they are declaring their love a messenger arrives on the scene with the urgent request from a daring soldier to lead a desperate night attack on a nearby fort. Knowing that to lead the attack means almost certain death, he sends Mardyke without Miriam's knowledge. The attack is successful; but, as Lisle expected, Mardyke is killed and eventually he marries Miriam.

The final scene which takes place five years later, on the anniversary of Mardyke's tragic end, is the most intensely dramatic one in the play. It describes the death of Hubert, the little son of Miriam and Lisle, concluding with Lisle's dramatic confession to Miriam of his share in her husband's death, and with the final declaration of their repentance.

The admirers of Mr. Phillips who expected in "The Sin of David" a more powerful piece of dramatic or poetic work than his former dramas will undoubtedly experience a disappointment when they read it. His latest effort is in many particulars far inferior to both "Ulysses" and "Paolo and Francesca." Probably the most important point in which it fails to measure up to them is in dramatic power and interest. In these two dramas he gave us good acting plays with intense dramatic interest as well as finished literary productions of great poetic beauty. Both of them have been produced on the English stage, one of them, "Ulysses," in this country; and have been well received by the public. But, in my opinion, it is extremely unlikely that "The Sin of David" would hold the attention of any public audience. There are only two short scenes that contain any real dramatic power. They are the love scene between Lisle and Miriam in the second act, with the sudden interruption of the messenger, and the last scene of the play in which Lisle confesses to Miriam that he had purposely sent Mardyke to his death. The earlier parts are rather idyllic than dramatic; and, though lacking in points of dramatic interest, contain many beautiful lines and striking phrases.

Considered from the poetic as well as from the dramatic

standpoint—as a poem, not as a drama—it falls below his best earlier work. To be sure there are beautiful phrases and expressions throughout the poem, but for some reason it does not impress the reader as being a great piece of poetry. Its chief fault, I think, is that it is a largely imitative poetry. It lacks originality and distinctive power. It is by no means lacking in poetic beauty, but its beauty is imitative. It leaves a vague impression on the reader of having read it before and seems to recall something else that he has read. I should by no means say that great poetry produces such an effect. Although neither a great drama nor a great poem, the piece is certainly one of high literary merit. Like his other poetic dramas, it is notable for beauty of phrase and quotable passages. The thoroughnesss of workmanship, and imaginative power, which mark all of Stephen Phillips' work, is also evident.

Of the three principal characters, those of Mardyke and his wife are strongly and consistently drawn. This does not seem to me to be true of Lisle. At the end his comforting reflections after the death of his child, his suggestion of moralizing and his apparent self righteousness leave an impression of shallowness and inconsistency.

But with all its faults, and though it may not equal the best of Mr. Phillips' earlier dramas, "The Sin of David" is a very charming piece of work, full of poetic feeling; and, though lacking in point of dramatic interest, a charming piece of English writing. The work is a significant one—significant because it is a fine tribute to beauty, and because it is part of a serious attempt by its young author to revive the poetic drama in England. Let us hope that he will yet succeed in his attempt.

LET THE BELLS RING.

Let bells now ring,
Let angels sing,
Let all be peace and love,

Joy reign on earth,
And harmless mirth;
For Christ who rules above

Approves our cheer,
And reigneth here
To fill our hearts with love.

PLEASE!

BY F. W. OBARR.

Let me whisper dearest,
In your ear—
What I want for Christmas,
Do you hear?

You could never guess it
So don't try—
Better sweetly give it,
While I'm nigh.

Kisses? Love? Well maybe—
I don't know—
Maybe—I'll take them now,
Both are pure.

So now listen dearest—
Do not start—
When I ask for Christmas—
Just your heart.

CHRISTMAS SCENES.

BY A. G. MOORE.

I.

It is Christmas eve, in a little village; and the boys and girls are gathered in the village school house, where a Christmas tree has been prepared. It is a Sunday school Christmas tree, for all the children of the village. The pastor has made a little talk and then the superintendent has said a word. Now they have all clustered around the tree to admire it for a moment before the presents are distributed.

A tall boy of sixteen stands near the inner edge of the circle. He is not an attractive-looking boy, but he has an open, frank face, rather serious and thoughtful. A little girl of eleven or twelve, dainty and sweet, with the slightest glow of pink in her cheeks and a thin scattering of light freckles around her hose and under her eyes, runs up to him and siezes his hand in both hers.

"Oh! isn't it beautiful?" she exclaims, clinging to him and almost dancing in her delight.

He looks down at her with an effectionate smile and gently presses her hand an instant, but a slight flush mounts quickly to his cheek and he glances hastily around to see if the others are noticing. She is all unconscious and innocent, but he is at the awkward, bashful stage of boyhood and fears the laughter of his companions or the smile of an older person.

"See! they are fixing to take the things down. Look at that pretty big doll up at the top, isn't it lovely? That must be for some of the *little* girls. Oh, what beautiful toys and books, and oranges, and bags of candy! And see those red and green candles! Oh, it's a pity to spoil it, it's so pretty! I do wish it could stay that way all the time and we could look at it, don't you? Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it just lovely?" And she looks up almost pleadingly into his face while she waits for his answer, still clinging tightly to his hand.

She likes him evidently and wants his sympathy in her delight. And he is fond of her, and likes to have her near him, but is too bashful to enjoy her childish demonstrations. *She* is all unconscious; *he* feels that the eyes of the crowd are upon him, though the crowd is busy with its own affairs.

II.

It is Christmas again, in the little village. The lights stream out warm and inviting from a large house which stands well back from the street, surrounded by great oaks, with beautiful lawn and walks in front. The snowflakes glitter and flash as they fall through the light, and the ground is covered and white.

A crowd of merry young people—boys and girls—is gathered here. They are having a Christmas party. Our same boy and girl are here. He is nineteen; she is not yet fifteen. He is taller and straighter, and not so awkward. She has developed too. She is larger and fairer; the freckles are thinner and her long brown hair is richer and more beautiful. The eyes are still yearning and one could imagine the hands would still cling, but she is older now and her childish innocence has developed into maidenly modesty.

It is several years since they have seen each other. He has been away at school and has worked and traveled during the summers. She has been at school too, part of the time, and part of the time visiting relatives. For her father has died and for a time the home was unsettled. When he had come home on a visit she had been away. But she is at home again now, and he has come to spend the holidays. He does not see her at first, for she is still young and does not take part in all the amusements of the older boys and girls. But at length he sees her sitting in a corner with some other girls of her own age. He hastens to speak to her and she greets him gladly. He presses her soft hand an instant and looks into her eyes eagerly, vaguely remembering that other Christmas time and wondering if she will cling to him now. How he would like to have her! But he knows it cannot be.

She meets him cordially, as an old friend whom she is glad to see after a long separation. She is gay and pleasant, not changed much from the bright little girl he used to know. There is no restraint in her manner. She does not remember the other scene, for she thought nothing of it then and it does not linger in her memory. He talks to her of the old days at home, of their school days and the games they used to play together. He mentions the Christmas tree they both attended at the little school house. She readily recalls her delight, but thinks only of the beautiful tree and remembers how she hated to see it dismantled. *He* is thinking of those soft clinging hands and pleading eyes.

She had come with several other of the younger girls. He had come alone. When the party is over he accompanies her home. He lingers just a moment at the door for a last little word and one more pressure of the soft little hand. She looks up into his face just as confidingly as she had formerly done, as she lays her hand in his and bids him good night.

III.

And yet again it is Christmas, in the little village—grown a town now, and the snow is falling thick and fast. Already it is several inches thich and the sleighs are scudding hither and thither in the thickening dusk. Our boy—no longer a boy, but a man now—stops his sleigh near the station as the afternoon train, loaded down and delayed with Christmas passengers, stops to put off at this little town its share. Our boy is not expecting any one, and yet he waits to see who will get off. Men and women, loaded down with Christmas bundles, step out, and a party of young people make merry over a friend who has come to spend the holidays with them. As they are still lingering around the car steps a tall girl steps down into their midst. There is something familiar about her form and carriage. His heart beats quicker for an instant. Who is it? Ah! her brother steps up and greets her and for an instant he catches a glimpse of

her face as she lifts her veil. It is the same girl who clung to him at the Christmas tree. But she has grown tall and beautiful now. Many pleasant memories crowd into his mind as he draws the robe closer around him, turns his sleigh and drives rapidly homeward.

He had expected a rather dull Christmas, for it is five years since he has spent the holidays here and the village has almost grown beyond his knowledge. Most of his friends are married or moved away. Those who remain are settled business men, while his long student's life has served to lengthen his youth unduly, so that he feels himself almost a stranger in his home town. But somehow his heart bounds joyously now, a warm thrill runs through his body and bright thoughts crowd into his brain. Why is this? Simply because he has seen a beautiful girl get off the train? Ah! but she is the girl who in his boyhood was his affectionate friend, and through all these years, almost unconsciously to him, the tender memory of this affection has lain hid in his breast. The rare intervals at which he has seen her have only served to strengthen this memory and the affection has grown. Can it be the same with her?

He meets her on the street next day—Christmas day—and they walk together past the closed stores and through the streets, quiet, save where here and there groups of children are making merry over their fireworks. They go together to the church, decorated with sprays of holly and legends worked in cedar. They listen to the old, new story of the Child who came with his great mission into the world. They hear and admire the beautiful Christmas hymns. Afterward he goes home with her and they chat pleasantly together for half an hour.

That evening they join a merry party of young peaple who are going on a sleigh ride to a fine old country home five or six miles from the town. The children of this home have all grown up and married, but they are in the habit of returning for the Christmas holidays. Here the young people of

the community have always received a warm welcome and have spent many delightful hours.

These two enter heartily into all the sports of the other young people on this trip, but somehow returning their sleigh becomes separated from the others. As they near the town again, suddenly they turn a corner in the road and the village lies some half a mile or more ahead, its bright lights streaming out over the snow. Just in front of them a bridge spans a little stream. Its floor and railings are completely covered by the soft white garment of snow, which sparkles like a network of jewels where the light strikes it. The trees and shrubs by the stream and roadside show white and shadowy contrasts as the light falls upon them in places.

For an instant the conversation ceases, while they admire the beauty of the scene before them. Then he turns to her and begins softly: "Here around us all is beautiful, and we are together and happy. But in a few days we must again separate, you to go back to your teaching, I to my newly begun profession—each to a life of loneliness and toil. Why cannot we take back with us a hope for a greater happiness in the future? Do you remember the Christmas tree we attended in the village school house so many years ago, and how you clung to a large strong boy with innocent, childish affection? The boy was older, but his affection too, though he dreaded the smiles of his companions, was the innocent affection of a strong boy for a pure, sweet little girl. But we are man and woman now. We have out-grown our childishness and bashfulness. We have known what it is to live out in the world and fight our way alone. But must this go on always?

"All these years I have carried your image with me—the image of a trustful, clinging little girl. Yet not a weak girl. It is not weak to cling to one in affection and you were never weak. Through all these years, unconsciously, almost, that affection of childhood has increased its hold upon me,

till now when I return and find you here a woman, with the strength and character of a woman, and yet with the same sweet attractiveness of the little girl I used to know, it has blossomed forth into a pure, strong love. Is this unusual or surprising? I think not. It seems to me but the natural outcome of a friendship such as ours. After long years of separation and of loneliness I have come back and long again to feel those soft hands clinging to me and to have those eager eyes looking up confidingly into mine. Has the old affection completely died out of your heart, dear? Have you not too, sometimes, thought of the large boy you liked then and felt your heart warm towards him, far away at his lonely work?

"I think I should like always to have the 'little girl' of my boyhood near me, with her soft hands to cling caressingly to me, and her bright face to shine upon me to cheer my way and strengthen me for the duties of life. Does your heart not respond to mine, dear, and bid you make me happy this beautiful Christmas night?"

Round about the soft garment of the snow still stretches away white and sparkling. The lights and shadows still play hide and seek among the shrubs by the road and brookside. But they are far behind now, for the sleigh bells jingle merrily on toward the village. The great world is all white and silent. And out from its warm muff comes a little soft hand, slips into a large, strong one under the robe and nestles there.

JULIAN BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
ANGIER B. DUKE, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Following the custom of our more pretentious contemporaries of the magazine world, we present our readers this month with a Christmas number, and with it our Christmas greetings. We hope that this innovation on our part will prove as interesting and enjoyable to them as it has to the editors in getting it up. Instead of complaining this time we feel more like thanking our fellow students for their ready co-operation in the matter of contributions for this number; this is what makes our work a pleasure rather than a burden. We sincerely hope that the good work will go on, not only for the sake of our peace of mind, but for the benefit of our readers as well.

In a few days most of us will be going to our homes to spend the Christmas vacation. But while we are making merry and enjoying ourselves let us not forget what Christmas really means and what it is we are celebrating. We are too apt to think more of feasting and funning and the little gifts with which we remember our friends, than of the one great gift which these little deeds serve to commemorate. We should let our gladness and rejoicings be not for these things primarily, but for that which they are intended to remind us of.

Some of us whose homes are too far away must spend our holidays at the college, and for them we wish the happiest vacation possible. Those who can go home will of course enjoy their visit to the utmost. For them we wish a safe return, without any falling out; and to all we wish a hearty determination to begin the new year in the best frame of mind for the best grade of work.

A failing common to a great many of us students was brought out very forcibly in one of the English classes here not long ago. The class was given to answer in writing a number of simple questions on current events of importance and prominent public men and movements of the day, and it was astonishing to find how little they could tell about such things. A good many seemed to have hazy ideas on some of the questions, but too few could answer the majority of them correctly. Such a state of affairs certainly should not exist here. We are fortunate enough to have a library that is not only unexcelled in the State in the matter of bound volumes, but which also surpasses all others in the number and quality of the magazines and newspapers it receives. It affords the best possible means of keeping well posted on the affairs of the day, and we must not let such an opportunity go wasted.

We all agree that we should study the history of the past and we devote much time to it; but we seem to think too little of the history that is being made now. Why should we not pay as much attention to the important things that are happening right in our own time, and which should really be of more concern to us anyway than events of ancient history? Why indeed? We cannot afford to be ignorant of the present, however much we would like to know about the past. We ought to make more use of our opportunities, by all means. But let us not simply agree that we are not as well up on the times

as we should be; let us really do better. Spend as much spare time as possible in the library. Read the national newspapers and the best magazines, and in learning facts try to realize the significance of them. Keep an eye on the prominent public men of the day—authors, preachers, teachers, politicians, and men who are *leaders*—know what they are doing and be able to talk about them intelligently. Read the editorials of the best dailies and weeklies and notice the opinions and ideas of some of this most influential class. Try always to keep in the mind's eye a picture of the world and the happenings and movements that are making history in it today—especially in our own country.

It will not be hard to accomplish this if we use our time right and do our reading judiciously. Many of us perhaps read enough already, but we read too indiscriminately, without enough purpose and system; the fact is our reading is too often rather for idle amusement than for real profit. If we would spend an hour or half hour a day in the library with the purpose in mind of finding out what's what and who's who in the world, and select our reading accordingly, we would not only derive pleasure and satisfaction from the time thus spent, but would be immensely benefited as well. There is no excuse for our being unacquainted with the times in which we live.

MISS ALICE CHARLES CRAFT, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The December pages of all the best magazines are bright with the season's spirit and furnish a wealth of Christmas reading to millions of people. The short story writers, so popular today, have followed the example of the "Christmas hearted" Dickens, and tell us stories full of humor and pathos, yet suggestive of that season when "peace and good will" reign among men.

A most humorous and entertaining little story is "McAlister's Christmas," by Arthur Train, in *Scribner's* magazine of this month. It is the story of a New York clubman who was very much opposed to the improvement of prison life, but who had his views completely changed when on Christmas night he unexpectedly had the misfortune of experiencing for a while life in a cell. While returning home late at night he accidentally got into a carriage with a thief who was at the time pursued by the police. Unfortunately the carriage was overtaken, the real criminal cunningly escaped and the New York "swell" was taken to prison, and only by artful proceedings secured his release without revealing the ridiculous episode to his friends.

Another attractive story in *Scribner's* is "Christmas in the Valois," by Mary King Waddington, and illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark. The art feature in this number is unusually good and the announcements for next year promise some good reading.

The chief attraction in *Harper's Magazine* is its art feature. Little attention need be called to this, however, since *Harper's* has led the way in artistic illustration in color, while the other pictures are of the highest standard. The stories are not especially significant of Christmas, but are by well known authors. The first article, "Saint Joan of Arc," is by Mark Twain and gives a thorough and excellently told account of the life of that most wonderful character. "The Thousand Quilt," by Annie Hamilton Donnell, tells the amusing yet pathetic incidents connected with the life of a little girl living with a narrow-minded aunt who refuses to allow her niece to associate with other children. The child out of love for her relative spends three years making a thousand piece quilt for her, and the aunt being touched by the sight of the care-worn little girl quilting in the barn becomes penitent and grants her heart's desire by inviting the forbidden playmates over to see her.

The December *Century* has five interesting Christmas stories besides other articles of merit. "A Misfit Christmas," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, is a monologue by Sonny's father in which the old man comes to the conclusion that "Christmas presence that inspires all our lovin' thoughts here below" is a pretty good thing, but appeals very feelingly to the Almighty to deliver him from "Christmas presents."

"Luberreich's Christmas," by John Luther Long, tells of the sad life of a helpless old man who at the death of his wife is left dependent on his neighbors. At last on Christmas day, after having become a burden to himself and his friends, he dies, serenely happy in his last moments when in his dreams he sees his wife young again and their home as it used to be.

"Sandy," a serial story by Alice Hegan Rice, begins in this number and is written in Mrs. Rice's usual attractive manner.

Other holiday stories in *Century* are "The Camel of Jesus," by Marguerita Arlina Hamm; "Kerrigan's Christmas Sermon," by S. F. Tooker; "A Belated Christmas," by Carter Goodloe, all of which do credit to their authors.

McClure's stories this year are not very suggestive of Christmas with the exception of "God Rest You, Merry Christians," a little piece of fiction which shows the genius of George Madden Martin, who has already established her place as a short story writer.

On the first few pages of *The Atlantic Monthly* is a study of "Christmas; Its Unfinished Business," by Samuel McChord Crothers. The establishment and idealizing of peace is the unfinished business of Christmas. "In the work of creating a condition of peace and good will among men the Christian nations have not gone far," says Mr. Crothers. "The call is for a new chivalry. Our duty is not only to keep the peace, but to make a peace that is worth keeping. Everywhere a human ideal must be placed above every other kind of success. * * * * The kind of peace which the world needs cannot be had for the asking. It comes high, but it is worth the price."

More than any other magazines *The Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Woman's Home Companion* enter into the Christmas spirit. On nearly every page there is an attractive little story, a poem or perhaps a picture which brings to our minds the happiest time in all the year. *The Ladies' Home Journal* is fortunate in having for its introductory page a beautiful poem by Henry Van Dyke entitled "A Christmas Prayer for the Home."

N. S. OGBURN, JR., - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

One notices, with regret, the carelessness and indifference with which the majority of exchange editors go about their work. The usual introduction given to what they have to say (it cannot be called criticism) is that they have just come into the room where the exchanges are, and, having just sat down, with one or more feet resting on the table, have by chance picked up a certain magazine, and, after reading awhile, found that a little comment would not come in amiss, especially as the writer must say something in his department.

We would make strong protest against any such procedure. We critics (may time save the mark!) have a work to do, and if it is worth doing it is worth doing well. Is it worth any man's while to consider what critics think of his article—written after much thought and work, it may be—when the critics go about their work carelessly and indifferently? On the other hand, cannot we do something toward bringing forth better articles by going about our work honestly and putting some thought into it? We can never make ourselves of value to our magazines until we do. Let us try to increase the worth of our college magazines by faithful and thoughtful criticism and suggestions as to the more definite matters of style, diction, and thought.

"The Courtin' of Fields" is the star contribution to the *Southwestern University Magazine*. The imitative negro

dialect and the humor of the different situations fit the characters admirably. The writer seems to have talent, and we shall await with interest the succeeding parts of his continued story. "The Great Britain of the Orient," a highfalutin name for Japan, reads like an oration, and is the best example in the magazine of transition from one paragraph to another. The writer of "The Power of a Purpose" shows us in a logical way that a purpose has been the guiding star of all great men, and in "Masters of Men" we are told that strong personality has made men great leaders. "Strong's Road to Manhood" has too many short paragraphs, though it is a good story of how a young college man answered a call to life work. *The Southwestern* lacks poetry, but it has plenty of good sound thought in its pages.

Three of the most inviting magazines we have received come from Virginia colleges, and are well worth comment. *The University of Virginia Magazine* deserves first place in consideration for it is thoroughly well arranged and conducted in all its departments. Rejoicing in the success of the University in securing Dr. Edwin A. Alderman as its President, the magazine gives first place in its pages to his "Inaugural Address." It is characterized by breadth of thought and brevity of statement. The President's interpretation of the mission of the University in the State and in the world, and of the duties of a president deserve to be noticed by every college man. Two poems in the magazine, "Brynhilde to Odin" and "Villanelle," are of real poetic merit, having rhythmical flow of words and easy transition from one thought to another. The article on Poe by Maximus A. Desser, a prominent New York lawyer. is noticeable, as Mr. Desser is said to have made a very thorough study of the poet.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* has its departments full; but the articles are not up to our expectations of what

they should be, coming from a college of the rank of Randolph-Macon. "The Glories of the Possible Are Ours" is written in a style too affected, and the non-condensed thought is too meagre to sustain the reader's interest throughout. The translation of "The Child Spy" has done his work fairly well, doing Daudet no injustice. It seems that quite a number of Randolph-Macon hearts have been smashed lately; for three of the five poems and one of the articles are sighs from rejected or disappointed lovers. We hope to read of mended hearts in the next issue. Perhaps the Woggle-Bug Club might render them some aid. Where is the Exchange Editor of the *Monthly*?

The William and Mary Literary Magazine has one good piece of fiction in it, "The Crushed Flower," and two noticeable appreciations of great men, Lanier and Poe. In reading "A Little Sir Galahad," we find two questions haunting us: How could a six-year-old put to flight a "swarm of wasps" with a stick and clods? and how could he pose as a defender of a helpless girl—"younger than himself"—against an infuriated bull? Of the five poems in the magazines, "To Chloris" is best, though one of the shorter ones.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *Wofford College Journal*, *Furman Echo*, *Syracuse University Herald*, *University Cynic*, of Vermont, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *Aurora*, of Agnes Scott Institute, Ga., *Vanderbilt Observer*, *Limestone Star*, *Emory Phœnix*, Oxford, Ga., *U. N. C. Magazine*, *Columbia Collegian*, of Milton, Oregon, and *Vox Wesleyana*, of Canada.

Y. M. C. A. Department

C. T. HANCOCK, - - - - - - - - - - Manager.

Although there is much to retard the progress of the Y. M. C. A. in its efforts to maintain a high standard of morals among college men, yet we have no doubt but that it is steadily growing and implanting ideas in the minds of men that will endure as long as time. Its influence cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy; for it not only reaches the little college community, but thousands of young men in forty nations and islands of the sea are at work in cities and towns for the alleviation of human suffering wherever they find the minds and souls of men impoverished by sin.

On Friday evening, November 4, a Missionary and Bible Study Institute convened at Trinity, lasting till the 6th. Mr. W. B. Pettus, Traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement; Mr. L. McLean, Bible Study Secretary of the International Committee, and Mr. G. C. Huntington, Interstate Y. M. C. A. Secretary, were the leaders. Young men from nearly all the leading institutions of the State were present.

The first service was conducted by Mr. Pettus, his subject being "The Investment of a Life." He also conducted the morning conference, in which the topics, "Reasons for Mission Study," and "Methods for Promoting Missionary Study," were discussed. Mr. McLean addressed the young men Saturday afternoon, after which reports from the different colleges represented were read; and at night Mr. McLean spoke for a few minutes on the topic, "Bible

Study Classes and Teachers." On Sunday morning Mr. Pettus led in a Consecration Service, and in the afternoon Mr. McLean led in the Bible Study Rally. In the evening Messrs. Pettus and McLean filled pulpits in the city.

We are confident that the Institute was a success along many lines of Y. M. C. A. work; and we wish to express our appreciation to those who aided in making it profitable to our community. The enrollment in Bible study classes was nearly doubled and three large Mission study classes were started.

The address of Mr. E. C. Perrow before the Association on the evening of November 9 was greatly appreciated by all. In his remarks, dealing mainly with college men in their struggles and limitations as they grapple with the problems of life, he showed how very necessary it is, in order to get the most out of life, that man's nothing-perfect should be conformed to God's all-complete.

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A., November 16, Dr. A. C. Phillips, of Richmond, Secretary of the Sunday School Board of the Presbyterian Church, delivered an interesting address on "The Southern College Man and the Home Problems of the Church." His speech was greatly enjoyed by all; and he left the impress that we should give other men the opportunity of becoming something nobler in this life.

On the evening of November 30, an "open meeting" of the Y. M. C. A. was held, Mr. Ogburn, its president, conducting the service. Many men expressed their faith in God and a desire to be stronger and more efficient workers in His service.

The time for holding the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was changed several weeks ago from Sunday afternoon to Wednesday evening, and we trust that the change will be for the better.

At Home and Abroad

J. A. LONG, Jr., - - - - - - - - - - - Manager.

Mr. A. G. Elliott, '04, has recently entered a business college at Norfolk, Va.

We are glad to see that Mr. W. P. Budd is well again and able to begin his work in the Morehead Graded School.

Mr. W. D. Finger is another of the '04 Class who has accepted a position with the American Tobacco Company here.

Messrs. C. T. Hancock, P. E. Beachboard and W. L. Rexford have recently returned from a ten days' visit to St. Louis and the fair.

Bishop W. A. Candler, of Georgia, was on the Park Sunday and Monday, November 27 and 28, the guest of President Kilgo. He was on his way to Henderson to preside over the Methodist Conference.

Dr. Mims has begun a series of literary lectures at the Durham Public Library. The lectures are public, and are given on Thursday night of each week.

In the Tennis Tournament held here November 11 and 12, Trinity lost to Wake Forest. The representatives of Trinity were Messrs. E. A. Armfield and J. M. Holland, while the victorious team were Messrs. J. B. Turner and Elliott Earnshaw, of Wake Forest. Messrs. Turner and Armfield played the singles

Miss Edna Kilgo entertained the members of the Ich Diene Club and their friends at her home on Hallowe'en night. On Wednesday evening, November 23, the Sigma Deltas gave a delightful "At Home" at the Woman's Building in celebration of the Thanksgiving holiday.

The Glee Club made its first appearance in public this year at Graham, N. C., November 28, and gave an entertainment at Burlington the following night. An eastern trip will be taken just before and during the holidays. The members of the Club are Messrs. Hancock, Grant, Brown, R. A., Beachboard, Ogburn, F. A., Pugh, C. R., Suiter, L. B., Stainback, Wyche, Adams, H. C., Foard, Newsom, Carter, L. J., England, Hutchison, Elkins, Womble, Sigman, Rochelle, and the director, Mr. W. H. Overton.

The second of the series of faculty lectures was delivered in the Memorial Hall on the evening of November 19, by Mr. J. W. Bailey, editor of the *Biblical Recorder*. His subject was "The Political Re-adjustment of the South," and his lecture was heard with much interest by a large and appreciative audience.

In the Memorial Hall Tuesday evening, November 29, the two Durham Councils of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics with appropriate ceremonies presented flags and Bibles to Trinity College and Trinity Park School. Rev. C. J. D. Parker, Rev. J. C. Troy and Governor C. B. Aycock made the presentation speeches, and Mr. Jas. H. Southgate, president of the board of trustees, accepted the gifts.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February, 1905.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

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Address literary correspondence to JULIAN BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to M. E. NEWSOM, Jr., Business Manager.

A. G. MOORE, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

THE COUNTY OF CLARENDON.

BY MISS DAISY LEE FREELAND.

The County of Clarendon on the Cape Fear had its origin in the island of Barbados. The inhabitants of this island had become dissatisfied with their condition and wanted to move elsewhere. For the most part they were loyalists who had abandoned their homes in England rather than submit to the rule of Cromwell.

When they first came to the island of Barbados they were much pleased. They found themselves in an agreeable climate where conditions were favorable for the abund-

ant growth of sugar, and through this means they accumulated wealth. They, however, became dissatisfied upon the consideration that their children would grow up in such an isolated place. There was also an annoyance from another source. When the loyalists came to Barbados they found no one to sell them the land or to forbid them taking it so they simply took possession and built them homes without land titles. In a short time however, it developed that the land was really in the possession of some one who could forbid settlement—namely, Lord Carlisle This tract of land had been granted to him sometime ago but he had cared nothing for it. Now that he saw the land had been taken up, he thought that possibly some profit might be in it for him. He accordingly demanded that a certain sum of their yearly produce should be paid to him and a like sum to the king. This filled the loyalists with dismay but they were somewhat appeased by the king's making thirteen of their number baronets.

For these reasons, therefore, the people of Barbados wanted to leave the island and seek their homes in a more favorable district. Their eyes turned toward Carolina, which at this period was under the control of eight Lords Proprietors. Thomas Modyford and Peter Colleton, two of the leading men of Barbados, now began negotiations with these Proprietors for tracts of land. They said that if land was granted them about five hundred of the Barbadians would settle in Carolina. They also asked to be allowed to make their own rules and to occupy a certain tract of land subject to a fixed rent.

The Proprietors seem to have regarded these negotiations in a favorable light, for they soon sent letters to Barbados explaining under what terms land would be granted. They agreed to allow a colony to be planted in the Cape Fear section. The Barbadians asked for a complete control of their own government, but the Proprietors

were unwilling to this, preferring all laws to be subject to them. They promised to give one hundred acres of land to every man, thirty to his wife, and fifty for every man-servant. The Proprietors wanted the colony from Barbados because they thought that they would raise currants, figs and olives, none of which were raised elsewhere in the king's dominion. They also said that it would prevent an over production of sugar.

But there had been an attempt at settlement in the Cape Fear section earlier than that of the Barbadians; and it is to this that we must now turn our attention. Several years before the English had obtained some land in this section. The New England settlers, having obtained a portion of the land, took for granted that the surrounding tracts belonged to them and invited other settlers to come, relying upon getting a patent from the king. The king refused to grant this patent. The settlers were also dissatisfied with their government. In the meantime several men had returned to New England and spread a very bad report about North Carolina. They complained of the harbor and the poorness of the soil. This report, together with the discontent, caused the colonists to abandon the settlement.

The country was now left free for other settlers and the Barbadians seemed to have taken advantage of the opportunity. They desired to know something of the district which was to be their future home and accordingly sent some of their members on an exploring expedition. The most important men in this expedition were William Hilton and Robert Sandford. The exhibition sailed up the Cape River for some distance. They found much land, some good and some bad. They saw many mulberry trees and grape vines; also many deer and turkeys. They found good soil partly covered with oaks, walnuts and pines. There was also an abundance of figs and peaches. The explorers thought that the climate was very healthy,

and taking all things into consideration, very much desired to settle in Carolina. They also made the assertion that the bad reports which the English had spread about in the country were in no wise true. They found the land on both sides of the river good and well timbered, and sufficient to accommodate thousands of settlers.

On their arrival the men from Barbados found not one of the New England settlers on the land. All of them had abandoned the place, leaving behind them a bit of information announcing it as unfit for settlement. They heard that some of the cattle which the New Englanders had left were straying about the country. Their place of settlement—Old Town Creek—was in ruins. The Barbadians seemed to have been more energetic than the New Englanders and their explorations were more extensive.

As we have learned, they were much pleased with their discoveries and returned to Barbados with a favorable report. When the Barbadians received the good news they immediately made preparations for sending out a colony. Not much is known of this colony except that it was planted for several miles along the Cape Fear and was named Charles Town in honor of the king. The Proprietors appointed Robert Sandford to be secretary and John Vassall to be surveyor-general of the County of Clarendon. They gave Sandford full power to be present at all meetings of the county, to keep an exact register of all acts and orders and to issue land grants according to the terms which they themselves had given. They gave Vassall the power to survey all land in the county, private or public. It is not known whether the Proprietors were interested in the other affairs of the government or not.

Just at this time another expedition was being contemplated in Barbados. Another group of Barbadians, led by John Yeamans, wished to settled in Carolina. Although Yeamans proved to be a very unworthy man, he was considered at that time a gentleman with no stain upon his

character. He was a gentleman by birth and his ancestors had been ofthe royal family. His father died fighting for Charles, leaving his son poorly provided for. It is for this reason that we find John Yeamans in Barbados, having come there in hopes of bettering his fortune.

At this time a new county was formed, which included not only the Cape Fear section but extended southward to the coast of Florida. There were now two counties within the limits controlled by the Lords Proprietors. On the north was Albemarle, which included the land lying between the Albemarle Sound and Virginia, together with the lands on both sides of the Roanoke. On the south was the County of Clarendon. There was also another colony provided for, but its position was not definitely located.

It was through the influence of Yeamans that the concession granting these counties had been given. Yeamans proved to be a skillful actor, accustomed to getting things into his own hands. When he looked upon Carolina he conceived the idea of making it a means of profit for himself. He planned getting large tracts of land in which he thought to speculate and thus reap a great profiit. He accordingly sent his son, Major William Yeamans, to England to negotiate with the Proprietors. In order to win the Proprietors he agreed to settle on much more favorable terms than Vassall had done, and in this way induced the Proprietors to come to an agreement with him. John Vassall was told that he must accept the terms granted to Yeamans or leave.

The result of this agreement, as we have seen, was the establishment of the counties Albemarle, Clarendon, and the other one whose position was not definitely defined. The Barbadians were given the choice of settlement in any of these colonies, and they favorably decided upon Clarendon. The Proprietors offered liberal terms to all adventurers, promising to give each settler one hundred and fifty

acres of land for himself and fifty acres for every able-bodied man-servant. Yeamans was made governor of all the land lying as far south as Florida. In the meantime, the Barbadians had been making active arrangements for the settlement. A company was formed to help the enterprise along. Every man was offered five hundred acres of land in the new settlement for every one thousand pounds of sugar that he put into the common fund. These arrangements seem to have been favorable to all members and they set out for their new home in October, 1665.

The fleet which carried the Barbadians to Carolina consisted of three vessels; a "fly boat" of about one hundred and fifty tons, a small frigate, owned by Sir John Yeamans, and a sloop purchased by a common purse for the service of the colony. In the "fly boat" which was the largest vessel of the fleet, were Sir John Yeamans and many of his associates, together with the arms and other supplies sent by the Proprietors. Just after setting sail the little fleet was dispersed by a storm, but was reunited again about the first of November before the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Here they anchored, but the "fly boat" was again driven out to sea by a sudden gale. Sandford says in his account of this voyage that this proved to be but a short difference in their fate, for upon returning with a favorable wind their vessel became stranded in the middle of the harbor and there remained until beat to pieces by the wind and the waves. All the persons on this ship were saved, but not a particle of her cargo remained. The two other vessels managed to reach the harbor in safety and land the settlers.

The necessities of the colony were now very lamentable. Sir John Yeamans wanted to send the sloop southward in regard to some discovery which Robert Sandford and others had made. The people, however, were so opposed to this that he sent the sloop to Virginia to secure a load of provisions. In the meantime Yeamans had returned to

Barbados in his frigate. The sloop reached Virginia in safety and secured the provisions. But again an unlucky fate overtook her. The sloop was old and rotten, a storm seized her and drove her on the beach at Cape Lookout. The crew, with the exception of two men, managed to reach the settlements on the north of the Albemarle Sound. When Sir John Yeamans reached Barbados he sent a ship under the command of Captain Stanyon, to the aid of the colony. After the loss of the sloop, the entire hope of the colony depended upon this vessel which they anxiously expected. When the ship did arrive she brought a discouraging story. Captain Stanyon had set sail without a full crew and with no first mate. He was tossed about upon the sea for many weeks by contrary winds, finally lost his mind and jumped overboard. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the ship succeeded in reaching the port. This news had a very depressing effect upon the people of the colony.

When Yeamans left the colony he gave the charge of it to John Vassall who now ordered Robert Sandford to take Captain Stanyon's ship and make an exploring journey along the southern coast of Carolina. The idea was to find another place for settlement. Sandford, with about seventeen other members of the colony, took the ship and left the colony June 14, 1666. He went as far Port Royal and returned to Clarendon on June 12, with very favorable reports of the country which he had seen.

The first Barbadian settlers and the second colony lived together on good terms. The colony grew and in 1666 numbered eight hundred persons. They found the climate agreeable and healthy. Houses were built and fields grown and peas planted. Upon the whole the colony seems to have been in a good condition so far as such matters are concerned.

Nevertheless, a discontent was manifest in the colony. It grew out of the relations between the settlers and the

Proprietors. In addition to the two groups of people who had come from Barbados there were present a number of people from New England. These were not the first settlers of New England who had abandoned the colony. At the same time that the Proprietors negotiated with the Barbadians they also sent terms to New England. These terms probably caused a number of New England settlers to go to Clarendon. From all evidence it seems that they arrived in Carolina the same time that Vassall's colony reached there. They were not satisfied with the political liberty which they received in Clarendon and accordingly sent complaints to Boston.

Their discontent finally developed into a protest. In November Yeaman's colony arrived with the concessions which the Proprietors had granted January 7, 1665. By this they were allowed to elect an assembly of twelve delegates. After seeing the concessions of the Proprietors the people said there were three things which needed redress: the half penny per acre for all lands; the indecimal way of division of the land, and the injunction, on penalty of forfeiture, to keep one man on every hundred acres. They explained these points in this way:

They said that the pine land and marsh which made up a greater part of their property was wholly unprofitable to them and was not worth paying first rent for. They were willing, however, to pay a penny per acre on all oak land, provided this was all that they would be required to pay.

In regard to the indecimal division of the land we must notice that the Proprietors had provided in their concessions that all land should be divided into small districts, one-eleventh of each of which should be reserved for their own use. They also said that the people should settle on only one side of the river. By these provisions the Proprietors hoped to keep for themselves land which at some day would be very valuable.

The people had settled the land and improved it before

the concessions had been framed. By the new arrangement all the land was to be divided over again. This seemed unfair to the people, because there was so much poor land and so very little that was good.

In regard to keeping one man on each hundred acres they said that the condition of the land was such that some of the divisions would not support a man.

The lieutenant-governor, council and delegates joined in this petition. The matter was brought before the governor of Barbados and he approved it. But when it was written up and given to him to sign he refused upon the ground that he did not know the nature of the country well enough to give an accurate account of it. After leaving the colony he does not seem to have given himself much concern about it. The settlers were in a very unfortunate position. Most of them were of the old Vassall party. They had come to Clarendon when it was covered by the black cloud of reproach under which the New England adventurers had left the country. In addition to this they had paid for the exploration of the whole Carolina coast, and this was a very important item. According to an agreement made before leaving Barbados they had been promised five hundred acres of land for each thousand pounds of sugar given in to the company. This compact would not hold good with the new division of the land.

The petition also told the Proprietors that if more liberal terms were not granted the colony would go to ruin. When Yeamans' colony first left it was not their intention to settle at Clarendon but at Port Royal. The Proprietors had long wanted a settlement here on account of the good harbor. At this time some calamity befell Yemans and he could give the people no further aid. This in turn so discouraged them that they wrote the petition already spoken of.

The Clarendon settlement was now at its worst. The Proprietors seem to have lost sight of it altogether. John

Vassall said that he had heard nothing from them since he received his commission from Mr. Sanford. The company from Barbados had forsaken them also. The Indians had taken all of their cattle. So far as food was concerned the colony could get along, but they were in great need of clothing. If only two hundred pounds of clothing were sent they could make out for another year, but no help came.

Vassall now had much trouble in maintaining his authority. A number of people, probably those who had the least property, wanted to abandon the place at once. Vassall wanted to stay longer, still hoping that help would come. At last he was forced to yield to the people and they decided to go to Virginia. Vassall would have stayed if he could have found twenty men who would remain with him, but he could not even find six. Hence the colony was broken up, some of the settlers going to Virginia and others to Albemarle County.

The failure of the Clarendon settlement was due to the inefficient rule of the Proprietors; probably more to the terms granted to the two Barbadian settlements than anything else. The colony would have flourished so far as the nature of the country was concerned. It had a good harbor and was upon one of the best rivers of Carolina. So far as we know, the settlers had no complaint to make against the country. The only grievances which they had were the terms of granting land as given by the Proprietors.

If this settlement had prospered our State history would perhaps have been somewhat different. We would have come directly into contact with Europe and would have been so far removed from Virginia as to have a great colonial life of our own.

MY VALENTINE.

BY A. G. MOORE.

I've tried to write a Valentine,
But 'taint no use, I see;
I fixed the 'crostic out as fine
As anything could be—
I made each letter head a line,
And here's the way they run:
"Will you be my Valentine?"
That 'uz pow'ful easy done.

But when it come to gettin' words
To fill them letters out,
That 'uz just about the hardest job
I ever set about.
I got as far as "Will you, dear?"
And "If I whisper low,"
But after that 'twas mighty clear
That 'uz far as I could go.

So guess I'll have to give it up,
And 'taint much use nohow,
For reckon you know well as I
What 'tis I'm after now;
And writin' just aint in my line—
That's plain as black and white,
So—won't you be my Valentine?—
And then I needn't write.

A CONFLICT OF PROFESSIONS.

BY K. C. SIDBURY.

Near the little village of R—— in the extreme eastern part of this State stands a yellowish gray plastered house, with a sharp roof and two large brick chimneys which were quite common in the South during the ante-bellum period. Two double porches run the entire length of the house and upon these the great door-like windows open. On the front and side of the house there is a spacious lawn, now covered with weeds and vines. The oaks and elms once so well kept are now hung with gray moss and half broken boughs. The house itself stands seven feet above the ground on huge stone pillars, with no sign of a basement. The traveler knocks here in vain; no one answers; a deadly silence reigns over the whole place and his knock which resounds through the empty halls renders the place even more dismal.

In this house once lived an old physician, known as Dr. Cyrus; he had inherited it from his father. He was strong and robust of body, but a man of culture. With strong convictions and infinite courage he tolerated no opposition and in his sphere was supreme, at times almost tyrannic; but when the world ran to suit him he was kind and affable. His friends always avoided giving him offence for the storm of his wrath was terrible to behold. He must have been different in his earlier life for tradition represents him at that time as a young husband whose congeniality and devotion was proverbial. The loss of his fair companion may have done much to bring about this great change in his life. Sorrow often sweetens a woman's life, but it usually makes a man morose, if not bitter. Her death left him but one source of comfort—a curly haired boy of five, whose liquid dark eyes and chestnut hair were the exact counterpart of his mother's.

The care of the child devolved on his maiden sister who

came to live with him after his bereavement. She was an old maid and like all her sex who have remained single because no man was considered a suitable match, Miss Lucy began at once to train her nephew according to her own idea of what was proper, in opposition to her brother's counsel, and as a result the youngster very soon began to show a spirit of rebellion. This threw the good sister into fits of anger. A scene finally followed and the boy came out victor, so that on the following day he was given a nurse whose duty, like that of Goldsmith to his Vagabond, was to govern the boy with the proviso that he be allowed to govern himself. He learned to love his nurse, however, and her constancy in attention to his wants gave him so much confidence in her judgment that he rarely undertook any project which she did not approve.

His life from five to fifteen years of age was spent in this manner. He had never known what it was to be opposed in anything—in short he had been spoiled by having his own way in everything. When his father wished him to do something unpleasant he would usually coax him till he consented to do it. So when he made known his intention of sending him to college he flatly refused to think of going away from home for five months to a place he had never seen, where he would be bullied by the big boys. His father now realized that he had made a mistake by humoring his son's whims, but thought he would outgrow it in a few years; so he followed the old method and after nearly exhausting his patience, finally gained the youth's consent. How little he dreamed that there would come a time when coaxing would not move this son of his!

As to the youth's first impression of the college community and his subsequent loneliness we leave the reader to imagine, while we hasten on with our story.

In a quiet third-story room of the fourth dormitory a handsome young fellow with dark hair and eyes sat deeply

absorbed in an old leather bound volume of Criticisms on the English Drama. He suddenly pushed the book aside, took up a batch of closely written paper and began to ply his pencil rapidly, turning off page after page of writing. At last he folded the whole and threw it on the table.

"Finished at last! With a few corrections it will be ready—and the Smith Scholarship is mine."

This was young Cyrus. Quite to the surprise of his father, the youth became settled and studious, and for four years had led his class. Only one opponent had stood between him and the scholarship and this paper on the Development of the Drama was to be the final test. Everyone was already confident that Cyrus would win. For weeks and months he had labored night and day to gather material, but until a few days before he could find nothing to give authority to a certain statement he wished to make. Late one afternoon as he was passing old Seller's bookshop it occurred to him that there might be a possibility of getting what he needed there. He walked in and found this volume, which he threw aside as he finished his paper, and much of his confidence came from the knowledge that his opponent had not had access to it.

Through his whole college career that same obstinate will of his earlier years remained one of his marked characteristics. The determination to have his way in childhood had increased with his years instead of diminishing, as his father had hoped it would, and now it had become a part of his very nature. His aunt often reminded her brother that he would live to regret the consequences of his folly.

Finally commencement day arrived and great crowds of people streamed through the halls and sauntered over the campus, all making their way to the Alumni Hall where the address was to be delivered.

Cyrus had gone for a walk early in the morning and arrived just in time to don his cap and gown and fall in

line with his class. The band was playing a national air as the Seniors slowly filed down the long aisle to the places reserved for them near the front of the stage, and as soon as they were seated the speaker of the occasion was presented. He arose and after a brief salutation addressed the graduating class on "The Beauty of the Scholar's Life," pointing them to the pressing needs of the world at large for true and energetic searchers after truth, concluding by thanking the college authorities for having made it possible for its worthy young men to be given a chance to follow up this life. As he took his seat amid the applause of listening thousands the president, an old man in years, but young in spirit and zeal, arose and in a few words announced the honors for the past year and the winner of the Smith Scholarship. Hardly had he finished the announcement when cheer after cheer rang through the hall, while sharp and quick above the din of voices came a yell for Cyrus from the gallery. As the crowd began to file out, his classmates crowded around the young man, literally smothering him with congratulations. Finally they all left him and he started for his father's hotel.

After the usual greeting his father was silent, saying nothing of the day's events to his son. Walter could restrain himself but a few moments and very soon exclaimed: "Father have you not one word for me; are you not glad?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders, threw back his head and began:

"Son, why have you chosen this weary, profitless course; why have you not rather chosen the profession I have always held out to you; what can there be in the scholar's life for a brilliant young man like yourself? Those things are intended for the pale, sallow-cheeked bookworm who dreams of things that never were on sea or land. Yours should be a life of activity and actual combat with the

real world. The scholar's life is one of selfishness for those things which will give permanence to his name if acquired. The scholar's work never reaches the great masses of humanity and they are no better for his having lived, while on the other hand the physician is constantly thrown in touch with the actual realities of life and is called upon to meet real men like himself and to solve real true-to-life problems. What does it matter to you whether Shakspere wrote his works himself or had some other man to write them for him? If you could by your efforts reduce the amount of human ills and evils in the world would you not confer a greater benefit upon humanity than if you should bring to light the lost books of Livy or unearth some forgotten piece of sculpture? You may well leave these things for those who are adapted for them."

"Father," replied Walter, "I have the greatest respect for your views in this matter, but I would never succeed at medicine. A man can no more choose his profession indifferently than he can choose his parentage. Every man has certain functions to perform in this world and he can succeed at nothing else. He may be regarded as a successful man by his fellows; he may amass a fortune and surround himself with every luxury, but if he has not that love for his work which convinces him that he alone can do it best, he is no more a successful man than the beggar in the streets. This is the work I came into the world to do and I must do it. The wealth of the world could not tempt me to give it up. My life would be a miserable failure in any calling except this." As he finished speaking, he passed out into the hall.

A look of despair settled on the old man's countenance and as he took his seat his head sank upon his chest. The dream of many years had been shattered in a moment. He had hoped to have his son near him in his declining years to comfort him, but now he feared that it would never be so. Walter had decided and he feared that he might not be able to win him over.

Summer was far advanced, and young Cyrus was eagerly anticipating the approach of September, when he would begin his work abroad. This morning he had risen early and gone for a walk out into the fields and when he returned, he found his father at his desk in his study. He turned his head as Walter entered, but said nothing. The look itself spoke volumes. The son saw discontent, disappointment and pent up rage lurking beneath those long dark lashes.

"Walter Cyrus, give up this Smith Scholarship, or you are no longer my son! Choose this day between us!" He arose, raised himself to his full height and with clutched fist and flashing eyes, exclaimed:

"Decide today! I shall give you till sunset to settle this matter!"

"Father, you do not understand," Walter interposed.

"Go! Leave me at once and do not approach me until you have decided."

Slowly Walter turned and walked from the room out on the lawn. Hour after hour he slowly paced up and down the well kept walks, reviewing in his mind the words of his father, trying to bring himself to a clear conception of the situation. "Choose this day between us," kept ringing in his ears, yet he could not decide to yield. But if he did not yield and should leave home, what would be the result? He thought his father had aged greatly for the past few months and the duties of his profession seemed to increase as he grew older. Then the demon rose in his breast questioning his father's right to force him to abandon the profession of his own choosing for one chosen for him. Flushing at the thought, he fairly hissed, "I will not yield," and going up to his room, began to pack his trunk. Just before noon it was finished and sent to the station. Going down to the library he found his father still there.

"Father, I cannot give up this scholarship. This is my calling and I must follow it, even if———."

"Enough; henceforth you shall be a stranger to my household! Go!" shouted the old man in a rage.

"Father, will you not———?"

"No! Begone! I never wish to see you alive again."

Walter turned and fairly fled from the house, almost insane with grief. He had hoped for something different, but it could not be different now; the die was cast. At the last turn of the road he stopped to look back at his old home that he was leaving forever, hoping to get at least a glimpse of his father, but he looked in vain. As he turned to go on to the village, everything seemed to take on an air of desolation; even the birds in the trees seemed to feel that something had gone amiss. The distant farm bells pealed out with the slow and even tenor of a death knell.

Passing through the village the youth stopped at the livery stable and ordered a saddle horse. He mounted and rode off, still sad and thoughtful. A rabbit tripped across the road and frightened the horse, causing him to break into a run. Walter made no effort to restrain him, but allowed the reins to fall loosely on the animal's neck. On sped horse and rider at a break-neck rate, and before the youth realized what had happened, he was midway the little stream which the road crossed about a mile from the station. The water was unusually high and the horse was obliged to swim. The animal was already nearly exhausted and the double weight of rider and the swift current soon began to tell on his strength. Already the current was bearing them slowly but surely down stream toward the deadly whirlpool a few hundred yards below. Horse and rider were straining every muscle to reach the opposite bank. The water circled and eddied round them, while the current drew them nearer and nearer the deadly pool. The roaring of the water could now be heard distinctly not a hundred yards away. In a frenzy of excitement Walter tried to free himself from the stirrups, but during the strug-

gle his feet had become entangled in the straps and they now held him fast. He was now on the very edge of the whirling circle which drew horse and rider into its radius, whirled them round its circumference, held them poised over its yawning mouth a moment—then hid them forever in its cold embrace.

Thus ended the conflict of professions which cost the physician the life of his son, later sank him into a premature grave, and consigned their once pleasant and congenial home to silence and desolation.

JOHN M'TYEIRE FLOWERS.

BY JULIAN BLANCHARD.

In the death of Mr. John M. Flowers last month Trinity College has lost another of her most talented and promising young alumni, the third in less than a year. He died January 2, in Shanghai, China, while in the employ of the American Tobacco Co., and the circumstances of his death in a land so far from home and family make it a peculiarly sad one.

Mr. Flowers was a son of Col. G. W. Flowers, and a brother of Prof. R. L. Flowers, of the Trinity College faculty, and was born in Taylorsville, N. C., December 26, 1879. It was at the age of nearly seventeen that he entered Trinity College and became a member of the class of 1900. He was then an active, energetic young fellow, full of ambition for the higher things of life, and equipped with a character that was able to stand. He had an exceptionally bright mind, with all his faculties well organized, and he was able to bring them into activity at all times. These powers of intellect quickly brought him to the head of his class, and by their harmonious development he easily excelled in all branches of his work. With the wide-spread popularity which he enjoyed were combined most remarkable powers of personal leadership which won for him the trust and esteem of his fellow-students and caused him to be placed in positions of honor and responsibility. His life and purposes were always clean and manly and no underhand methods or questionable motives were ever attributed to him in his relations with his fellows.

Besides his intellectual gifts Mr. Flowers also had fine abilities as a speaker, and as a member of the Hesperian Literary Society the work he did in this line was rewarded

with several medals. In the second of the series of Wake Forest–Trinity debates he was one of Trinity's representatives, and at his graduation he was one of the contestants for the Wiley Gray medal. His oration on this occasion was a masterly one and created a strong impression at the time. Immediately after his graduation he was offered a responsible position by the American Tobacco Co., which he accepted. After eighteen months' work at the company's plant in Durham, he was transferred to a branch of its business in New York. His exceptional abilities of leadership and business organization soon became recognized, and he was sent to Bristol, England, to organize the business of the Imperial Tobacco Co., of that city. He remained in England about two years and then returned to America. He next went to Dresden to look after the affairs of the company there, and was then sent to Shanghai, China, and placed at the head of the company's business in the Far East. It was while engaged in opening up new fields for the company in that quarter of the world that death cut short his remarkable career.

An unusual combination of powers was the foundation of Mr. Flowers' success. He was a man of rare judgment, quick discernment and upright living. The difference between right and wrong he could easily distinguish, and he would allow nothing to interfere with his choice of what he thought was justice, truth and right. He was a man of unselfishness, and his broad human sympathies invited the trust and confidence of his friends. He was an ideal student and devoted alumnus, and the love he had for his alma mater is well illustrated by his avowed purpose to share with her any riches he might enjoy. His future was exceptionally bright and his college looked upon him as a son full of promise. During the latter part of his college course he entertained some ideas of studying law, and his gifts as a speaker, with his keen intellect, would no doubt have made him eminently successful in

this profession. In the business in which he was engaged he had great opportunities for exercising his rare powers of organization and business management in a new and unopened field, and no one can say what possibilities lay before him. Having displayed such rare abilities and accomplished so much at the age of only twenty-five, Trinity was justified in regarding him as one of her most promising alumni. His death following so closely as it does those of two other of her most hopeful young graduates—Avery and Bivins—she feels even more keenly the loss of this brilliant young son.

THOUGHTS.

BY F. W. OBARR.

I'd liefer as a hermit live
And have a mind my own,
Than be a subject to all men
While dwelling on a throne.

I live to think—and think I must—
Though think I but one thought.
If that is pure and all my own,
A noble work I've wrought.

SOME EXPERIENCES IN NOVEL READING.

BY A. G. MOORE.

It was my original purpose to write a somewhat full account of my experience—or rather my enjoyment—in reading some novel. But I must confess that I do not feel inclined just now, were I qualified for the task, to enter upon so critical a study of any novel as that would require. I should enjoy very much, however, a simple chat with you about some of my experiences in reading in general, perhaps mentioning specially several of the books which produced the deepest impressions upon me and whose memories linger longest. So I shall take you into my confidence and talk to you directly, telling you some of my little preferences, some of the things I treasure—and some of the things I dislike, too, if I choose.

My earliest experiences in reading were when I was quite young, and I did not do the reading myself, either, but my father read aloud in the long winter evenings to the members of the home. Perhaps I did not understand a great deal of what was read. No doubt I could appreciate only the simple thread of the story. Very likely, too, I formed queer and distorted ideas of what the allusions to classic literature meant, if I noticed them at all; probably I could not enjoy the full beauty of a fine passage of description, or exalted sentiment, or lofty thought; certainly I did not realize the full significance or beauty, or the artistic value, of the work as a whole. But who shall undertake to say just how much I got from that reading, or what was its influence upon my boyish thinking, or its effect in the growth and development of my character?

And then, too, books are not written—and certainly not read—simply to instruct or to elevate, and do you think my enjoyment of the story was less because I did not know about the times or the locality in which the scene was laid,

or understand the allusions, as well as my parents did? It would be less now, but then I was a child, with all a child's eager interest in the story. What did it matter to me whether Becky Sharp represented a type of character which really existed, or what that type was, or the age to which it belonged? I knew she was not a good woman, and though I was quite young when my father read us the story, I was still much disgusted with her at times. I did miss a point of interest in not understanding more fully what she stood for in society, so I would know why the author made her just what she was, but I was all the more anxious for her to improve. My grief, also, and my sympathy with Amelia, were the more genuine, when the account of the battle was ended with that simple but expressive sentence: "And Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart." I thought Mr. Thackeray hadn't made his story turn out very well, but the characters were more real and lifelike for my want of fuller understanding.

But the majority of the reading done at this time—with my father as reader—was of a vein better suited to my tender years. My father's great favorite was Scott, and we read aloud several of his novels and nearly all his poetry. I always thought my father a good reader, and I have never heard one who read better the Scottish dialect. Perhaps some of this is due to the distant strain of Scotch blood in our veins; perhaps some of it is due to my imagination—to the fact that he is my father, or to the charm which the whole experience held for my childish mind. At any rate, I know that he read so as to bring out the richness and beauty of the language as I have heard few people do it. How much I owe to my father and his taste, for the selection of my early reading! How much of my later interest in reading and my love for good books may not be due to that early training? I read of other people—great literary characters, and great men of

action too, (we don't read much about other than great men, others do not interest us)—I read of other people and the influence of early reading upon their literary taste, their later development, their general culture, and I am thankful that I too had a father who, though not by any special intention on his part, perhaps, yet, in reading that which satisfied his tastes—that which pleased him,—early led my feeble steps into the rich pastures where the lovers, the makers of literature are wont to stray for pastime. If I should ever do anything to secure for myself even so small a place among that company, how much of it might not be due to this early friendship with good books? Yet, if I do not,—and I will not be the first man whose parents led him into the culture land who could not add to its attractions, but only enjoy the productions of other hands, —I will still owe to him the enjoyment of many pleasant hours, and feel grateful for the gift.

In these works of Scott I took immense delight. I remember distinctly the great eagerness with which I listened to the reading of them, and especially the impressions made upon me by some of the scenes. I shall never forget the thrill which passed through me, in listening to Rob Roy, when Die Vernon leaned from her horse to speak to Frank Osbaldiston, and on parting allowed her cheek to touch his! How real to me was Wamba, in Ivanhoe, and his companion, Gurth, the swineherd! I can almost hear again their learned discussion on Norman and Saxon names. And how vivid, too, is the scene which follows, when the Templar and the Prior meet them at the crossroads and ask to be conducted to the home of Cedric, the Saxon; and presently they find the returning pilgrim who had wearily sunk to sleep beneath the wooden cross at the roadside and he conducts them to the home of his father. I also remember the famous description—not famous to me, for it interrupted the story when I was deeply interested in its progress—of the castle of the dull

Saxon heir to the throne, and the preparations for his funeral, which did not occur because he forestalled them and literally came walking out in his graveclothes to do the most sensible thing of his career,—to give up Rowena to Ivanoe. And then the great tournament scene, with the wonderful skill of the black knight! What a hero he was to my childish mind! And he is still a hero, and I never tire reading of him. How great, how unselfish,—truly a kingly figure! He does his work quietly, unpretentiously, and then disappears at the right moment, leaving the honors to Ivanhoe. And Ivanhoe is crowned by the Queen of Love, Rowena—his love.

But you know the story as well as I,—how he sank under his wound and his identity was discovered when the helmet was raised. And how he flung down his gauntlet to the Templar, or picked up the Templar's gauntlet, I forget which, and fought in defense of Rebecca, the gentle, lovely Jewess, who had nursed him to life after his wound, and who is now without one to defend her. And ah, that last farewell scene! How my heart bled for the fair Rebecca! How noble she is! How well she hides her secret! She has come to say farewell to Rowena and to give the happy girl her blessing. Only a word she sends to Ivanhoe, and that a simple wish for his happiness,—to Ivanhoe, Rowena's bethrothed, *her* beloved also. And then she goes away to the people of her father to nurse the sick in their land, and to hide her broken heart! O, Scott, thou wert unkind to the fair Rebecca to make her lot so miserable, and she so good and pure and beautiful! But was thine alone the fault? Oh, dark and cruel age, rather, that tortured and plundered an innocent race on account of their religion and their wealth, and made a people to suffer with unspeakable bitterness; that crushed and trampled the fair, tender maidens such as Rebecca, that were often so stronger and better than thine own!

But not all my reading was done for me by my father,

nor was it all done simply for the amusement of getting the story. There came a time when I took my turn at reading aloud and when I did reading independently also. I remember one summer after I was about grown we began to read Daniel Deronda aloud. It so happened that I could not be present at one or two readings and got behind. I was unwilling to go on without catching up the thread of the story, so I waited till they finished the book and then read it for myself. My father has for several years been engaged as a truck farmer, his principal crop being strawberries. Each fall he has to provide pine straw with which to cover the plants when they begin to bloom in the early spring before frosts are over. This straw he used to get from certain "old pine fields" three or four miles from home. He did the hauling himself, making two or three loads a day, while a colored man and I raked the straw. We went up with the wagon each morning,—the first time all of us raking till we got a load, and then the colored man and I getting the next one ready by the time my father returned. Each afternoon when my father left for the last time we tried to get a load ready for the next morning so that the wagon had to lose no time. Thus the negro and I spent the day in the woods, my father bringing our dinners to us after the first or second load.

I very often took books along to read during my dinner hours, and this fall I took Daniel Deronda. I think it lasted me nearly the whole season of straw raking, and I do not believe I ever enjoyed reading a book more than this one. I have read more exciting books, books in which the interest was more sustained, books in which the story was much less interrupted. But my manner of reading this book was admirably suited to the character of the book itself, and I found genuine pleasure in it, as I read it during these dinner hours; or, sometimes, when the straw was good so we could get the load ready before the wagon returned, I would stop awhile to read while the

colored man raked on. I remember especially a large fallen tree in one field and a slightly leaning one in another, into which I used to climb to read.

As far as the story is concerned, one might be tempted to become somewhat impatient with Gwendolen Harleth at times; sometimes the story progressed but slowly, but on every other page almost,—nay, was it not on every page?—would be some thought of the author thrown in,—whole paragraphs sometimes, sometimes a whole page,—a kind of commentary on the characters of the novel,—a whole book of psychology, with the living examples set before you to be dissected and studied as on an experimenting table or under a magnifying glass. You do not like your characters so treated, you say. Let the author depict them as they are—that is his business—and leave you to interpret them. He should not interrupt the story with his comments. You do not want his interpretation. Quite right, you are, in the main. You don't want the interpretations and comments of many writers, and not of any author on all his works. You would like immensely to hear Shakspere comment on Hamlet, though, or King Lear. And coming just when it did, at that stage of mental development, and reading it as I did,—I cannot say too much of my appreciation of Daniel Deronda. There are some books you want to read straight through, in some half holiday, as Thackeray says. There are others you want to take piecemeal—to read a bit as it suits you and think over it. And it is well to take plenty of time to think over some books. They are worth it, they repay your efforts.

And so I read Daniel Deronda. And what did I get out of it? I shall not even mention the story, or the style. In fact the story did not seem to be the important part of it, though I remember it, perhaps, as I remember few stories I have read. I learned from it the secret of human sympathy. Incidentally I learned to hold the Jew in greater respect. But the great truth the book teaches is that sympathy is the great thing—or the greatest thing?—

in the world. Drummond says love is the greatest thing in the world. Either way you please, I take it. For what is sympathy if not love? It is the same, and it is the great force in the world. If you have not read Daniel Deronda, go and do so at once,—but do not read it simply for the story. Read it for the paragraphs thrown in, for the interruptions, if you please.

And so I began to read, and these are some of the things which made the deepest impressions upon me when I read them. There are others, too, many other interesting experiences in my reading, but these will suffice, I think. For these show how I learned to love good books. I should like to mention some of Dickens' works which I read several years ago, especially David Copperfield and Nicholas Nicholby, but I think I need not.

This much for what was in the books; now a word about the make-up of books,—and some of the books I did not read. I once got hold of a copy of Oliver Twist, a cheap edition with ugly black pictures. I could not read the book till I got a better,—a brighter, more cheerful looking, —copy. I tried to read Little Dorritt, once, I remember, but could not. I do not blame the story; the volume was given to me, I think,—bad print, on poor paper and cheaply and poorly bound—one of those dark, gloomy books which repel one. How can a child read such a book? Do not ever give a child a cheap book. I think I shall never do so. I do not think I shall ever buy a poorly printed or shabbily bound book again, if I can help it. I would rather never read some books than endure the sense of lack of harmony which comes to one in reading a good book in shabby binding. I had to wade through Romola by sheer force of will, not because I did not enjoy the story, but because the make-up of the volume was cheap and poor. It is like seeing a beautiful woman, with refined face and cultured intellect, dressed in rags and standing on the street corner.

FROM OUT THE SHADOW.

BY S. B. UNDERWOOD.

The Boy was different from all the other village folk. There was a wide and impassable gulf between him and them, a gulf which shut him forever from the life he might have lived. None knew this better than he himself. He had known in a vague way since early childhood that there was some terrible thing which doomed him to perpetual isolation. He realized it when the children playing in the streets grew suddenly silent at his approach and refused to continue their games until he passed. The first time this awakened in him a sort of curious wonder; the next time he was spurned so plainly he began to think in his childish way; the third time he walked away in silence, his head held erect in childish pride, but his lips quivering with mingled pain and indignation. From that time he played his own games in the yard around his mother's cottage, and sought no more to intrude upon the other children, who had shown so plainly that they did not want him.

He and his mother lived on the outskirts of the little village in a neat white cottage overgrown with vines and surrounded by a clean yard filled with flowers and shrubbery. There was not a more attractive house in the whole neighborhood and there was not one which was more universally shunned. There he and his mother lived together with one faithful servant, an old negro who had known the Woman from childhood; there they lived comfortably so far as necessaries and even luxuries were concerned. But they lived their life alone. None of the neighbors ever came near; they seemed to have a holy horror of the place.

The Boy had not in all his life seen a man in the house; at first this caused him no thought, but soon he noticed that the village children had a man in the home as well as a woman, and that they called this man father. This was

a word which he had never heard before, one whose meaning he did not know. It grew upon him in a slow process of childish reasoning that this was the trouble, that something was lacking in his family life, something for which he was not responsible, certainly, but which, nevertheless, kept him from the heritage that was his own by right. He plied his mother with questions, but she only kissed him and burst into tears. Often he saw her looking at a picture which she kissed and put carefully away. One day he looked at it. It was that of a man. And even his childish eye could see a resemblance between it and himself. He wondered still more.

The people of the village said ugly things and pointed their fingers at his mother as she went down the street, in a way that sent the flush of anger to his cheek. She only went to the village once a month. On the first day of every month there came a letter containing money. That was her only communication with the outside world. People said bad things about that money, where it came from and what it was for, things that reached the Boy's ears and brought that same angry flush to his cheek.

As time went on he learned more and more, and his face took on a deep-seated look of sorrow. He heard himself called a name, a horrid name that burned relentlessly into his very soul and tortured his sensitive nature almost beyond endurance. It could not be shaken off; it would cling to him through life, he thought, and his whole soul rose in revolt at the deep injustice of it all.

From day to day the Boy and the Woman lived their life of isolation and shame. The Woman cried every day and the Boy swore a full great oath to punish somebody when he should become a man. He clinched his little fists in defiance of the whole world and vowed to make himself and mother respected.

Time went on and the Boy became older. Then there came a letter with a sum of money princely in its size.

The unseen Actor in the tragedy was wealthy. With his wife he lived in a far off town. *She* never dreamed of this other life of his. This letter said "Send the Boy to college. Let him make a man of himself."

The Boy was wise in the ways of the world now, and he went to a far off Western college, where no one could know anything of his history. Then his new life began. College was a strange world and he began to make use of it. He drank deeply of the cup of knowledge and in four years he was a man of great intellect, the brightest graduate of the old college. No one knew his secret and all united in doing him honor. His college days were very sweet to him and he came near forgetting his great cloud.

After graduating he went to a famous law school. At the expiration of his course he was one of the most promising young lawyers in the country. In all these years the forces that build character had been at work and the young man had developed into the fullest type of nobleness. He was every inch a gentleman, one whom the world which knew nothing of his past would delight to honor. With all his past he was still a gentleman, but they only honored him because they did not know.

His mother was full of fond joy when her son, her noble, gallant son, came back to her. A proud glance from her eyes followed him about the house and her hungry heart, so torn and bruised, came to worship him.

The young man took his mother and went to a distant town in another State to practice his profession. In his heart there was a deep determination that her latter years should be full of peace. He thought only of his mother and her happiness. His manly heart worshipped her with a love even stronger than that of his boyhood.

The brilliancy and power of the young lawyer brought him success beyond his wildest dreams and built for him a reputation that went beyond the limits of the State. All men honored him, knowing nothing of the cloud, and all

was peace. The bloom came into the mother's cheek and she was happy once again.

Long since the unseen Actor had received a short, curt note, instructing him to send no more money, and telling him that every cent spent by him for the two would be repaid. The few lines tingled with a contempt that could not but be felt and which afforded the writer an immense amount of satisfaction, for he was human and could hate as well as love.

Then came the woman. She always has a part in man's happiness or his sorrow. This time there were two of them, sisters; one the lawyer's age, and one a mere child of eighteen. He became acquainted with their father in business life, was invited to his home, met the two daughters, and was from time to time a constant visitor.

He began to love, of course. Throw a whole-hearted, healthy youth constantly in the company of beautiful, cultured young womanhood, and nothing else can result. The trouble with this particular young man was that he could not, for the life of him, tell which of his charmers had the firmest hold on his heart. He loved them both, it seemed to him, which was a very inconvenient situation, to say the least of it.

In the process of time there came a well-defined resolve to ask the hand of one in marriage. But which? There was the difficulty. Either would make an excellent wife; both seemed equally dear. He had the old, old problem to face.

"Eyes of black and eyes of blue,
I cannot choose between the two."

The situation began to be painful. He cursed himself every day for being an idiot who did not know his own mind; he became sorely perplexed, he lost his appetite and his mother grew alarmed for his health and tried in vain to find out his trouble.

Finally the tortured man left his work and went off for

a week's fishing trip determined to have it out with himself. Day after day, out in the wild solitude, he pondered and examined his heart. Finally, there came a feeling unmistakable, he thought that he was wrong, love was only for one and that one was the elder sister. At the end of the week he turned his steps homeward, perfectly happy, determined to ask his love to marry him. Life seemed all abloom again.

On entering the house his new-found peace was dispelled at one cruel blow. His mother was pacing the floor with glistening eyes and hands beating the air—stark mad. She sprang like a deer from his touch and uttered a hollow laugh that chilled his blood.

The sad tale was soon found out. Some fool from the old place where they had lived happened to be in the town for a few hours, and seeing the Woman on the street, told the sad story of her life—told it with those sneers that have so often destroyed peace that has been years in coming to tortured hearts. By a few minutes foolish talk, he wrecked this life that was beginning after years of suffering to find happiness again. In three days, the poor Woman died, killed by a dread of the repetition of the bitter remarks and sneering glances which had made her former life unbearable. One act of the tragedy came thus to a close. The stricken son buried his mother and sorrow laid its pall thick and dark upon him.

The spectre of the past which thus appeared made a vast difference in the relations of his townsmen to the unfortunate young man. When the deadly truth came out, his so-called friends dropped away from him one by one, and deserted him in his trouble, brought about by something for which he was in no way responsible.

He met the one whom he thought he loved on the street a few days afterwards, and she passed him by with hardly a sign of recognition. "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity!" The next day he met the younger sister and

would have turned his head away in order to avoid a second rebuff. But she stopped him, and put out her hand impulsively. "I'm so sorry!" she said simply. He looked down into her face and read the deep truth in her soft, blue eyes, and in his own heart he realized that he had found his love at last. And peace welled up again.

* * * * * * * * *

They were married the following June and life began—the more abundant life.

THE MISER AND THE FARMER.

BY N. S. OGBURN, JR.

A miser sat in his lonely room,
His yellow gold lay near.
"Alas," said he, "Let Him cursed be
That sends this rain over land and sea,
That brings me no good cheer.

"My work must stop for this wicked rain,
My treasure must grow less;
My tools for want of employ may rust;
I'm filled today with a mad disgust,
With fierce and wild unrest."

A farmer sat in his cabin door,
His empty purse lay near.
"Great thanks," breathed he, as he blessed
the Hand,
That sent the rain over sea and land,
That brought him such good cheer.

Too wet to plow! but what mattered that.
False gold! 't were sordid dust.
He'd grind his tools in a cheerful way,
And fill his cup to a brighter day,
And eat his parceled crust.

JULIAN BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
ANGIER B. DUKE, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

An event of much interest and importance last month was the closing of the administration of Governor Charles B. Aycock and the inauguration of Hon. R. B. Glenn as his successor. During the exciting campaign in which Governor Aycock was elected many strong promises of educational reform were made by him, and during his term of office these promises were so faithfully carried out that he earned for himself the title of "educational governor of North Carolina." The progress made in education during these four years has been gratifying indeed and his work has not only met with the approval of the people of this State but has even excited the interest and admiration of sister States. It is true that a small class has disapproved of the Governor's spending two-thirds of his time in the interest of this work, but the great majority of our people have been awakened to a fuller realization of their duty and are well pleased with his policy. They seem to be willing for the work to go on and it rests very largely with the new governor as to what shall be done with this movement. He has promised to do even more than his predecessor for the cause of education and it is with anxious interest that we await the developments of his policy.

In the meantime there has opened up for college graduates a field of work that is full of opportunities for the most devoted and patriotic service to their State. Not in years have there been such conditions so loudly calling for men to be leaders in an awakening that means so much to our State. As much as has been done for education during these few years it is only a beginning; but a real start has been made and rapid strides are being

taken that should never be allowed to cease. Governor Aycock has been arousing the people to a sense of their duty, and the good results that have been achieved so far must not be lost by any relaxation in the work. The impetus that has been gained should be taken advantage of and the work pushed forward with all the more energy. The people must be made to see that what has been done is nothing more than a beginning, and they must not be allowed to remain satisfied with things as they are. They must realize that we are far behind other States in education and that for many years to come we must keep on working just as hard as we have been doing, with open eyes and open minds, eager to profit from the example of others, and anxious to receive ideas from any source that may be able to help us. First, last and all the time, they must be taught to want education, for it is only by such a desire for it that North Carolina can hope to rise very high in the educational column.

And for this field that has in it such hopeful possibilities workers that are earnest and energetic are needed. Leaders of education must be had, not only to teach the children, but the parents also, and our college graduates should heed the call if they would do something to really serve their State. This must necessarily be an unselfish and a patriotic labor, requiring self-sacrificing and courageous workers who will count not the cost in such a glorious task. The opportunities of development that lie so abundantly before us in the South today—not only in education but in our great natural resources—should make us feel glad that we are living in the sight of such magnificent possibilities, and the prospects of such a service that we may render our own people should itself be sufficient reward for any sacrifices that we may make. Certainly there is a rich and fruitful harvest before us and we should be glad to be the laborers that are so badly needed.

When this number of THE ARCHIVE appears our baseball and track teams will have begun their practice for the coming season. These are the only two forms of inter-collegiate athletics that Trinity takes part in, and we should make a success of both of them. To do this requires the hearty and loyal support of

the entire student body; and in behalf of the management of the two teams we wish to say that never before has that support been more necessary.

Five members of last year's baseball team have left us; and Coach Stocksdale and Captain Bradsher will be largely dependant on new material for success. It is no easy matter to put out a winning team under such conditions, especially if there are only a few new men trying to make the team. It means work, hard work, for coach and players; and co-operation of the student body is absolutely essential to success. And of course it does not matter how good our coach may be, or how hard he may work, if he has no material to train, he cannot have success. Heretofore we have been too dependant on the ability of a few "star" players, particularly our pitcher. But this year we must have more than the pitcher to depend on, for he cannot do all the work. The schedule of games is a hard one, and the team will require at least two, if not three, good pitchers. With only four of last year's regular players back it is going to be a hard matter to put out a winning team, but it can be done if all the men who play ball will come out on the field and work hard under the coach's direction. The students should also show their interest and support by attending practice, and by better organized cheering at the games. Last season showed a marked improvement over former years in this respect, but it should be still better this spring. We need more spirit and we must have it. D.

We do not all get as much out of college life as we might. We neglect too many opportunities that come in our way. For example, the last faculty lecture was not as well attended as it should have been, and consequently a good many students missed something that was really valuable and which was carefully prepared for their own particular benefit. We ought to realize that though the study of books is the main thing for us now, still it is by no means all we should do. There are things to be learned and profit to be gotten in many other ways, and every possible opportunity should be taken advantage of. Not only lectures and books, but every phase of college life possible, should receive its share of our time; it is only by this means that all our powers

may be more harmoniously developed. A too close confinement to our rooms and the study of books alone tend too much toward narrow-mindedness, imperfect conceptions and dwarfed sympathies. So let us keep our minds more alert for all opportunities that may go to make us men of all-roundedness and completeness, and bring us into a fuller and more satisfactory living.

But our books must not be forgotten.

As our subscribers have noticed, no issue of THE ARCHIVE appeared in January. On account of the holidays coming at the time when material should have been sent to the printer and proof reading done, and also because of approaching examinations, it was thought best by the editors to omit the January number and get out one in June instead. So hereafter THE ARCHIVE will appear as nearly as possible on the first day of the month, and therefore all matter for publication should be in not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding. We trust that this explanation of our apparent negligence will be satisfactory to our readers.

MISS ALICE CHARLES CRAFT, - - - - - - MANAGER.

Few recent books have produced a more immediate sensation or more quickly attracted national attention than Robert Hunter's book on "Poverty." It has been criticised both favorably and unfavorably, reviews of it appearing in all the leading magazines. Most of the critics however agree that Mr. Hunter has the subject pretty well in hand, advances good ideas of reform, and that the book is good authority on the subject of which it treats. Such a work is, I think, especially commendable to the South which is so prone to be content with the flourishing condition of a few, and to leave the work of reform to others.

Robert Herrick is gaining reputation as a good novelist by his very popular book, "The Common Lot." The *Outlook* appreciates its merit and says that "it deserves the widest reading, not only as a piece of admirable writing, but as a powerful presentation of the contemporary American tragedy."

One of the most interesting novels I have read recently is "The Belle of Bowling Green," by Amelia E. Barr. It is quite up to the standard of the author's other works. The story is historical and the scene is laid in early New York. The style is thoroughly attractive and the local color adds charms to the book.

The "Love of Azalea," by Onoto Watanna is decidedly the most charming story I have read from this already well-known authoress. It is a strange story telling of the love affairs of an American missionary and a Japanese girl. They marry, and are by a peculiar accident separated, but of course the story ends with their reunion. The style of writing is pleasing and artistic skill is shown throughout the book.

To me Jacob Riis is one of the most interesting of modern writers. His life which is well-known adds a great deal to the

influence of his books. He has for years unselfishly devoted his time in caring for the poor classes in New York, and made a most vigorous fight in behalf of free schools and parks, and decent and healthful tenements. Mr. Riis, beside being a philanthropist and reformer, has already proved himself to be a story teller above the average. His latest work, "Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen," is being given a flattering reception. A more fit man to write the life of our president could not be found, since the two men have been on intimate terms for years.

"The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, has produced a remarkable sensation, and is considered to be among the greatest successes of the year. It is the story of two men who, though of no relation, are almost identically alike in appearance. The one is a married man, the other a bachelor. Some unfortunate incidents cause a comedy of errors to ensue and it is only with difficulty that the mystery is fathomed. Mrs. Thurston's ability as a novelist was recognized several years ago when she wrote "The Circle," which is still popular.

Among American poets Henry Van Dyke now stands preeminent. His collection of verses entitled "Music and Other Poems" is still in demand and is highly praised. Van Dyke deals with life in its many phases, and although his poems present chiefly scenes of the simplest life, he puts great power and enthusiasm into them. His power of observation and expression is most clearly shown in the poem on "Music." How like a little child it makes one feel to read his verses on childhood and play! And then comes the jolly hunter's song, "Rally, rally, you hunters, Rally and ride." One is carried away with the very cadence in "The Symphony," which ends with a beautiful description of love:

"Love fain would tell it all,
Yet leaves the most untold."

To me "The God of the Open Air" appeals most strongly. Read these inspiring lines:

"Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
And set thy altars everywhere is surely the God to
Lead me out of this narrow life
To the peace of the hills and skies
And to teach me how to confide and live my
life and rest."

The attention of the literary world is called to the tercentenary of Cervantes' "Don Quixote." The celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of a book is indeed remarkable. "Don Quixote" will no doubt remain the chief literary monument of the Spanish people.

"The Negro: the Southerner's Problem," by Thomas Nelson Page, is the latest work dealing with the great question the Southerner has constantly to face. Critics say that Mr. Page's views on the present relation of the two races are exceedingly sane.

James Whitcomb Riley's little poem entitled "A Defective Santa Claus" was among the best selling holiday books. It is a bright little Christmas poem and is most appropriately illustrated.

Mr. Thomas Dixon's new novel, "The Clansman," is soon to be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. We hope that it may meet with more favorable criticism than his other productions.

"The Law of the Land," by Emerson Hough, "Black Friday," by Frederic Islam, "Zelda Damerson," by Meredith Nicholson, and "The Man on the Box," by Harold MacGrath are being advertised as masterpieces of fiction. Whether they deserve to be called masterpieces will only be shown when they have stood the test of time and criticism.

The best sellers last month were, "The Masquerader," Thurston; "Beverly of Graustark," McCutcheon; "The Sea Wolf," London; "The Prodigal Son," Cain, and "The Undercurrent," Grant.

N. S. OGBURN, JR., - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Quite a number of our exchanges issued special Christmas numbers at the close of last year, and it is of these that we wish to speak this time. Taking these together, we judge that they are the best six magazines that we received in December.

The *Emory Phœnix*, as its name signifies it may do, changes its cover for almost every issue. This may be a good plan; but if it is simply trying to discover the most suitable cover, we would say that the last one is the best we have seen it use. The prize stories contained in its last issue are very readable. The descriptive powers of the writer of the first prize story are well displayed, and the reader's interest is well sustained to the end. We should be glad to see more than two short poems in the next issue of the *Phœnix*. A very commendable method employed by the *Phœnix* is that of placing trite sayings and clippings from other magazines between advertisements.

The full-page picture of the "Poster Girl" in the *Southwestern University Magazine* makes a fine introduction to the articles that follow. The best poem in its pages is "Wordsworth—A Sonnet." It has what most of the others lack—rhythm, thought, and good arrangement. We are glad to see an improvement along this line—at least in the number of poems. "The Heart of the Republic," another name for the South, is too self-commendatory, and is, therefore, not the kind of criticism the South needs. We should recognize and try to get rid of our faults more and not have so much to say of our virtues. "An Elopement" is not interesting, as it is without plot; but "A Deer Hunt" is real good, in fact the best piece of fiction in the magazine. "Character and Policy of Thomas Jefferson" has twenty-one paragraphs in three pages. The writer thereof must have prolific paragraphic propensities.

Some of our exchanges pay much attention to the athletic side of college life. The *Gray Jacket* is one of them, having an athletic department, and giving a full-page picture of its football squad. To be sure a college magazine that has something of every department of college life in it is broadest and most representative. The poems in the *Gray Jacket* are good, "The Tramp" and "A Notion of Mine" being best, and teaching very admirably the brotherhood of man. "Tourist Letters," written from Europe to the *Gray Jacket*, will be interesting, to say the least of them. In his first letter the writer tells of his visit to Burns's home. "Was It a Dream?" is a very imaginative and interesting piece of fiction. The writer of "College Spirit" has a level head and sane judgment.

The *Red and White* for December has a very attractive cover and is full of good material. The writer of the poem "Christmas" seems to have that tired feeling that would make him rest always if he could. "The Jollyluia Club" is well written verse in negro dialect. "His Inspiration" is the best piece of fiction we read in this issue. But the article that caps the climax is the one on "Little Men." The writer says that the "cause for civilized people being so stunted" is found in the wearing of the "hell-born, devil-nurtured girth" with "steel ribs." We are somewhat inclined to agree with him. We shed crocodile tears over heathen women who bind their feet. Who has shed any over American women?

We had hoped to review all the Christmas numbers, but find now that time and space are lacking. We must say that we unintentionally left the best two for the last, *University of Virginia Magazine* and *William Jewel Student.*

CLIPPINGS.

We Thank God
For life
For love
For Heaven above,
For sunshine and for shadow;
For day,
For night,
For the cause that's right,
For all that makes life gladder.

—*Emory Phœnix.*

No trumpet blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;
But o'er the peaceful plain
The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain.
—*The Idealist.*

Little grains of powder,
Little gobs of paint,
Make a girl's complexion
Look like what it ain't.
—*The Lenoirian.*

The dumpy girl is not the sort
Who most bewitchingly enthrall,
But 'tis better to have loved a short,
Than never to have loved a tall.
—*Vox Wesleyana.*

If there should come another flood,
Straight to this book I'd fly,
For if all the world were water-filled,
This book would still be dry.
(Written in a Latin book).—*State Normal Magazine.*

Y. M. C. A. Department

C. T. HANCOCK, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

At the beginning of a new year there lie before us many tasks that will try our resolution and put to the test the strength of our Y. M. C. A. work. We trust that it will not be found wanting, and that the end of the year will find us still stronger in the Christian life than we were at its beginning. We are all too often prone to neglect the proper cultivation of our spiritual selves, and such a failure will make our worth to the world very small. Let us therefore take every opportunity during the coming year to improve our better nature and make our lives count for all we can among our fellows.

The meeting of the Association on December 7 was conducted by Mr. L. P. Howard. He had a timely subject and what he said was to the point. He spoke of the evils peculiar to college men, laying special stress on the fact that no man can do his best in life and be immoral in his conduct. Through the inner man must all the works of his hands pass, and if he be impure what he does will be worthless to himself and his fellowman.

On December 14 Mr. N. S. Ogburn, the president of the Association, led the meeting, which was rather of a business nature. Several topics peculiar to Y. M. C. A. work were discussed. The work of the past year was reviewed and suggestions for the improvement of the spring term's work were offered.

The last meeting of the Y. M. C. A. before the holidays was conducted by Dr. Kilgo on December 21. He gave an interesting talk on the temptations that befall college students during the

Christmas holidays. Every student was exhorted to keep that which was committed to his keeping with great care.

The first regular meeting of the Association at the opening of the new year was conducted by Rev. T. A. Smoot, of Main Street Church, January 4. He chose Hebrews 4: 12-13, from which he gave a talk showing the importance of Bible study. His remarks were the product of an experience worked out in his own life, not the utterance of effete maxims that are heard on every side.

On January 11 services were conducted by Mr. Hinson, his subject being "Temptation and Its Remedy." Some good suggestions were offered, after which the meeting was thrown open that anyone so disposed might speak on any phase of the Christian life. Several responded, giving some idea of how far the influence of the Association had affected their lives during the past year.

We are trying this year to raise $75 for missions. Most of this will go to aid Mr. Kugimiya, our Japanese graduate of 1903 who is now preaching in his own country, in his effort to reach a larger number of his countrymen through pamphlets. On Thanksgiving about $10 was raised and sent to him. Just before Christmas a subscription was taken amounting to $14.25. Besides this there are a number of students paying monthly subscriptions of ten cents. There are enough of these to amount to about $18. This makes something over $40 in view, which is little over half the amount. There is about $35 yet to raise. We are sure many people are interested in this cause who have not had an opportunity to contribute to it. We will therefore welcome contibutions from all who feel interested in this work, and those who have already subscribed we trust will pay their contributions promptly, as we are very anxious that this amount shall be raised in full.

Sunday, February 12, has been set as the Day of Universal Prayer for Students, and the Y. M. C. A. hopes to have some special exercises arranged in observance of the day.

At Home and Abroad

J. A. LONG, JR., - - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. C. H. Martin, who dropped out of school last fall on account of ill health, has returned to continue his work.

President Kilgo preached a special sermon to the college community in the Memorial Hall, Sunday, January 15.

The friends of Mr. R. C. Kelly are glad to see him back again after an absence of a year. He was compelled to leave school to have an operation performed, but is now able to resume his work with the Junior Class.

On March 28, 29 and 30 Bishop Charles B. Galloway, of Jackson, Miss., will deliver a series of lectures here under the auspices of the Avera School of Biblical Literature. This school was established in honor of the late Mr. W. H. Avera, by his wife, and the lectures are given every other year.

In the preliminary to select the speakers for the Randolph-Macon-Trinity debate, to be held in Ashland, Va., February 22, Mr. B. S. Womble, Hesperian, and Mr. C. J. Harrell, Columbian, were the successful contestants, with Mr. E. O. Cole as alternate. Mr. Womble spent part of the Christmas vacation in Washington, D. C., looking for material on the question for debate in the congressional library.

On January 5 college exercises were suspended on account of the death of Mr. John M. Flowers, '00, which occurred in Shanghai, China, January 2. Mr. Flowers was a student at Trinity for four years, and during that time he won the respect and esteem of all who knew him. At the time of his death he was at the head of the American Tobacco Company's interests in the Far East.

The Historical Society held its third meeting of the year in the Y. M. C. A. hall, Friday evening, January 13. Papers were read by Mr. E. R. Franklin and Miss Daisy Freeland, and announcement made of a number of historical relics presented to the Society since the last meeting. A particularly interesting collection of old Confederate bills was donated by Mr. H. E. Spence.

The program for the next commencement has been arranged. President J. C. Kilgo, of Trinity College, will deliver the baccalaureate address. The sermon to the Senior Class will be preached by Rev. Richard Wilkinson, pastor of Rayne Memorial M. E. Church, South, New Orleans, La. The literary address will be delivered by Mr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, New York, and Rev. G. T. Rowe, of Concord, N. C., will deliver the annual alumni address.

The annual inter-society debate was held in the Memorial Hall December 17. The query was: "Resolved, That the franchise laws of the Southern States should not by their terms or method of execution provide means for discrimination between the races; but that they should exclude from the right of suffrage all persons of both races who cannot read and write." The Columbians had the affirmative and were represented by Messrs. J. A. Morgan and S. B. Underwood. The Hesperian speakers were Messrs. W. G. Jerome and C. R. Warren. The decision was given to the negative. After the debate the Hesperian Society gave a smoker in its hall in honor of its representatives.

Arrangements are being made to publish a memorial volume of Erwin Avery's writings. The board of editors for the work consists of Messrs. J. P. Caldwell, editor of the *Charlotte Observer;* J. W. Bailey, editor of the *Biblical Recorder;* Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the State University, and Dr. Edwin Mims and Prof. Plato T. Durham, of Trinity College. The business management will be in the hands of a committee of Charlotte business men, with Mr. George Stephens, president of the Southern States Trust Co., as chairman. The proceeds arising from the sale of this volume will be used to establish a scholarship at Trinity, where Mr. Avery was once a student.

Just before Christmas the Glee Club took its second trip of the season, on which it met with much pleasure and success. The first recital was given on Monday evening, December 19, at

Oxford, under the auspices of the Granville Gray Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Tuesday evening, December 20, the Club came before the footlights at Henderson for the second time, it having made its first appearance there last spring. On Wednesday night it was greeted by the students of Littleton Female College, and the members of the Club were especially pleased with their reception there. Warrenton was the last place visited, where an entertainment was given in the auditorium of the Warrenton High School. On the whole this tour was one of the most successful the Club has taken, and in every respect a jolly good time was enjoyed by its members. Appreciative audiences greeted it and from reports from various sources the Club as usual did itself honor.

The students of Trinity and the people of Durham will have an opportunity of witnessing some fine baseball games this season. A long list of games has been arranged by Manager Duke, and the schedule is given below:

Friday, March 17—Trinity Park School at Durham.
Tuesday, March 21—Bingham at Durham.
Saturday, March 25—Guilford at Durham.
Wednesday, March 29—Lafayette at Durham.
Thursday, March 30—Lafayette at Durham.
Saturday, April 1—Wake Forest at Durham.
Tuesday, April 4—Washington and Lee at Durham.
Friday, April 7—Mercer at Macon, Ga.
Saturday, April 8—Mercer at Macon, Ga.
Monday, April 10—Georgia Techs. at Atlanta, Ga.
Tuesday, April 11—Alabama at Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Wednesday, April 12—South Carolina College at Columbia, S.C.
Thursday, April 13—Furman at Greenville, S. C.
Monday, April 17—Syracuse at Durham.
Tuesday, April 18—Syracuse at Durham.
Wednesday, April 19—Richmond College at Durham.
Saturday, April 22—Harvard at Washington, D. C.
Monday, April 24—Davidson at Winston.
Wednesday, April 26—Furman at Durham.
Thursday, April 27—St. John's College at Durham.
Monday, May 1—A. & M. at Raleigh.
Tuesday, May 2—Wake Forest College at Wake Forest.
Monday, May 8—A. & M. at Durham.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

BY THE Y. M. C. A. OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call to his final reward our honored and esteemed friend, and former member of our Association, John M. Flowers; therefore, by the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Trinity Colllege, be it resolved:

That in his untimely death our country has lost a faithful and promising citizen.

That our college, recognizing the purity of his life, loftiness of his character, and his manly devotion to duty, mourns the death of one of her most gifted and loyal sons.

That we, the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, deplore his death, and extend our tenderest sympathy to the bereaved family.

That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Association, a copy be given to THE ARCHIVE for publication and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

Z. E. BARNHARDT,
J. M. DANIELS,
S. T. SINGLETON.
Committee.

BY THE HESPERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased God to close the labors in this world of Mr. John M. Flowers, and call him to another realm, therefore, be it resolved:

That we, the members of the Hesperian Literary Society, mourn the loss of one who was among our strongest and most loyal members, and who by the strength of his character and the quality of his work, did much to elevate our Society.

That we extend to the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy in their grief for a noble son and brother cut off in the glory of his young manhood.

That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our Society, that a copy be sent to the family, and that a copy be published in THE TRINITY ARCHIVE.

A. G. MOORE,
M. E. NEWSOM, JR.,
HOY TAYLOR.
Committee.

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A. C. GOODMAN, - COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVE

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1905.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

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GEN. MATTHEW W. RANSOM.

BY C. M. CAMPBELL.

On October 8, 1826, was born in Warren county, this State, a child who was to become Carolina's greatest statesman. Matthew Whitaker Ransom was sprung from the noted Green family of this section whose ancestor, Thomas Edward Green, moved to Warren county from Halifax county, Virginia, in 1744, and settled on the Parsons estate near Warrenton. Thomas Edward was the father of William Green, who was the great-grandfather of Matt. W. Ransom. His own father was Robert Ransom, who

married Miss Whitaker, of Halifax county, and out of this union were born two sons, the generals Matt. W. and Robert Ransom. As a youth Matt. W. attended school at Warrenton and as early as 1843 was prepared for college. In the fall of that year he entered the University at Chapel Hill. His college life was full of success from the very first, and as a member of the Philanthropic Society he gained quite a reputation on account of his debating and oratorical abilities. In the spring of 1847 he graduated, delivering the "Salutatory" of his class. President Polk happened to be on a visit to his "Alma Mater" at that time, and a most amusing and interesting write-up is given his trip to North Carolina and the commencement exercises at the University by the New York *Herald's* correspondent. In speaking of the orations the writer says: "The 'Salutatory' by Mr. Ransom, was unquestionably the best. His welcome to the President of the United States was superior to anything of the kind throughout the whole expedition,—his welcome to the people at large was also in fine taste; while the beauty and the finished elegance of the welcome to the ladies drew down upon his devoted head repeated rounds of applause, the people outside heartily joining in; but the ivory of five hundred of the fair daughters of old Rip Van Winkle was also unanimously exhibited, a still more flattering testimonial of their approbation. Some of them, indeed, as Sam Slick would say 'snickered right out.'" Thus we see that his powers as an orator, which were so marked in his after life, were developing during his four years in college.

Shortly after his graduation he was admitted to the bar. Five years later, at the age of twenty-six, he was elected Attorney-General, the youngest man who has ever filled this important office in North Carolina. He resigned the Attorney-Generalship in 1855, and was not again in public office until 1858, when he was a representative in the State Legislature. One noteworthy thing during this period of

his life is that he seemed to feel that trouble between the Northern and Southern States was inevitable. However, he loved the Union and bent all his energies to preserve it, as is shown in an address which he delivered before the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies of the University in 1856. In closing he said: "I implore you by all these considerations to use your influence, your talents, your time and all the power you may possess, to preserve, perpetuate and immortalize the Union of these States, and the constitution under which we live, and God grant that that constitution and that Union, enrobed in the mantle of Washington, may last forever." He served in the Legislature again in 1859–60, when he was sent as a Peace Commissioner from North Carolina to the Congress of the Southern States at Montgomery in 1861.

Then came the dark days of the war. Although he believed in the Union, when his State called he did not fail to respond to that call to duty. As a soldier General Ransom was peerless. He was beloved by all his soldiers and would send them nowhere where he was not willing to lead them. In speaking of General Ransom a friend says: "It was not my fortune to be under his command, but wherever I met any of his troops their universal talk was 'God bless Matt. Ransom, he takes care of us.'" He rose successively through the positions of Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and Brigadier-General to that of Major-General. In the last named rank he served till the end of the war, and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox.

At the close of the war, broken in financial affairs, though not in spirit, he returned to his home and resumed the practice of law, at the same time becoming a planter on an extensive scale. He still loved the Union and did all in his power to heal the wounds of war, and to bring the two sections closer together. Although he wished to remain at home his State needed him and he answered the call. In 1872 he was elected United States

Senator, in which position he served his State faithfully for twenty-three years. Senator Ransom made few "set speeches," still he wielded a powerful influence in the Senate Chamber. His speech on "The South Faithful to Her Duties," delivered in 1875, is truly a masterpiece. The South never had a more noble defender than General Ransom. He was instrumental in securing liberal appropriations for river and harbor improvements on our Eastern coast. General Ransom never compromised with evil and never tried to deceive those whom he represented in the highest office that could be bestowed upon him by the people of his own State.

In 1895 he was appointed Minister to Mexico by President Cleveland. He thought long and earnestly before he accepted this high and responsible position. He was then sixty-nine years old, and had spent nearly all his life in public service. His health was failing, and he knew what a residence of two years in a foreign country, away from family, together with the abandonment of all private interests, and the being away from his farm, his friends, and all that endeared him to his native State, would mean to him. But actuated by duty he accepted. In speaking of him at the time of his departure, his son says: "Never have I seen a sadder man than he when he left home on his journey to Mexico." His record while in Mexico brings glory upon him, his State, and our country. Though a Democrat and a Southerner he knew no party, no section, no race. He always took occasion to praise America and her people.

One Sunday morning in 1896, a party of gentlemen from Georgia was in the American Legation. They had come to Mexico to engage in business of some kind and were loud in their praises of Mexico and somewhat denunciatory of the United States. Minister Ransom could not stand that. He gave vent to his feelings and soon the gentlemen from Georgia were taking back many of the

things they had said. While the conversation was going on a lady and gentleman from Buffalo, N. Y., had come in and had been silent but interested spectators of the scene. When the gentlemen had admitted that the Minister was right, up rushed the lady, a fat, buxom woman of fifty-five, with outstretched arms and much to the surprise of all, exclaimed: "Mr. Minister, I must kiss you! You have spoken so well for our country." Everyone who came in contact with General Ransom felt that he knew his business and was there to attend to it.

When Mr. Ransom presented his credentials to the President of Mexico, he ended his speech by asking the blessing of the Almighty upon the two countries, the United States and Mexico. Almost every religious paper in America took occasion to comment upon this as being the first time in such diplomatic relations that the name of Almighty God had been invoked.

In 1897 General Ransom returned to his country and his State, which he loved so well, retired to his plantation near Weldon, and prepared to spend his last years quietly and in peace. And it was indeed a well-earned rest after an active life of forty-two years, during which he brought down honor upon his native State as well as upon the nation. On October 8, 1904, his seventy-eighth birthday, North Carolina's greatest son passed away, mourned by all her people. No one can say of him, "He has done me evil."

THE EDELWEISS.

Translated from the German of Lingg by H. E. SPENCE.

On the bowlders crowned with ice,
Near the radiance of the star,
Blooms the noble edelweiss
From the other flowers far—
Far from springtime's balmy air,
Lonely on the bowlders bare.

Where the thunders reign supreme,
In the chamois' heritage,
There the mighty eagles scream,
Avalanch and torrents rage.
'Round thee circle death and fright;
Yet thou bloomest in delight.

So in noble pain apart,
Lonely near the heaven above
Proudly stands the human heart,
Which a fate, with glory wove,
Doth resign as Freedom's price,—
As thou bloomest, edelweiss.

BY THE HELP OF THE A. & W.

BY S. B. UNDERWOOD.

Herbert Dwight lounged in a Morris chair in his well-appointed law office in Baltimore, surrounded by all the conveniences and luxuries which naturally belonged to the office of the confidential legal adviser of the great A. & W. Railway. The day was stormy and he had had his lunch sent to him from his club. He had just eaten and now lay back in his chair with a troubled look on his handsome but always grave countenance. Seemingly there was nothing to trouble him, his affairs were in a prosperous condition, he had an abundance of friends; any other man in his position would have thought that fortune was smiling full upon him.

But for days haunting memories had gnawed at his heart and allowed him no peace of mind, memories of which no man knew, but which had caused him many hours of suffering. He had a past which could never be completely buried, but whose ghost was ever rising to confront him. As he sat there in his inner office that March day, listening to the driving rain outside, that ghost of the past fell upon him and seized him in its awful grip and brought that look of haunting sorrow to his face.

No man in all that great city knew anything about the earlier days of this well-known lawyer. They knew his success among them; beyond that they knew little and cared less. But though no man penetrated within the veil of his secret life his own thoughts gave him no peace of mind.

He lived all his past over again as he sat in his chair. In the little Georgia town of his boyhood days he had lived a happy life. The only son of wealthy parents, he had had every possible indulgence and never a shadow crossed his path. From his babyhood until he had finished his law course, and settled at home to practice his profes-

sion, his father and mother had watched over him with parental fondness. All their care had gone into the making of his character and it was one without apparent blemish. All of the people of the town knew and honored him as the truest type of manhood. He counted his friends by the number of his acquaintances.

Among them all he valued most the friendship of pretty little Kitty Vaughan, who lived just across the street from his father's house. They were about the same age, and played together from the time they could walk. Almost all of every day was spent by the two in their childish games until they were old enough to be in school. He started first and it nearly broke his heart to leave his little playmate during the hours spent in the school-room. Neither of them was satisfied until they were both in school together. The great man smiled grimly at the recollection of their childish affection.

When the two grew older, they were still good friends, though, of course, not so much together as in the earlier days. When he went away to college, they kept up a correspondence and the chief pleasure of the vacations was in being with her. It came to be a settled fact in the little town that Herbert Dwight and Kitty Vaughan would marry. Their parents recognized the situation and smiled approval. And the two were supremely happy.

Finally, one bright June day, they knelt before the altar of the little church and spoke their vows, entering upon a life which bade fair to be full of joy. For a while they lived in perfect bliss. Kitty loved her husband with all the devotion of her soul. She literally worshipped him and he—he *thought* he loved her; thought only, for perfect love would have stood firm in time of stress, and his did not.

A misunderstanding, terrible, black and hideous, reared its diabolical form between them and pushed the young couple apart. She was as true as heaven itself but he

thought he discovered evidences of faithlessness in his wife and the demon took possession of his heart and turned it to flint in an instant. Love's heart would have been tender. He refused to listen to any explanation and by his unreasonableness wrecked two lives. In an insane rage he left the wife whom he had vowed to love and cherish; left her without a cause; left her who knew only truth and the utmost fidelity.

He came to Baltimore and plunged madly into the work of his profession. His wife's family applied for a divorce on the grounds of desertion and secured it. That was ten years ago and in all that time he had not heard one word of her, and tried in vain to bury her memory. But gradually, as the cloud of his insane wrath began to lift itself from his mind, he saw that he had acted unwisely, to say nothing of the cruelty of it, even if his wife could be proved guilty of the perfidy with which he had charged her. The thought that perhaps she was innocent and true gnawed constantly at his heart, and would not let him rest. Wherever he went and whatever he did, he saw that same sweet, gentle face, looking at him in pained reproach through the mist of years. He could not forget her, and at times it seemed that the pain in his heart would drive him mad.

He thought over all this as he sat in his office that stormy day and it seemed to him that his life was very barren indeed. Deep down in his heart the little spark of love burned bravely on waiting for a favorable opportunity to burst into full blaze again. He knew nothing of the whereabouts of her who had been his wife and told himself that he did not care, but his heart gave the lie to the thought before it was framed in his mind. Report had come three years before of the death of Kitty's father, but the report said nothing of the misfortunes of his wife and daughter. His affairs had not gone so well for the past few years and after the settlement of all his debts there was not enough

left to keep the two from the poor-house two years. Kitty went bravely to work to support herself and mother. Taking what money she had, she had prepared herself for work as a stenographer, and was even now out in the world somewhere struggling heroically to stem the tide which was so swift and strong as almost to bear her under. But Dwight knew nothing of all this nor of the pain which was eating her life away.

He had been musing in his chair fully two hours when his clerk entered and handed him a telegram. It was from Rowan McGuire, his old college chum, now president of the road for which he was legal adviser. It asked him briefly to go to McGuire's office in Washington at once. He knew that matters of importance were on hand and lost no time in going to his apartments, where he threw a few things into his travelling bag and was at the station just in time to catch the four o'clock train for the capital city.

Arrived there, he went straight to the A. & W. building. He was the tenth man who had attempted to see the busy president of the road that afternoon, and was the only one to succeed. He found McGuire in a state of great perturbation over the disaffection among a large body of stockholders in the South, and the advantage which was being taken of it by Chambers, the president of the C. S. & L., the A. & W.'s great rival. After a consultation lasting into the night they decided that the only safe course to pursue was to go immediately to Atlanta, see Chambers personally, and placate him and his crowd at any cost. A grave crisis threatened and no half-way measures could be resorted to.

Dwight was ready to start immediately. He lived "on the jump." McGuire called in his chief clerk and ordered his private car attached to the midnight flyer for Atlanta. "We'll need a stenographer, too," he said to Dwight. "There is a whole batch of letters waiting to be answered.

I've been waiting to turn them over to you for the exercise of your diplomacy on them." Then turning to his clerk, he said, "Ask that young lady who came in last week to go if possible, and see her to an apartment on the sleeper in front of my car if she can go. She is the swiftest stenographer in the office. If she doesn't want to leave town, get Smith. And say," he added with a laugh as the clerk was leaving, "tell her we're both confirmed old bachelors, so she needn't be afraid of us. Is that so, Herbert?" he said to his friend. "She is a pretty little woman. No love making, I warn you. All the energies of the president and confidential attorney are needed to attend to the affairs of this road just at present." Dwight only smiled dryly. It was a common saying among his friends that he never laughed.

A few minutes before train time, the two men went to the station to board their car. The clerk reported that the stenographer was on board the sleeper. After chatting a few minutes, the president and his attorney went to their own sections and soon all was quiet.

Dwight awoke with a start the next morning, with the sun shining in his face. It was after eight o'clock. Dressing hurriedly he went into the dining car and breakfasted, and then went into the little apartment which served McGuire as an office during his travels. He was already at his desk, dictating letters to the young lady who sat in front of him with her back to the entrance. As she rose to acknowledge the introduction, he almost fell in his surprise, while she turned very pale, but bowed politely and resumed her work. It was Kitty, the sweetheart of his boyhood, his deserted wife. McGuire was engaged in his thoughts and did not notice their excitement. With a supreme effort at self-control the man took his seat and picked up the morning paper as if he had never seen the woman before. And no one could have told by the way in which her work was performed that the man was not a perfect stranger to her.

The three spent the morning in work as the train sped southward. Occasionally the lawyer was consulted by the president, and the pencil or typewriter was in constant use until after the noon hour. Dwight watched Kitty furtively all the morning while she bent at her work. He said to himself that she was more beautiful than ever, but he noticed with a pang that the lines formed by suffering were deepening about her eyes. He felt before he knew it a mad consuming desire to go to her and throw himself at her feet and plead forgiveness for his treatment of her. And he quickly noticed with uneasiness that McGuire cast admiring glances at his stenographer. Could it be that she loved him? There was protest in his heart for a moment, but he remembered and told himself with a pang that she had a right to love whom she pleased. He had surrendered his claim on her affections. She did not look at him but kept steadily at her work. Only God knew the burning pain in his heart.

McGuire went forward to smoke and they were left alone. Dwight looked out the window and realized with a start that the scenery was familiar; they had entered Georgia and were nearing the little town of Myrtle, the town of his boyhood days, the scene of *their* early bliss. He stole a glance at his companion who had stopped work and was gazing sadly out the other window. He could have sworn that he saw a tear roll down her cheek, and he felt a lump in his throat choking him.

They were passing through the little town now. He did not trust himself to look out but he knew what was there; he could shut his eyes and see it all—the quiet streets along which they had walked together so many times; the houses in which they had lived, fronting each other and surrounded by tall oaks beneath which they had played as children and spent many happy hours as lovers; the church in which they had been married; and the very house in which they had lived so happy for a while. It

all came back upon him in a rushing flood and right then he realized more fully than ever that he had cruelly wronged the sweet woman who had loved and trusted him, and in that instant he could have torn his heart out to undo all the bitter past.

They had left the town behind now and were crossing the river at a point just above the place where they used to walk in the cool of the evening in the happy days of long ago. He stole another glance at the woman. She was trying to write, but her tears had conquered her and her touch was slow and uncertain. She attempted to seal an envelope and it fell from her grasp to the floor. He stooped to hand it to her, their hands touched and a thrill ran all through him. All the love of the early days came back and overpowered him. His right hand closed over hers and his left sought her other. With a moan he knelt before her and buried his face upon her knees, making no secret of the sobs which shook his frame. She bent and kissed him again and again. So after ten years these torn, bruised hearts found each other again in a baptism of tears. Misunderstandings, sorrow, pain, anguish—all was gone and love set up its throne again.

Coming back ten minutes later, McGuire stopped on the threshold in amazement. "What in the thunder——" he began, but discreetly stopped and withdrew.

TWO NOTABLE ACADEMIC OCCASIONS.

BY A. S. HOBGOOD.

There are two notable academic occasions in our literary annals which have been very influential in moulding public sentiment and shaping public ideals. The one was made notable by the delivery of "The American Scholar," by Ralph Waldo Emerson; the other by an ode recited by James Russell Lowell and a prayer offered by Rev. Phillips Brooks on Commemoration Day at Harvard.

Emerson delivered "The American Scholar" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge on August 31, 1837. Many distinguished scholars and thinkers had addressed the members of this society at their annual meetings and the event was looked forward to with much interest. On this occasion the people had gathered for an hour's entertainment and, perhaps, instruction, as they had done for years before. From the words of Emerson we infer the character of this meeting. "Thus far," he says, "our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more." From other sources we learn that New England was fast becoming the victim of form and ritualism. She is characterized as being priest-ridden. Men like Jonathan Edwards, the Mathers and other clergymen had dominated the literary class for over a century, and, with their narrow Puritan ideas and suspicion of progress, had not dared to venture far from the landmarks of their fathers. There was, too, a lack of the spirit of independence on the part of literary men; too great reliance on English style and thought; too great regard for the criticisms of writers of the Old World. As an example of this, Cooper wrote his first novel with its scene laid in England. Later, he broke away from this folly and gave us some genuinely American novels. But the fact illustrates the influence England had over American writers. Irving

doubtless wrote his Sketch Book in imitation of Addison's Spectator Papers.

It was true that England had produced the great masters of prose and poetry, and it was but natural for admirers to follow them. But here was America, an undeveloped country with trackless forest, wide, undulating prairies, beautiful lakes and streams, and mountain scenery that rivaled Italy in variety and beauty; and withal, here was a hardy, vigorous people fully competent of producing a distinct contribution to the world's literature. Emerson, with his infinite confidence in the ability of the individual man, no doubt chafed under our intellectual bondage to the Old World and longed for the day to come when Americans should take the initiative in all great movements for progress.

Here was a golden opportunity for him to impress upon his countrymen the desire of his heart, and to utter his protest against the literary condition of his country. He fully realized the importance of the occasion. He was to speak to a body of thinking men,—scholars interested in education, political, religious and social problems. What he said was sure to have an abiding effect on the minds of his hearers, or else pass away into the usual literary commonplace address of the day.

Lowell has left us a description of its delivery. "It was," he says, "an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!"

The address begins with the trumpet note of independence: "Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests." At the

outset he defines the scholar as *Man Thinking*, and proceeds to trace the influence of Nature and the Past upon him, and then sums up the duties of the scholar. "Books," he says, in treating of the influence of the past, "are the best of things, well used; abused, amongst the worst." The danger is that we might learn to depend too much upon books for instruction, and so he warns that, "Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments." In like manner colleges "can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create." The popular conception of a scholar in Emerson's day was a recluse, a student divorced from all participation in the affairs around him except his chosen field. Emerson scorns this idea of a scholar and asserts that the study of nature and books will not make a scholar. He must mix with action. "Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by, as a loss of power."

The scholar now fully educated by nature, books and action, has certain duties, which "may be comprised in self-trust. . . . It becomes him to feel all confidence in himself and to defer never to the popular cry." The scholar must always be free and brave. "Free should the scholar be,—free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, 'without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution.' Brave; for fear is a thing which the scholar by his very function puts behind him." Having noted the above characteristics of a scholar, the speaker thus defines him: "The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be a university of knowledge."

The speaker, again catching up the note of independence sounded in the beginning, concludes in these words:

"We have listened too long to the courtly muses of

Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. . . . Young men of the fairest promise, who begin life upon our shore, inflated by the mountain winds, shined upon by all the stars of God, find the earth below not in unison with these, but are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles upon which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust, some of them suicides. What is the remedy? They did not yet see, and thousands of young men as hopeful now crowding to the barriers for the career do not yet see, that if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. . . . We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. . . . A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men."

Thus ends what Dr. Holmes called our intellectual Declaration of Independence. "The young men," to quote Dr. Holmes, "went out from it as if a prophet had been proclaiming to them, 'Thus saith the Lord.' No listener ever forgot that address, and among all the noble utterances of the speaker, it may be questioned if one ever contained more truth in language more like that of immediate inspiration."

Equally notable, but not as far-reaching and revolutionary in its results, was Commemoration Day at Harvard, July 21, 1865. This was a gathering of the alumni and friends of the great institution to do honor to those of her sons who had fallen in battle during the War, and also to greet those who had returned. Profoundly grateful to an overruling Providence, which had brought about the cause of freedom and emancipation, for which so many of her noble sons had fought and died, Harvard determined to leave nothing undone which could add to the splendor of the day. The ceremony took place on Friday. It was

a bright, clear, though exceedingly warm day in July, and a large concourse of people assembled on the campus to witness the procession. An intense feeling of patriotism pervaded the air and many things conspired to heighten this feeling. The Massachusetts, Harvard and University Halls were handsomely decorated with flags, bunting and shields, while flags were displayed from the windows and porches of several other university buildings. A large company of Union soldiers, together with many Union officers, particularly Generals Meade and Barlow, were present to receive the greetings of their alma mater. The glory and strength of New England, those who had become famous in literature, art, politics, religion, business and science, were all to share in the glory and thanksgiving of that great day.

The procession formed at Gore Hall headed by Gilmore's famous band and followed by the marshals, Governor of the State, and President of the College, the chaplains, invited guests, Vice-President of the day, Committee on Arrangements, students of Harvard who had served in the Army and Navy in the order of their classes, and students of the College who had not served during the war. The procession, after making a tour of the college grounds, marched through the open ranks of the civil alumni amid loud cheering. When the procession reached the Unitarian church, where the ceremony was to take place, it was already densely crowded with ladies and gentlemen. As the long galaxy of heroes filed up the aisle, the audience greeted them with loud and prolonged applause, and when Brigadier-General Bartlett ascended the platform the building rang with loud cheering.

The service began by the singing of Luther's hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is our God." After the reading of the scripture by Rev. Dr. Walker, ex-President of the College, prayer was offered by the Rev. Phillips Brooks. Brooks was a young man and comparatively unknown. But on

this occasion his great heart stirred with patriotic emotion and he touched the heart of the vast audience and lifted it in a petition of love and thanksgiving to God. It is rare that we find men gifted with the power of saying the right thing at the right time, and capable of expressing in words the feelings of a great moment. This power Phillips Brooks possessed in an eminent degree and in prayer he is said to have been eloquent. After the "amen" was said, people turned and looked at one another. The spell of inspiration was upon them. "'That prayer! Oh, that prayer!' were the words heard on re-entering the grounds," says one that was present. Col. T. W. Higginson says he "felt that he had never heard living prayer before; that there was a man talking straight into the face, into the heart of God!" "That one spontaneous and intimate expression of Brooks' noble spirit," says President Eliot, "convinced all Harvard men that a young prophet had risen in Israel."

After the exercises in the house were concluded, which consisted of a song written by Robert Russell, Esq., and an address by Rev. Dr. Putnam, the assembly returned to a pavilion erected on the lawn, where dinner was served to 1,300 people. Remarks were made by several of the invited guests, and original poems were read by four of New England's most distinguished representatives, namely, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Lowell.

The Commemoration Ode of Lowell has become famous. Lowell was not an interesting reader, and for that reason the full revelation of the poem did not at once unfold itself to his hearers. But when the Ode was published and the people read and pondered over it for themselves, its beauty and strength were seen, and it was pronounced a literary gem.

In this poem we are able to see the broad national patriotism of Lowell. With his pen he had done valiant service during the war. Now that the war was over and the country was enjoying its year of jubilee over the result,

he was called upon to express its gratitude to those who had fought her battles. He was to sing the praises of "Heroes living and dear martyrs dead." Although he strove to "mix some gladness with his strains," "the sad strings complained." Only three months had passed away since the assassination of Lincoln and the country had not recovered from the shock. The task of putting in fit words the joy and gratitude of the nation under the shadow of this great sorrow, was a difficult one. Harvard had suffered severely in the struggle, for the loyalty of her sons to the Union was second only to their loyalty to Truth. The poet, while not forgetting that "loyalty to Truth may be sealed, as bravely in the closet as in the field," reminds his hearers that the test of love and patriotism is in the deed and not the word; for

> "Those love her best, who to themselves are true,
> And what they dare to dream of, dare to do."

No better manifestation of this spirit is to be found than in Lincoln, the son of the "inexhausted West." To him Nature gave "no lonely mountain peak of mind," but "broad prairie rather, genial, levelled, lined." He was

> "The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
> New birth of our new soil, the first American."

This tribute to the character of the great Emancipator is comparable only to that given in an address of Lowell delivered later, in which he says, "It was a benediction to have lived in the same age and in the same country with Abraham Lincoln." Lowell points out the fact that the nation owes her preservation, not to the efforts or power of a single man, but to the united efforts of a whole people:

> "For 'tis no Man we celebrate,
> By his country's victories great,
> A hero half, and half the whim of fate,
> But the pith and marrow of a nation,
> Drawing force from all her men,
> Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
> For her time of need."

In a strain of exalted affection the poet compares the love of country to the love of mother, and closes with this glowing apostrophe to his country,—freed from slavery, freed from war, preserved for a more prosperous and happy future:

"O, Beautiful! my country, ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet,
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee,
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else and we will dare."

TO EMERSON.

BY WESTON.

Great man of God! the truth in accents toned
To reach the poorest heart and weakness chide,
You living felt, and feeling, dared and cried.
In nature's calm, or when the drear wind moaned,
You heard a voicèd God in all enthroned
Who loved to speak to all. Yourself untied
From past's dead concepts that so much divide
The spirit realm from ours that angels groaned
To wing the unspanned reach of nothingness;
The Gospel of the kingdom that's within
Was yours, and teaching it that it should bless
Both high and low, the good and those in sin,
You made all lives' paths brighter where you trod,
So much in likeness to the human God.

JOSEPH PEARSON CALDWELL.

BY J. P. LUCAS.

Among the men of weight in North Carolina, probably no one of them exercises a greater influence for good government, liberal thinking and independence of expression, and assists more in moulding a healthy public sentiment than Joseph Pearson Caldwell, editor of *The Daily Observer*, of Charlotte. A thorough newspaper man, he has that training that makes falsity, purposed inaccuracy and one-sidedness even more abominable than they would appear to be to the average citizen. Not only this, but he has the tact of making his staff and subordinates see as comprehensively, think as broadly, and express themselves as fearlessly, candidly and simply as he does. It has been said, and truly, that the enviable reputation *The Observer* has established for accuracy, conservatism and independence, is due to the faculty of the "Old Man," as he is affectionately called by the "boys" in the shop, of training the men who make the paper.

Mr. Caldwell was born in Iredell county, June 15, 1853. He was not of particularly wealthy parentage and probably for this reason never attended college, getting a liberal education at home and county schools, however. He has always been a student of solid classic literature. Especially is he fond of Bacon's Essays and the Bible, quotations from both of which he uses to good effect in his writings. He says that Bacon's Essay on Death is the gem of English literature. The more easily and thoroughly has Mr. Caldwell educated himself because of his remarkably retentive memory and good judgment, which two faculties would be a fortune to anyone. And he has made use of these faculties to the extent that today he is one of the best informed men in the South. Illustrative of his memory it may be said that he knows the names and initials of more public men in this State than any other

living man. Once he hears a name, or sees it in print, he never forgets it and often he is called upon by members of his staff to supply the initials of some Carolinian who has attained a degree of prominence and of whom a story is being written.

Mr. Caldwell has no physical peculiarities that would easily distinguish him from other persons, but there is something about him that attracts attention anywhere. There is something in his personality. He is about six feet tall and is the least bit corpulent, weighing 180 pounds. He has light sandy hair and dark eyes. He is not ungraceful and is a clever conversationalist, although somewhat dignified and reserved. However, with a party of congenial spirits he is jolly, witty and unreserved. As a man he is liberal, charitable and lovable, though when it is necessary he can be stern. True he has faults, as every other man, but they are few and his good qualities so overshadow them that they fade into insignificance.

Mr. Caldwell did his first work in connection with a newspaper in Statesville, where, at an early age, he entered a shop as a printer, thus starting at the very bottom. During his service as a printer he did desultory newspaper work and in 1872 he went to Charlotte to become city editor of the old *Charlotte Observer*, then edited by General Johnston Jones. In 1876 he resigned this position to become local editor of *The Raleigh News*, then a popular paper at the capital. He remained in Raleigh only one year, however, returning to the Queen City the next year to assume editorial management of *The Observer*. In 1880 he bought *The Statesville Landmark*, in his native town, and edited and managed it for twelve years, making it one of the brightest and most influential weeklies in North Carolina. But so bright a light in the newspaper world was not to be hidden away in the obscurity of a weekly newspaper. In January, 1892, he, with Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, purchased *The Charlotte Observer*, of

which he assumed the business and editorial management February 1. Since that time *The Observer* has steadily grown,—in influence, popularity, circulation, and equipment, until now it is one of the best known and most thoroughly equipped newspapers in the South.

The manner in which Mr. Caldwell has built up and collected a staff of well-trained, forceful and brilliant writers around him is remarkable. In this matter he has shown his good judgment and foresight. Several years ago he recognized in one of the linotype operators of the establishment a true newspaper man, and as a result Mr. J. C. Abernethy is now managing editor of the paper, a part of his work consisting of editorial writing. In a similar way he brought to the front Mr. Gordon H. Cilley, who is now on the editorial staff of *The Philadelphia Record.* The most brilliant and best know writer that ever held a position on the staff of *The Observer* was the late Isaac Erwin Avery, who, at the time of his death, was developing into, and becoming known as, one of the brightest, most talented and most finished literary men in the Southern States. Mr. Avery was doing newspaper work at Greensboro when Mr. Caldwell saw the possibilities in him and made him city editor of *The Observer*, in which position he assisted materially in raising the standard of the paper. Mr. Avery's successor is Mr. R. E. Follin, a bright young man formerly on the staff of *The New York Herald.* In the college boy, H. E. C. Bryant, he saw an original writer, and now one of the features of *The Observer* is "Red Buck's" special stories. Another member of the editorial staff, who developed the Sunday social feature of the paper, is Mr. R. W. Vincent, who had been out of place as a local reporter for an afternoon paper in Charlotte. On the staff there are two lawyers, Messrs. Theo. Kluttz, Jr., and John Charles McNeill, both of whom were induced to give up their law practices for journalistic careers. Mr. Kluttz is telegraph editor and

Mr. McNeill is poet, essayist and feature story writer. Probably no man in North Carolina has ever gained a more enviable reputation than Mr. McNeill during the few months he has devoted himself altogether to literary work. His poems in *The Observer* and some of the large magazines have attracted a great deal of attention and some critics have gone so far as to say that he is one of the best living poets in America. In collecting around him such a staff Mr. Caldwell has shown himself a true genius.

The powers that this gifted man wields in moulding a healthy public sentiment and influencing the minds of people lies, to a great extent, in his ability to express himself clearly, concisely, simply. Any man may have noble thoughts, but they will never do anyone else any good if he cannot express them in such a manner that they will make an impression and stick. Big thoughts and unbiased comment, well expressed, are what have given the editorial columns of *The Observer* their reputation and influence. One of the ablest editorials that Mr. Caldwell ever wrote was the one in which he refused to support W. J. Bryan and the Democratic ticket in July, 1900, and this editorial very clearly shows what kind of stuff its writer is made of. The editorial was plain and to the point, showing, what everybody sees now, the fallacy of the platform adopted by the Democratic party at that time. The editorial began: "*The Observer* cannot support the candidate nominated, nor the platform promulgated, at Kansas City . . . . We are opposed to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1." The re-affirmation of the Chicago platform, and especially two or three of the most obnoxious features of it, was severely criticized. In speaking of Mr. Bryan, he said: "It is not so much the platform that is to be feared as the man. Mr. Bryan is essentially a dangerous citizen; he is an honest fanatic —neither his ability nor his integrity is open to doubt. But he is radical, self-willed, head-strong, imperious,

determined to have his own way and determined, if he cannot do so, that the procession shall not move at all." After saying that the paper would not support Mr. McKinley, he continued: "As for the rest *The Observer* will maintain, during this presidential campaign, a position of absolute independence. . . . . It is a question of being honest with ourselves and readers or committing perjury, and in the presence of this alternative there is no reason to hesitate. . . . . This grave step, alienating *The Observer* from its political party and leaving it without refuge or harbor, is taken after mature deliberation and with a due sense of our responsibility to God and our fellow men. . . . . yet . . . . in the language of Martin Luther, 'Here I stand, God help me; I cannot do otherwise.'" The step taken and explained in that editorial cost *The Observer*, for awhile, a number of subscribers and some little popularity, but in the end its broadness, honesty and intense earnestness won thousands of supporters.

But Mr. Caldwell is not all seriousness. Along with this serious side of his writing there is a slyly humorous vein, which finds expression in shorter editorials and delightful, dignified dissertations upon the good qualities of the various kinds of pie, and the discussion with *The Washington Post*, *Charleston News* and *Courier*, *The Richmond News Leader* and *Times-Dispatch*, and other papers, of such weighty questions as: "Do a Nanny Goat Have Horns?" "Why do a Rabbit Wabble his Nose?" "Which is the More Dangerous, a Calf or a Rabbit?" These editorials and discussions put a great deal of spice in the editorial columns and add much to their attractiveness.

Well now be up an' doin' a spell afore you rust,
It's not so much the choosin' as a-doin' o' what you must.

A REVELATION.

BY JOHN FINCHER.

There was a timid knock at Thaddeus Marlow's door. He raised his head up slowly from the table where it had been resting, and when the knock was repeated somewhat louder than before, he said drowsily, "Come!" A little black negro walked in, and after asking if he was in Mr. Marlow's room, handed Thaddeus a note and went out. When the young man opened the note and read it, pain, mortification and anger seemed to be struggling together in his face. A young lady had informed him that owing to a sudden attack of headache she could not grant him the pleasure of her society that evening as she had previously promised. She was very sorry that the unavoidable turn circumstances had taken had deprived her of so much pleasure.

"Curse the luck!" said Thaddeus, as he dug the point of his pencil into the leaves of a new book lying open on his table; "this is the third time I've tried to call on her and I've failed every time. It begins to look suspicious. It's mighty strange that she's sick when I want to call, and yet she never misses a class and always answers all her questions. I guess she doesn't want to see me, so I'll spare her the trouble of telling me any more such tales."

At this point in the meditations of the young man, then a Senior in a co-educational college, there was a loud knocking at his door. Before he could speak his special friend, John Taine, walked into the room.

"Hello, Thad, what you looking so gloomy about?" said Taine, slapping Marlow on the shoulder. "You look like the whole responsibility of the Trojan war was resting on your shoulders."

"Just read that," said Marlow, tossing him the letter which was still lying on the table.

"Why, old man, this is pretty tough, and I'll admit that

it looks a little suspicious, but you know young ladies *do* get sick sometimes as well as other people."

"Yes, but I can take a hint and I'll take care hereafter not to become a specimen for this young lady to exercise her euphemistical powers upon."

"My dear boy, never give up; you know there's always hope till the parson joins her hand to that of another fellow."

"Oh, go off," said Marlow; "I've heard this 'faint-heart-ne'er-won-fair-lady' twaddle till I'm sick and tired of it. Already the advice of my friends has caused me to make a fool of myself three times. I might have known that I couldn't go with that girl, and I would have known it and acted accordingly, if it had not been for the counsel of my friends. But a man who acts against his own judgment just because he wants affairs to take a certain turn ought to be treated as I have been. I probably can't keep from loving the little girl, but I can stay out of her way, and I'll do so hereafter."

"Why, you're entirely too severe, Thad," said Taine. "I don't believe Miss Mary Taylor would lie to you right straight out. She always seemed to me to treat you especially well. And then she's too fine a girl to be guilty of such a practice."

"Well, I don't blame a girl for fibbing. What's she to do when she doesn't want to see a man? Tell him she doesn't want him to call? I'd much rather be let down easy myself. You know there's always a possibility that she may be sick, and, even if you don't believe she is, you still have some foundation to build your hopes upon; but if she told you plainly that she didn't want to see you, you'd be face to face with a reality which would be unpleasant, to say the least. So I'd much rather be eased down with a fib than hurled down a precipice with a plain truth."

"Your logic's good, I've no doubt, but I don't see how

you are going to get much comfort out of it," said Taine, as he started to leave the room.

"Hold on, John," said Marlow, "I'm not through with my 'spiel' yet. I'm a poor devil with no specially distinguished ancestors, and you know around here a man must have 'family.' A fellow can't be here a week before they smell out his pedigree with all the avidity of a starving wolf. Individual worth, intellect and culture are back numbers."

"Oh, come off, Thad, don't get mad at the whole race just because one little girl has 'put you to the bad.' Then you're wrong, anyway, for there's not a man on the campus who has anything to boast of in the way of 'family.'"

"I know that, too, and it makes the case worse. They pride themselves on something they haven't got. If there really was anybody here who had any ancestry to speak of it wouldn't be quite so bad Why this contemptible ancestry-worship runs through all our life; it's found its way even to the negroes. A yellow negro thinks himself much better than a black one. By just so many shades as he is brighter than his fellow, by so much does he consider himself elevated in the social scale."

"Why, you're getting sore, Thad," said Taine. "Anyway, people will think so whether you are or not, if you let them hear you talk this way. So, good-bye, old boy."

Not many days after the above conversation Marlow overtook Miss Taylor going across the campus and walked with her to her home. She talked so pleasantly to him and smiled so graciously that he forgot his resolutions of a few days before and again asked permission to call. Why, yes, of course, Miss Taylor would be delighted to see him. So he called and passed a pleasant evening, and it was not the last one. As often as he dared he rang up central and asked for Mr. Taylor's residence. All seemed to be moving along smoothly. He took her driving more than once and as each day broke upon Thaddeus Marlow,

it found him more and more inextricably ensnared. When he ought to have been preparing for his classes, he was exercising his ingenuity in the construction of ethereal architecture. All his buildings were castles, in each was a throne and on it was seated Miss Mary Taylor. But often his airy walls crumbled when his reason demanded a hearing and explained that she had never really by one word or act intimated that she thought of him otherwise than as a friend. Then the floods of feeling would surge in upon him and he would be wafted to the seventh heaven. He wanted to bring the issue to a point, yet he was afraid. He wished to feel the godlike joy of the time when she would confess to him that she loved him, but he feared the moment which held so much in its grasp, the moment which might set him on the pinnacle of heaven or plunge him into the lowest depths of despair.

With the conflict raging thus between hope and fear he called one night in May with many a half-formed resolve to find out his destiny. The soft light of the half-moon shone aslant through the tender green leaves of early summer and made a striking contrast with his heart which was beating off the passing moments with a power that seemed almost to burst his bosom at every stroke. She received him with friendly ease and led on the conversation with a sprightly grace that seemed to challenge him to come on and keep pace with her if he could. His heart was full to the uttermost. Several times he was on the point of stammering out his love, but always she skilfully turned the conversation on some light topic of the day. She played light, airy music and sang lively songs, for she seemed to feel that a moment was near that held in it more than ordinary significance. At last her fingers ceased to move over the keys and the sound of the piano slowly died away. She turned toward the young man with a light remark on her lips, but at the sight of his face she stopped and could only look to the floor in silence. All the hope

and fear, all the delightful anticipation and dark despair of months past, all the tremendous intensity of a moment in which a final decision of lifelong consequence was to be reached, were marked on his features through which his very soul seemed to shine as clear as the day. She saw a powerful spirit passing through a terrible ordeal, a manly soul driven on by the lashing of fate, to the point where only a moment warded off a choice which meant to a strong man everlasting happiness or eternal despair. Only the clock on the wall with its thunder strokes broke the silence for an instant before the storm broke in its fury. Then with quivering frame and trembling voice Marlow tried to speak, but the eloquent words with which he had intended to declare his love died in the uttering. He stood helpless, trembling and dumb. At last with a mighty effort he said:

"Miss Taylor, I love you. I can bear the torment of suspense no longer. You must tell me if I may hope or despair. With you I can *live;* without you I must *die*, in spirit if not in body. I want *you* more than all things, more than earth or heaven. Tell me, do you love me or not? I *must* have an answer."

"Mr. Marlow," said she, "I did not dream that you felt so deeply what I have only regarded as a passing friendship. I do not love you. I can never give you what you ask, never, never. I am so sorry—"

Unable to speak further, she turned and rested her head on the piano in a vain attempt to keep back the hot tears that flowed in spite of her. With a face drawn with pain and eyes wild with despair, Marlow said, "Good-by, Miss Taylor," and left the girl crying by her piano.

As Marlow stepped out of doors into the feeble light of the half-moon which was almost down he knew not where he went. He staggered like a drunken man as he wandered about among the shadows of the campus striving to escape the torment of his wounded spirit. The trees and

buildings swam before his eyes and every star in the heavens gazed down on him in mockery like the eye of a demon. Then earth and heaven seemed closing in on him and crushing him with hellish glee, and with a cry which carried in it an indictment of the brutal injustice of a universe in which so much undeserved pain was inflicted, he sank to the earth with a gasp and a groan. The moon passed below the horizon and one after another the stars went down and still he lay like a dead man, while the same nature which had struck him down, now, like an only friend, was bathing his hot temples with the dews of night.

Far on toward the morning hours a Senior who had come in on a night train was walking across the campus to his room. While passing through a small clump of oaks his attention was attracted by something white by the side of the walk. A closer inspection proved that it was the white vest of a man who was lying on the ground. He struck a match and then stepped back with the cry, "Great heavens! Thad Marlow drunk! What are we coming to?"

After much trouble the Senior, who was no other than John Taine, succeeded in making Marlow understand where he was. He soon saw that the man had not been drinking.

"What in the world is the matter, Thad?" said he, when Marlow had recovered sufficiently to understand his situation.

"I started to my room and got sick," said Marlow. "Please help me over to the dormitory, and for God's sake say nothing about this."

Taine succeeded in getting his friend up the steps without attracting attention, and spent the night with him. For two days Marlow reported sick and then he pulled himself together and went to work with the energy of a strong man and fought with a dogged determination against the despair which had almost overwhelmed him. He dared

not look into the future nor recall the past, so he worked till he was exhausted each day in an effort to forget himself. Soon the final examinations came and Marlow surprised his teachers by surpassing even the fine record which he had always made and it was confidently predicted among the faculty that he would graduate first in his class. And none knew the reason of his renewed activity except Taine. Everybody said he was "sprinting" at the end of his course to beat his fellows. When thrown into the company of Miss Taylor he acted as if nothing had happened. It was observed that he was not calling on her, but all thought that he was reviewing for examinations and did not have time. So the gossips saw nothing to comment on.

Then the first of June came and Marlow had nothing to do. The last examination in his course had been passed. He had many high grades marked up to his credit on the college books and a fine position for the next year had been offered him and accepted, but he was not happy. What he desired most in this world had been denied him, and there was no remedy. It would do no good to strive; money, intellect, industry, could not obtain for him the one thing which he really wanted, a woman's love. Heaven had implanted in his breast a passionate love for her, and she did not love him. So heaven had done him an injustice, and he was rapidly becoming a pessimist. He felt like a man who had been mistreated. Why had this love been put in his soul when it was impossible for it to be satisfied?

Filled with such thoughts, he was strolling across the campus just before commencement. A dark cloud was rising in the west, and thunder could be heard in the distance. As he was passing by Assembly Hall he looked at the clouds and then went into the entrance to escape the storm which he saw would overtake him before he could reach his room. He had stood looking out on the rising

storm only a few minutes when Miss Mary Taylor, who was passing by, also ran in out of the rain, which was just beginning to fall. They both were surprised and embarrassed, and exchanged a few commonplace remarks about the grandeur of the storm which was raging outdoors.

Soon the wind began to rise higher and higher, the lightning flashed and the thunder broke forth in peals which shook the hall to its foundations. Every moment they thought that the fury of the elements must be at its worst, but every moment it increased in intensity. Nature seemed to be reminding man of his weakness. The hurricane outside bore the trees to the earth, dust filled the air like a cloud, they could feel the building rocking like a leaf in the wind. A loud crash mingled with the peals of thunder and they saw that the tower was gone from the South Building. There was a deafening report and a shock which made them cover their faces to shut out the sight of the blinding terror. When they looked up they saw that the great oak that stood in front of the hall was lying in splinters on the ground. It was a terrible moment. The earth was reeling under their feet and heaven was pouring ruin and destruction on the world from above. From the shattered oak they looked at each other. All conventionalities vanished and they saw each other's souls bare and undisguised as they must be some day before their Maker. For an instant they stood transfixed; their spirits had recognized a kinship which would last through eternity. Then without a word he took her in his arms and she hid her face on his breast. They heard no more of the storm. It might rage without and destroy the world in its fury, but it had no power over the two souls which had recognized each other and united in a bond which all eternity could not sever.

The storm passed away as quickly as it came. When the lovers again became conscious of outward things the sun had broken from behind the clouds and was making

diamonds of the water-drops on the leaves and grass. As they went down the steps of the Hall and the girl, standing in the splendor of the western sun, looked up at him from under lashes sparkling with tear-drops, Marlow, with uncovered head, dedicated himself forever to optimism.

A PARODY.

BY WESTON.

Break, break, break,
In my deep wrung breast, O heart!
And I would that my soul had the strength
To taste but sweet in the smart.

O well for the untried soul
That lives only a tranquil life!
O well for the stronger man
Whose being has strength for the strife!

And the world in its way goes on
As it has in the ages past,
But there is no way as yet laid out
That will loosen my heart where 'tis fast.

Break, break, break,
'Neath the load of a care, O heart!
But where is the balm that can lessen the pain
When I have failed o' my part?

JULIAN BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
ANGIER B. DUKE, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

In these years of wars, social evils and economic discontents, the spirit of pessimism has perhaps had a strong hold upon the minds of men when they think of the spiritual condition of the world today. The need of a great revival of religion among all the churches of christendom has been emphasized again and again of late. "Worldliness is rampant," says one writer, a Methodist bishop, giving voice to the cry. "Liberalism plants her banners in our face. . . . . Faith in the authority of the Scriptures is undermined. Sabbath desecration is everywhere. The rum curse refuses to retreat. Social impurity grows bold. The business of the divorce courts reaches astonishing proportions. Politics is rotten. God knows, something must be done; something radical, tremendous, divine, or the republic will be upon the rocks." Continuing, he says: "We must have a revival that will mightily move the pulpit, convict sinners, restore backsliders, rebuild family altars, purge away social uncleanness, heal feuds, promote brotherly love, enforce business honesty, untie purse-strings, drive out the love of luxury, promote the spirit of self-sacrifice, unloose the tongue of dumb saints, baptize the people with fire, and gird the church with the power of a new Pentecost. Any other kind of a revival will not meet the emergency which is upon us."

No doubt there is great need of a spiritual awakening throughout the earth, and many think that such a move-

ment has already begun. The wonderful revival that has been going on all over Wales in the past few months is considered by many as a sign of this universal movement, evidences of which have already appeared even across the Atlantic in this country. The great "wave of spiritual fire" which has been sweeping the little country of Wales and stirring its very heart is probably the most significant and important happening in the world today. Breaking out, almost spontaneously it seems, in the mining districts of Southern Wales, it has spread like a prairie fire from one village to another until it has filled the entire country and has even sent its sparks across the border. All classes of the inhabitants have been affected, from the rough and ignorant miner and his family to the highest classes of society. One of the most remarkable things about it is the total lack, in a sense, of order and organization, and the absence of the professional, evangelistic campaign methods that we are acquainted with. All seems to be spontaneous. There is no plan, no order, "and yet it moves on from day to day, week to week, county to county, with matchless precision, with the order of an attacking force." The little chapels throughout Wales are filled with earnest and serious people—most of them miners, the greater part of the population. Standing room can hardly be found at the meetings, which frequently last for hours. There is scarcely any preaching, no music, no choirs—no order of services. The meetings simply conduct themselves, as the whole movement seems to be doing. The services consist mostly of singing, praying, and the telling of an experience or the making of an announcement as some soul is saved—and then the songs of praise again: singing, prayer and testimony, with the occasional words of the preacher, or leader. The faces of the rugged miners, in their work-day clothes of jeans, are lit up with a peculiar radiance; they go out among their companions in the mines and the magnetic fire of their regenerated souls simply "catches" and spreads; and next time more are interested and come to the

meetings, where they, too, undergo the wonderful transformation. And thus it goes, almost spontaneously, as has been said, affecting people of all classes and all ages.

Evan Roberts, the leader of this movement, if leader he can be called, is the son of a miner, a young fellow not more than twenty-six years old. He has no particular powers of leadership and is not an orator. Yet "it is he alone among men who has 'fired up' the mining valleys, and who dominates the entire revival with a power which, as he says earnestly, is not from within him, but from above, the spirit which led him to do what he has done." A writer who has attended his meetings says: "It would be difficult for his people to hold themselves aloof from this buoyant, simple, honest young man, who is working with them, not over them; who is leading them, not from some comfortable seat at the rear, or in some place of glory before them, but by their side, helpfully, mightily. I watch that swinging, tall, big-boned figure, his decisive gesture, his firm jaw and steady smiling mouth, and the fire of youth and of religious consecration in his eyes. . . . . I feel the unassuming simplicity, the boyish ingenuousness, the commanding sincerity, and see how at once he is with the people, catching a hand here and grasping an arm or a shoulder there in open-hearted friendliness, carrying his enthusiasm, his confidence, his dominating, cheerful spirit into their hearts. . . . . None of the hundreds of dramatic scenes that have occurred in these meetings have come while the missioner has been talking. They have come afterwards, and often a considerable time afterwards. And Evan Roberts, I believe, has said that he is glad that this is the case, for it proves that it is not Roberts, the man, his magnetism, or his personality that is so great an influence, but rather the Spirit at work in his meetings. . . . . He believes completely in the efficacy of prayer, and he has for many years spent a considerable amount of time daily upon his knees. Indeed, one of the great differences between this revival and some others is the comparative quietness of

method, if it can be called method. The 'sunshine' of it is another. There is nothing spectacular about the man or about any of his helpers."

As a result of the revival people have been joining the churches by hundreds. As many as thirty-two thousand have been received in less than three months. It has had a remarkable effect upon the lives of the people and it has truly reformed Wales. In the districts most affected saloons and ale-houses have practically gone out of business, and houses of ill-fame have been closed. People are confessing their sins to their neighbors, making up old quarrels, putting aside bad habits, paying their debts, and practicing a wholesome thrift. The revival has not interfered with their industry, and the formerly profane miners are often seen at prayer at their work. It is said that "the mules in the mines have had to learn a new vocabulary of the new-born miners who formerly cursed and swore."

This great revival of religious fervor is indeed a wonderful manifestation, and there can be no doubt of its genuineness and positive results. With many other eminent men who have been on the ground, Mr. William T. Stead, editor of the English *Review of Reviews*, considers it an event of world-wide importance. Already, as some have expected and many have prayed, it has spread, in a measure, into England, and a mighty revival is in progress in London, where the crowds cannot be seated. Showing further evidences of its being the beginnings of a world-wide movement, similar revivals of almost equal magnitude have "broken out" like conflagrations in many of the large cities in this country. In one church in New York City (Brooklyn) a revival was held which resulted in a thousand persons being converted or signing pledge-cards, and three hundred and sixty-four stood beforethe chancel at one time to be received into the church. A most remarkable revival has recently been closed in Schenectady, N. Y. There union meetings were held for weeks and the entire city was deeply stirred. There was no partic-

ular planning for the work, and no special devices of any sort were employed. "The revival was not gotten up, but came down;" there seemed to be at the time a "receptive disposition" on the part of the people, and the various churches joined together in union meetings, with most wonderful results. This revival was almost equalled by another in Burlington, Ia., where one morning all the stores and factories in the city were closed, and the mayor issued a proclamation urging all persons to stop work at the time and spend the hour in worship. Many residences were thrown open daily for the accommodation of prayer meetings. Even in the city of Denver a tremendous revival has been in progress, resulting in several thousand conversions. There, too, on a certain day, stores were closed and schools dismissed and ten thousand people participated in the meetings held in the middle of the day in the business section. During the first fourteen days of the meetings there were three thousand conversions, and on one Sunday, two hundred and fifty were received into a certain church at one time. Many other great revivals, though of less magnitude than this, have been going on in various towns and cities of the West, and the movement is spreading. All these things cannot be looked upon as mere coincidencies or happen-sos, and it really looks as if the prophecies of a universal religious awakening are coming to pass. All over the land a "gospel of aggressive evangelization" is being preached, and it may be that its fruits are really in sight. President Kilgo declares it to be "nothing less than the Spirit of God working throughout the earth," and there are many who have the same explanation to offer.

Coming nearer home in this matter, we have just recently experienced here among ourselves one of the greatest revivals in the history of the college. From the first meeting of the series there seemed to be a peculiar spiritual atmosphere that had not been here in years, and the number of conversions increased daily until there are now few unconverted men or

women in college. There have been remarkable results from this meeting, and the spirit that pervades the halls and the campus is wonderfully changed. A similar meeting has just closed in the High School, with fully equal results. This great revival at Trinity has attracted some attention in other parts, and there are many who predict that it is the beginning of a greater revival that will sweep throughout the State. What, indeed, if it be but another manifestation of the revival spirit that seems to be abroad in the land? May we not be just on the threshold of an unprecedented movement that is coming upon us? And if this be true, will our colleges be found at the head of the movement and help to kindle its fires and spread it? Indeed, why should they not?

With the last number of the *South Atlantic Quarterly* has closed the fourth year of its establishment, during which time it has been most ably edited and largely managed by Dr. J. S. Bassett, of the Trinity College faculty. On account of other work that demands his attention, Dr. Bassett has resigned the editorship and the work will now be shared jointly by Dr. Edwin Mims and Dr. W. H. Glasson, two other members of the Trinity faculty. This periodical, which stands almost alone in the field of Southern journalism, has been published under somewhat difficult circumstances, but has steadily grown and improved, and we think that no number has appeared better than the last one. It was founded, according to its announcement, "in order to afford better opportunity in the South for the discussion of literary, historical, economic and social questions. It knows no sectional jealousy and aims to offer a publishing medium in which respectful consideration will be accorded to all who have some worthy contribution to make in its chosen field." It is a sad fact that here in the South all such questions can hardly be discussed with perfect freedom and open-mindedness, and the policy of the *Quarterly* does not make it a

popular magazine, even among "educated" people. As men of unusual broad-mindedness and liberality, and holding views at variance with public opinion, are often "cussed out" by us and condemned as "pandering to Northern sentiment," so has the *Quarterly* had its share of abuse and trials. However, that such a magazine as the *South Atlantic Quarterly* can exist and prosper among us is itself encouraging and hopeful of better things yet to come, and we wish for and expect of it continued success and usefulness under its new management. We trust that its influence will be more widely extended with an increased circulation, and hope to see it soon become a monthly.

The ARCHIVE does not receive the support and encouragement that it is entitled to, and here are facts to prove the statement: Out of about two hundred or more students in college only one hundred and twenty take the ARCHIVE, and out of about forty women students there is not a single subscriber. Moreover, of those who do subscribe, the Business Manager states that after urgent requests for settlement not more than a dozen have paid their subscriptions, and they are suppposed to be paid in advance. Now, that is fine support, isn't it? Loyalty indeed! How can our magazine creditably represent the college with such backing as this? Do you want to put us out of business? How can you expect us to run a decent magazine without financial aid, as well as literary contributions? We do not see any way to do it ourselves. The Business Manager and his assistants will soon request you again to pay up your subscriptions. If you have any pride for your magazine, and any desire to see it successful, you will fulfill your obligations to us and let us do what you have put upon us to do.

Without intending to cast any reflections at all upon the phenomenal productions in the line of fiction we have been publishing on our pages, we wish to say that in our opinion

there is still a good chance for a try at the prize to be awarded for the best story of the year. It is entirely possible, we think, that the winner is yet to appear. There will be three more numbers of the ARCHIVE during the term (provided our subscribers pay up), and we would like to have about eight more *good* short stories in competition for this prize. Will you not try your hand at it,—some of you whose names have not yet graced the table of contents? We shall be glad to see a dark horse turn up at any time. Please put aside your timidity or pick up a little zeal, whichever happens to be needed, and write us some stories. We need them.

It is encouraging to see the increasing debating spirit shown among the students here. Although it may seem that in our intercollegiate debates we too often get the minority vote of the judges, nevertheless we have more and better debaters at Trinity now than we have had in a number of years. We have had two preliminary contests this year to select representatives for our intercollegiate debates, and both of them brought out a number of good debaters, who have been steadily improving. Hitherto we have not been as enthusiastic over debating as we should, and have not shown any particular appreciation of our representatives, nor offered them much encouragement. The smoker given by the two Societies recently in honor of our speakers, even though they failed to win, was a very good thing to do, and shows an increased interest in and appreciation of our debaters. We hope to see this spirit grow.

As for the Emory debate, why of course we will win it.

MISS ALICE CHARLES CRAFT, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

To a student of American history a book of inestimable value is "The Men Who Made the Nation," by Edwin Erle Sparks. A new edition of this very interesting book has been published recently. It is a complete outline of the history of the United States from 1760 to 1865, and gives a most comprehensive view of the important events, bringing one closely in touch with the lives of the men who have made our nation.

The "Niebelungenlied" has been newly translated by George Nudler, associate professor of German in University College, Toronto. This is probably the best translation yet made and is the first which reproduces the metrical form of the original. The introduction to the edition is highly praised for its literary merit and gives an accurate idea of the history, character and influence of the "Niebelungenlied." Such a work as this is indeed welcome to students of German literature and tends to awaken the interest of people at large in one of the greatest of the world's epics.

If you want to thoroughly enjoy an hour's reading, read Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." It is like her other writings, a book which finds its way to the hearts of readers young and old. Rebecca, the little heroine whose eventful life is followed to maidenhood, is an unique creation. Mrs. Wiggin is inimitable in her power of combining humor and pathos together with a kind of logic, and her simple stories often produce tears as well as smiles.

"A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker, is a novel of an entirely different nature from that of his other novel, "The Right of Way." It tells the story of two Huguenot refugees who spend their fugitive life on the island of Jersey. Later their love is disturbed by startling plots in the palace of Queen Elizabeth, but the happy conclusion is inevitable.

A good story of adventure is Stewart Edward White's "The Forest." The story deals with forest life and in it are combined fact and fiction. The author shows his literary skill to advantage and his intimate acquaintance with men and nature make the book exceedingly attractive to lovers of outdoor life.

"The Road in Tuscany," a commentary by Maurice Hewlett, has met with marked success. The author has spent much time and labor on this work and as a result it is a production that is worth something. For many years Mr. Hewlett traveled in Italy, having in view the writing of such a book. The picturesqueness and charm of description add much to the value of it as a book of travel and some one has said that hereafter a copy of "The Road in Tuscany" will be absolutely indispensable to travelers in Italy.

It is interesting to note the constantly increasing popularity of Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery," which is gaining a world-wide reputation. Doubleday, Page & Co. announce that it is to be published at Shanghai in Chinese translation by Cheng Hun. The work has already appeared in Germany, Holland, Spain, Poland, England, Norway and France.

N. S. OGBURN, JR., - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

After the excitement and inspiration aroused in getting up special Christmas issues of our magazines, there seems to have come a lull and reaction among the writers for some of our exchanges, as well as among ourselves. There ofttimes come periods when we feel like sitting down idly, with folded hands, and resting; but we should not allow ourselves to rest too long. Since we have enjoyed the holidays, let us up and do more than ever before for our magazines.

Some of our contemporaries have seen fit to criticise our magazine unfavorably on account of its long articles. We realize that a college magazine should not be too lengthy in its discussions, but we think we have not been. If our friends will show us where we have written lengthily unnecessarily and just to hear ouselves talk, we shall gladly reform our methods.

On the other hand there is a danger that a magazine will use too many short articles, and some of our contemporaries have fallen into this blunder. We shall call no names, but will say that within about forty pages one magazine crowds eighteen articles. A story or an article of so short length usually has not room for even a plot, and can only tell you how somebody fell in love with somebody and lived miserably or happily ever after—"the same old story in the same old way." The general public, I believe, would take more interest in our work if we should give their minds some thinking to do while they read our productions.

Aurora, from Agnes Scott Institute, is a magazine which we have been watching with pleasure since it came. It is very attractive in general with its cover of white and gold; but we have noticed all along its tendency to use very short articles. Such articles as "The Origin of Myths" and "The Scratched Button"—which seems to imitate Poe's method—are more acceptable than "Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady," at the close of which the hero "stammered out, 'Boo, ain't I devilish?' and was gone." If the writer had given her hero a little more time by making her story longer, he might have mustered up courage to tell the heroine how much he loved her. Alas! for these too short stories! Where are the poets of *Aurora*—writers of original poems?

We would make practically the same criticism of *The Lenoirian*. "For the Year" is a very good poem and resolution for the new year.

The best thing in *The Clemson College Chronicle* is the poem, "The Twilight." With its quiet and meditative tone and rhythmical flow of expressive words, it is altogether a good poem. Notice its beauty—

> "Seems to me the tender twilight hangs so graceful and so sweet,
> That the angels must be trysting in the skies."

"Horse-Shoe Robinson" is a good appreciation and biographical sketch of one of our sister State's heroes in the Civil War. "A Crime" is an interesting article crying out upon parents "who exiled their own flesh and blood from their homes." We shall welcome some more good poetry in *The Chronicle*.

The Criterion, of Columbia College, S. C., lacks poetry, having none original at all. "One Winter Night" is a well-written and entertaining story, and savors of real worth.

The Blue and Gold, of Bethel College, lacks poetry, too. A college magazine is never complete without some poetry, for nothing else can take its place.

Many of the other magazines, however, do not share in this serious defect. *The Wake Forest Student* has some well-written poems, in negro dialect, which have good style and rhythm. "Bob," in the January issue, is a strong plea against lynching and manifests the right spirit.

The Red and White for January contains two excellent poems. "The Beautiful Snow" is not original, but anonymous; however, it is the model of poetic excellence. Prof. Stockard's poem, "The Man With the Hoe," read at the laying of the corner-stone of one of their buildings, is a lofty tribute to

> "Imperial man, co-worker with the wind
> And rain and light and heat and cold and all
> The agencies of God—"

Of course *The Red and White* cannot claim the honor that belongs to the writers of these poems; but when original ones cannot be had, good productions of outsiders are better than none.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines, *State Normal*, *College Message*, *The Occidental*, from California, *Monroe College Monthly*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *St. Mary's Muse*, *The Collegian*, *University Argonaut* (a paper), *University Weekly News*, *Andrew College Journal*, *Ouachita Ripples*, *The Palmetto*, *The Oak Leaf*, *Tennessee University Magazine*, *The Idealist*, and *The North Carolina Booklet*.

CLIPPINGS.

Helpless, and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not, Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning,
Bleeding,
Dying for thee,
The Crucified One on the accursed tree.

His accents of mercy fall soft on thine ear.
Is there mercy for me? Will he heed my prayer?
O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
—*From "The Beautiful Snow," in Red and White.*

God keep you, as you are, so true, so good,
Sweet as the violet, queenly as the rose,
Pure as the lily. May His hands outspread
Shower every blessing on your golden head.
Where'er through life your pathway comes or goes,
God keep you, sweetest flower of womanhood.
—*J. M. Leake, in Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

A PRESCRIPTION.

And so again you have the blues?
Well, let me feel your pulse:
You need an ounce of stand on head,
A pint or so of run,
Of hop and skip and jump and jerk;
Then mix up with good fresh air,
Shake well and get to work.
—*C. E. Gibbs, in William-Jewel Student.*

CHARACTER.

The fair statue of one's character
  Can as certainly be destroyed,
By succession of scratches, chips and dints
  By carelessness employed,
As by that huge sledge-hammer blow
That wielded once, at once lays low.
—*Gray Jacket.*

HERR SCHAFSKOPF,
HERR POSSENREISZER, } - - - - - - - - - EDITORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

We've searched about on every side
And all expedients we've tried,
In hopes some matter might be found
To keep from running quite aground
In this department.

But scarcely aught avails our search;
At every point left in the lurch,
By friends and foes alike turned down,
And greeted ever with a frown,
But no inheartment,

We're forced to make this last appeal
To a gen'rous public, which must feel
Some sympathy with our sore plight
And help us, if they think it right,
This work go on.

The Editor-in-Chief has said
Upon success depends our bread,
For if we get no work to do
We soon must lose positions too,
He wants no drone.

So we are like a starving crew
(Since we've no editing to do)
With sails shook out for slightest breeze,
While not a ripple stirs the seas
For leagues about.

So now we ask you, reader kind,
If e'er an idle hour you find,
Invoke the god of jokes and fun
(For goodness sake don't try a pun),
And help us out

With any kind of rhyme or jest,
Of queer conceit (good prose is best),
Then we the Editor may please,
For he is harder far t' appease
Than creditors;

You'll thus bring smiles to many faces,
But more—you'll help us hold our places;—
Of others win the admiration,—
Of us sincere appreciation.

THE EDITORS.

SAMBO'S SOLILOQUY.

Kiss: "Nothing divided by two."—Red and White.

Dat smartee tinks he knows it all,—
His knowing's mighty few,—
Says a kiss is nothing 'tall
'Vided up by two.
Man'll say dat 'bout a kiss
Don't know what true pleasure is.

'Pears lak if he'd turn it round,
And divy two by naught,
He'd have the thing lak natur' is
And fix it lak he ought.
Leastwise, nothing 'vides us two
When I kisses Yaller Sue.

Marse Bobbie says: (and he knows Math,
Love, and Divinity),
Dat two divided up by naught
Ekals infinity.
So let it be, dis nigger pray:
Let kisses run 'twell Jedgment Day.

His girl stood 'neath the mistletoe,
While none but him had waited;
She hastily bade him good-night,
And then he osculated.

Her father, standing on the stair,
Had heard him when he kissed her,—
His ignorance before was bliss,
But now it was a blister.

"Oh, that my soul possessed a harp,
That it might play its wild desire!"
"Take me," said he, but she replied:
"I asked a harp and not a liar."

If Bobbie Burns was bound to say
"A man's a man" and all such stuff,
I'll be as bound to have my way—
"If man's a man, that's quite enough."

Y. M. C. A. Department

C. T. HANCOCK, - - - - - - - - - - Manager.

Perhaps no address was more highly enjoyed by the members of the Y. M. C. A. during the past term than the one delivered by Dr. W. P. Few on the life of Phillips Brooks, January 18. It was elevating in every sense, as it dealt only with the life and character of a truly great man. He said that the primary thing in all life is the establishment of character, and after giving a brief sketch of the life of Dr. Brooks at Harvard and the Theological Seminary at Alexander, Va., he said that few men have given themselves to development as he did. He studied with a purpose, and developed a capacity for his work in the future until he became wide like the vastness of the sea. He combined soul with sense, through which the greatest type of man is formed. He was rooted in his ideas, and possessed the power to evade the effeminate. He had the power to concentrate all his faculties on the noble. He was liberal in the broadest sense, and did unselfish service to men. His character he developed in the busy stream of the world, and his wisdom in solitude.

Beginning on the first of February, and lasting until the twelfth, Dr. Kilgo conducted a series of revival meetings for the Y. M. C. A. The college community has not for a number of years experienced such an outpouring of the spirit of God upon it as was felt during these meetings, and the results have indeed been wonderful. There are now very few unconverted students in Trinity College, and during the meetings scarcely any were left unmoved. The moral tone of the student body in general has been immeasurably elevated and the difference is distinctly noticeable.

The college community has never before heard such preaching

as Dr. Kilgo did during this revival. He stood before us and talked like a prophet sent direct from the throne of God, clearing up every possible shadow of doubt, and expounding the Word of God like a hero of the Cross. He left no stone unturned, no heart unsearched; no soul that had strayed from God unshaken. His words had power because they accorded with his thoughts; his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the tenor of his jubilant soul, which is rooted and grounded in an active faith in God.

The meeting of the Y. M. C. A. for February 10 was conducted by Prof. Plato Durham, who so ably assisted Dr. Kilgo in the revival. He spoke especially to those who had just given themselves into the service of God, and gave them helpful words of encouragement for their new life. He particularly emphasized the importance and necessity of constantly communing with God in prayer, for only by this means can we put aside temptations and live only for our Master and do His will. He realized that many temptations would surely come, and to overcome them we must obey the first promptings of conscience and never dare stop to argue about the matter, for when we begin to argue it is a sure sign of weakness. He called attention to the fact that no man plunges into sin and destroys his moral life at a moment, and said that it would take just as long to rebuild such a character as it took to tear it down. He spoke as a brother, very earnestly and from experience, and his words were very helpful and strengthening to his hearers.

At Home and Abroad

J. A. LONG, Jr., - - - - - - - - - - - Manager.

Mrs. Richard Arrington, of New York, nee Miss Ethel Lewis, '01, was on the park last month, visiting the family of Prof. Meritt. She was here only a few days.

Dr. W. P. Few, dean of the faculty, was indisposed and confined to his apartments in the new dormitory during the whole of February.

Mr. S. G. Winstead, '01, after a year at Yale, has again assumed the role of "professor," and, as we understand, has a very succcessful school at Warsaw, N. C.

M. C. W. Bagby, who was a member of the class of '05, and dropped out last year, was on the park a few days last month, visiting friends. Mr. Bagby is now at Chapel Hill.

It will be of much interest to the old students to learn that Mr. F. W. Fink, of the class of '03, holds an important position under the Panama Canal Commission and is now located on the isthmus.

From the papers we notice that Mr. J. D. Langston was one of the successful applicants before the State Board for license to practice law. Mr. Langston was a member of the '03 class.

Mr. F. D. Swindell, '03, after teaching a year, is now taking law at Wake Forest.

Mr. K. C. Sidbury, '06, did not return to college after Christmas on account of the illness of his father.

Prof. W. H. Pegram delivered the fourth faculty lecture in the Y. M. C. A. Hall Friday evening, Feb. 17. His subject was "Radium and Radio-activity," and the lecture was illustrated by several diagrams and interesting experiments.

Mr. H. G. Foard has been elected Chief Manager for the next commencement by the Hesperian Society. The Columbian Society has elected Mr. T. G. Stem Chief Marshal.

The recent bad weather has seriously interfered with baseball practice, but now the boys are hard at it under the instruction of Capt. Stocksdale, who has coached the team for the last three years. Although only four of last year's team are back, Trinity is going to put out a strong team. The new material is very promising and there is plenty of it, and the boys have entered into practice with an earnestness which betokens nothing less than success.

The fraternity initiates this year were as follows: Kappa Sigma, Messrs. Holland, Armfield and Goodson; Kappa Alpha, Messrs. Kilgo, Hicks and Lucas; Alpha Tau Omega, Messrs. Flowers and Thorne; Pi Kappa Alpha, Messrs. Hines, Gibson, Pugh and Boddie.

The greatest religious revival in the history of the college was held during the first two weeks in February, conducted by Dr. J. C. Kilgo under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. It was a great meeting and it has had a deep effect. In these meetings Dr. Kilgo was ably assisted by Prof. Plato Durham and other members of the faculty, and the members of the Y. M. C. A. stood faithfully by them in getting the boys to attend the meetings. A more extended notice of this event will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Although the Glee Club has not practiced much during the last two months the manager, Mr. Frank A. Ogburn, has been very busy making arrangements for the success of the Club this spring. The services of Mr. Kimbrough Jones, of the faculty of the Southern Conservatory of Music, have been secured to get the instrumental part of the Club in shape. Prof. Overton will continue to look after the vocal. This extra training will put the Club in better shape than it ever was before, and those who will make up their audiences from now on are promised concerts of a high order. The following dates have been closed by Manager Ogburn: March 3, Roxboro, Opera House; March 6, Charlotte, Academy of Music; March 7, Monroe, Opera House; March 4, Salisbury, Opera House; March 9, High Point, Graded School Auditorium; March 10, Greensboro, Normal College.

The Club will also give concerts at Raleigh and Durham, but the dates at these places have not yet been arranged.

The most enjoyable social function attended by the students since the holidays was a Valentine party given by Miss Anna Branson Tuesday night, Feb. 14, complimentary to the Sigma Delta Sorority. Miss Branson and her guest, Miss Grace Andrews, of Greensboro, proved themselves ideal hostesses and thoroughly succeeded in making every guest enjoy the occasion to the utmost. Those present were: Miss Nan Goodson with Mr. L. P. Howard, Miss Daisy Minor with Mr. Cecil B. Arthur, Miss Lessie Peay with Mr. J. A. Long, Jr., Miss Mary Thomas with Mr. Guy Baldwin, Miss Emeth Tuttle with Mr. R. R. Roper, Miss Mary Duke with Mr. John W. Hutchison, Miss Alice Charles Craft with Mr. J. P. Lucas, Miss Mitchell Waddill with Mr. Paul Webb, Miss Alice Franklin with Mr. Thorne, Miss Julia Minor with Mr. L. G. Daniels; Stags: Messrs. T. M. Stokes, A. B. Bradsher, B. S. Womble, W. A. Goodson, A. B. Duke, G. G. Connelly and F. A. Ogburn.

At Ashland, Va., February 22, Trinity had its second debate with Randolph-Macon College. The question was, "Resolved, That nominations for all important municipal, county, state and national officers should be made by a direct vote of legalized primaries, rather than by party conventions." The judges gave the decision to Randolph-Macon by a vote of two to one. Trinity's representatives were Messrs. B. S. Womble and C. J. Harrell; the Randolph-Macon speakers were Messrs. J. E. B. Mapp and W. L. Chenery.

On Friday evening, February 24, a preliminary was held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall to select the two speakers to go against Emory College in the debate here next Easter. Messrs. E. O. Cole, Hesperian, and E. F. Lee, Columbian, were chosen, with Mr. C. R. Warren, Hesperian, as alternate. After the debate a smoker was gived in the Epworth dining hall by the two literary societies in honor of Trinity's representatives in the two debates. Dr. Mims, who presided over the debate, was toastmaster, and the debaters, with several others of those present, responded to toasts with brief impromptu speeches. It was a very enjoyable occasion, with much debating spirit manifested. The debate itself was one of the best preliminaries ever held here.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from this world our friend and brother, JOHN M. FLOWERS, therefore be it resolved by the "9019" of Trinity College:

That in the death of John M. Flowers the "9019" has lost a faithful, honored, and knightly member, one who was always loyal and ever a credit, by his conduct and attitude a high type of man and by his support a bulwark of strength.

That we bow in humble submission to the will of the great King who issued this call to one of his faithful subjects in a far country, calling him to a richer and fuller life.

That we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in these sad hours of deep affliction.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family, a copy be published in the TRINITY ARCHIVE, and that a page of our records be inscribed to his memory.

D. W. NEWSOM,
J. P. BREEDLOVE,
C. L. HORNADAY,
Committee.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1905.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of THE ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to JULIAN BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to M. E. NEWSOM, Jr., Business Manager.

A. G. MOORE, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

EASTER.

BY A. G. MOORE.

*E*arly dawn scarce streaks the east
Ere the women rouse them,—
*A*fter night of fitful rest—
Can no longer house them.
*S*wift they seek the Master's tomb,
Where they last have laid Him,—
*T*enantless that silent room!
Ah, how 't has dismayed them!
*E*agerly they searching run,
Seeking where to find Him—
"*R*isen!" cries the Shining One,
"Death no more can bind Him!"

TOBACCO CULTURE AND MANUFACTURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.*

BY A. B. BRADSHER.

I.

Although the Chinese claim that they grew and used tobacco long before Columbus discovered America, it is not sustained by any records entitled to credit by the civilized nations. When or where it was first cultivated is a mystery which perhaps no happy discoverer will ever unearth. Pipes from the prehistoric mounds and caves in the United States, Mexico and Peru lead us to believe that it was in use centuries before Columbus and his crew set their prows toward the new world. However, Columbus had the honor of being the first European to see a smoker of the weed and in subsequent voyages it was noted that it was used by the natives for chewing and snuffing also. The name "tobacco" is supposed to have been derived from the inhaling apparatus of the Carribees, called the "tobacco." Benzoni, who travelled in America between 1542 and 1556, says the Mexicans called the plant "tobacco." On the continent of America it was usually called "ketum" and by the West India Islanders "yoli."

Frances Fernandes, a physician sent by Phillip II to Mexico to report on the natural resources of the country, brought back to Europe with him the tobacco plant. Hernando de Toledo also carried some of the plants from San Domingo to Europe during the next year. Jean Nicot, a French ambassador to Portugal, did much in spreading the knowledge of the plant, and to commemorate his services the plant derived its generic name "nicotina." Sir John Hawkins also carried specimens from Florida to England, and in 1586 it was first carried from Virginia and North Carolina by the agents of Sir Walter Raleigh, and its use soon became fashionable among the courtiers and persons of quality.

*In two parts. The second part will appear in the next number.

John Rolfe in 1612 became the first civilized tobacco grower. He was the husband of Pocahontas and grew tobacco for export to the mother country. Shortly after, growers were encouraged by the deputy governor, Sir George Yeardley, to plant tobacco for profit. In 1617, the streets, market places, and all open places in Jamestown, were planted in tobacco. It was tobacco that made the settlement of Virginia at that period a possibility, because it became the currency of the country, the measure of all values, and the sole product of Virginia that would command articles of value in exchange.

In 1619, 20,000 pounds were shipped to England. James I at this time made a furious attack upon the use of the weed and published his "Counter-blaste to Tobacco," condemning it. By his influence a duty of six pence per pound was levied on all importations of the new product into the united kingdom.

The "Counter-blaste" failed in its purpose, however, for the price went up and the acreage increased. From this period on the colony of Virginia grew rapidly and the narcotic which aroused the indignation of his highness, James I, became the foundation stone upon which was erected one of the most populous and prosperous colonies of the new world, and even to tobacco is given credit for the trasportation of the ninety wives who came over in 1620, the passages of whom were paid with tobacco at the rate of from 120 to 170 pounds per head. And thus tobacco riveted the bonds of matrimony in the new world and made contented citizens of the little band of adventurous spirits that first peopled Virginia. But for the profits of tobacco the colony doubtless would have perished and British civilization would have lost its foothold in the southeast of North America.

So great were the profits of the new product that food crops were neglected and this brought about strenuous rules by the Virginia Company. In 1621 the colonists

were restricted to the planting of 100 plants per head limited at nine leaves to the plant. Afterwards the limit was extended to 25 or 30 and reduced in 1629 to 12. In 1629, 3,000 plants per poll and 1,000 plants for every woman and child were allowed. The crop of 1621 was 60,000 pounds, 55,000 pounds of which were shipped to Holland. In England the same year the price with the duty added was 75 cents to $1.00 per pound. In 1676, England collected from the duty on tobacco alone 120,000 pounds sterling. The whole amount collected by Elizabeth in 1590 in custom duties was 5,000 pounds sterling. This increase was largely due to the trade in tobacco. In 1631 the exports of tobacco from the provinces of Maryland and Virginia together reached 60,000 hogsheads of 600 pounds each, which yielded $1,875,000, the import duties on which were $900,000.

North Carolina did not play a very large part in the tobacco trade at this time, but the States of Virginia and Kentucky were doing a tremendous export business. Warehouses for inspection were established in both of the said states. The exports from Virginia alone in 1754 were 50,000 hogsheads, which was sold at from 11 to 12½ pence per pound; in 1758, 24,500 hogsheads at 50 shillings per cwt.; 1745–1755, 44,000 hogsheads. The amount sent abroad annually between 1763 and 1770 was 66,780 hogsheads of 1,000 pounds each. For the four years just previous to the Revolutionary War 100,000,000 pounds were sent abroad annually.

North Carolina came into prominence with the rise and progress of the "lemon colored" leaf in the Piedmont regions of Virginia and North Carolina. This period shows one of the most abnormal developments in agriculture that the world has ever known.

Not far from the year 1852 two brothers, Eli and Elisha Slade, owned farms which took in a poor, sandy ridge lying between two tributaries of the Dan river in Caswell

county, North Carolina. Upon this ridge in 1852 they planted their crop and cured it with artificial heat produced by burning charcoal regulated in a definite manner. They succeeded in producing a tobacco of a bright lemon color. The cultivation spread with a ready demand and soon it was being grown on several of the surrounding farms and in adjoining counties. High prices came with a ready demand.

The Civil War practically stopped the cultivation of this grade, but between 1870 and 1880 its production was revived and without doubt it did more to build up North Carolina in prosperity than all other agencies combined. Old fields which had been abandoned on account of their sterility were reclaimed and were now the most profitable in the land. Poverty in the soil became for once the first principle of agriculture. The lands which grew the finest tobacco had light, cream-colored soils, 93 per cent of which was seliceous matter. Tobacco was placed in this porous, spongy, sandy earth, manured very slightly, so that the plant could derive sustenance until maturity. When the nourishment was exhausted the plant began to lose its vitality and to take on every day a deeper yellowish tinge. Just before harvesting the plant turned to a beautiful color, similar to hickory leaves in fall, and the fields looked more like those of small grain ready for harvest than tobacco fields. Lands that once could hardly be sold for fifty cents per acre now readily brought from fifty to sixty dollars. The towns and cities which had gone down on account of the decline in agriculture now took on a mighty revival. New streets were laid off and everything began anew. The culture spread East and West from one county to another and even into Tennessee and South Carolina, and today we find North Carolina second in production to only one State—Kentucky.

In 1902 the number of pounds raised in Kentucky was 267,260,160; in North Carolina the crop was 134,728,506

pounds. The next State was Virginia, with 120,913,500 pounds. The three largest tobacco producing counties in North Carolina, according to the twelfth census on the crop of 1899 were: Pitt, 10,733,010 pounds; Rockingham, 9,189,910 pounds, and Nash, 8,253,450 pounds.

The tobacco of Virginia, Kentucky and North Carolina is used almost entirely for chewing, plug, smoking and cigarettes, since it is of a bright color and especially adapted for these uses. There are many varieties grown in North Carolina, or perhaps many names are attached to the same variety, as all the varieties are very nearly alike, possessing either a bright, yellow or mahogany color, especially suited for the purposes mentioned above. A considerable quantity is exported. Owing to the number of names and absence of importance, I shall omit the long list of varieties which would add little to the importance or interest of this paper. I shall now take up the cultivation of tobacco.

Every variety of the bright tobacco possesses almost the same qualities and peculiarties, but some is better adapted to some soils than others, and for this reason many farmers in the same vicinity raise different varieties.

The preparation of the land for the crop involves two processes, namely, the plant bed and the field. Of the two I shall first discuss the plant bed. This is, as are all other processes in the culture, important, for good, healthy plants make a good start for a successful crop. The selection of the spot for the plant bed is usually a southern exposure. A location of a slope in a woods is usually selected in order to procure the protection of the trees against cold blasts and frost. A damp place near a stream is an excellent location, as the fogs arising keep the land moist and hasten the growth. "The soil selected is a friable, black, virgin loam, or sandy soil." Black is preferable on account of the fact that it absorbs heat.

The plant bed is burnt sometime between November 1

and the 25th of March, at a time when the ground is neither wet nor frozen, as in neither case do the plants do well; when the ground is too wet to plough it is too wet to burn. A large fire of brush, old timber, wood, etc., is kept going on the selected spot for several hours, usually at night, and in the tobacco districts one can see the glow of burning plant beds in all directions in the burning season. The advantage of burning the plant beds is hard to explain, but experience teaches that the profit is doubly worth the trouble. Some of the advantages are that all the seeds of weeds and grass are killed and the ashes of the wood left, which adds to the fertility. It renders the soil more permeable to the roots of the plants, increasing its absorptive capacity and preserving the proper degree of heat and moisture. It also pulverizes the soil, increasing the area of the feeding ground of the roots. The presence of the minute particles of charcoal renders the ground black, which absorbs the rays of sunshine, also taking in many gases desired by the plants, especially carbonic acid gas. It also renders all the particles of earth more soluble, which aids in the rapid growth of the plants. A bed ten yards square well prepared will set six or seven acres. A heaping tablespoonful of seed will sow a bed of the above size; the seeds being so minute that the amount mentioned will be about 60,000 in number. They are mixed with meal of some kind to facilitate sowing.

The seeds are sown broadcast on the surface of the bed which has been raked smooth, and then the bed is packed firmly to retain moisture—not raked, as the disturbance of the soil would bury the small seeds too deep. These beds are then covered with cloth of some description to protect the small plants from cold and insects. Here they remain with little notice until they have grown to sufficient size for transplanting, which is from three to six inches in length. This takes place sometime between April 1 and June 1.

The land which is prepared for the transplanting is, in this section, usually a field upon which some grain or grass crop has been grown the previous year; the rotation with tobacco being cowpeas, and either clover or grass, tobacco being grown every third year on the same land. Often pine or wheat straw or coarse mould from the forest ploughed under in the fall will make tobacco ripen yellow on the hill. When old land is selected it is ploughed with a two-horse turning plow in the fall. Then, just before the plants are large enough to set out the land is either rebroken and harrowed or ploughed with cultivators and then harrowed until it becomes well pulverized. After this it is laid off in furrows from 3¼ to 3½ feet apart, and in these furrows about seventy-five pounds of stable manure and from 250 to 800 pounds of some good commercial guano are distributed per acre. The fertilizers are highly ammoniated guano or phosphates of lime containing about 8 per cent phosphoric acid, 3 per cent ammonia, and 3 per cent potash. Upon this fertilized furrow two furrows are thrown, making a ridge. Then shallow rows are run at right angles to these rows and "pats" made with the hoe on each square and the field is ready for plants.

The rainy seasons which come in May are the times chosen by the farmers for transplanting. They draw plants from the beds and pack them in split baskets. One man takes the basket and goes up between the two rows, dropping a plant on each "pat." Behind him follow two others, each armed with a seasoned wooden peg about eight inches long and from one to one and a half inches in diameter. With this peg they stick a hole in the centre of the "pat," into which they set the plant, pressing the dirt firmly around it. In good seasons very few of the plants fail to live; however, there are always some which have to be replanted.

From this time on the plants must be watched continually until they ripen. Worms and other pests appear early

in the season and must be diligently searched for. The ground is worked with hoes several times. The first working merely breaks the crust and chops the grass, but with the second hoeing (and by this time the plants are of some size) earth is pulled up around the plant. This is repeated with each hoeing and by the time the crop is "laid by" the plants stand each in a well rounded hill.

The plants are topped according to the soil and season but very seldom at as much as fourteen leaves and seldom under eight. After topping, "suckers" (young shoots) appear on the stalk at the butt of the leaves and these have to be plucked out, which is done at the same time search is made for worms. Many farmers now use paris green to kill worms and insects which infect the plants. It is mixed with water and applied to the plants by means of a sprinkler, or in powdered form is blown on with a bellows when the plants are moist.

From two to four weeks in the Champaign districts, from three to five in the Piedmont, and from six to eight in the mountainous districts after the plants are topped, the harvesting begins and ranges from the 1st of August to the 15th of September. In the yellow tobacco region two methods are used; that of stripping the leaves from the stalk and that of cutting the whole plant. The former is used extensively in the new districts, especially in the East. The stripping process is growing in popularity as experience shows that much better results can be obtained although it is much more troublesome. The stripping method I shall try to explain first.

The leaves which are ripe are stripped from the stalk, placed in baskets and conveyed to some convenient place to be hung on sticks. There are several patent devices for hanging the leaves on sticks, but none as yet has proved quite so successful, inexpensive or convenient as ordinary twine. With this simple method the leaves can be securely fastened upon sticks with ease and rapidity and with any thickness.

The other method of harvesting is by cutting the entire plant. A knife made for the purpose is used (there being several kinds). The cutter splits the stalk some two-thirds the way down and cuts the plant off at the ground. He then places the split ends over the stick held by a helper at his side. From five to seven plants are placed on a stick. The tobacco stick is an ordinary split stick four feet in length. It serves as a means of suspending the tobacco in the barn. After being gathered the tobacco is placed in a barn to be cured, but first I shall here pause to give a brief description of the tobacco barn used by the North Carolina farmers.

The tobacco barns in common use are very simple and inexpensive in construction. They are built of logs cut from the woods which are usually hewn, but often are put in with bark on them. It takes about sixty-eight, or seventeen on a side, to build a barn, the logs being large enough to raise it one foot with each additional log. About nine feet from the ground within the barn poles are placed from side to side at a distance of four feet apart upon which the sticks of tobacco rest. Above each of these poles in regular order, other poles are placed about at intervals of two feet nine inches vertically. Thus in a seventeen foot barn there would be four rows of four poles each. Some barns have five or more sets of poles (called tiers or "tier" poles). When they do, more logs are required; for instance, a five tier barn requires eighty logs. The size of the barns varies also; instead of having four rooms there may be five or six. When there are five rooms the logs are twenty-one feet in length; when six, they are twenty-five feet in length. Shorter tiers are placed in the roof and these too filled with tobacco. The most approved barn, however, is the four room barn with four firing tiers. Barns built of round logs have to be chinked and daubed with mud. A square barn containing four firing tiers and four rooms in the body will

hold 500 sticks of tobacco, or 3,000 plants; one with five rooms and five tiers will hold between 700 and 800 sticks or from 4,200 to 4,800 plants.

To furnish the heat for curing, furnaces are constructed so that they may be fired from the outside. The ordinary arrangement is two furnaces made of masonry and covered with sheet iron. These are connected with a flue pipe which brings the smoke back out at the same end of the barn as the mouths of the furnaces. The furnaces reach from one-half to two-thirds the way across the barn, the flues completing the distance and coming back between the two.

When the tobacco is harvested it is just as soon as possible placed on sticks and hung in the barn. The sticks are arranged on the tiers about six inches apart. As soon as the barn is full the fire is started.

The process of curing is one of the most difficult in the culture. A mistake here means more than in any other stage of the process. For this reason an experienced hand is required and, in fact, many men make curing a specialty during the season. No two barns are ever cured alike and judgment in this plays a large part. There are many specific rules set down for curing, but without knowledge and judgment failure is the usual result. A formula given by Mr. R. L. Ragland, of Virginia, is a good one for the average curing and will give some idea as to the manner in which the plants are cured. I shall quote his four stages in the process.

(1) The yellowing process requires ninety degrees of heat for from 24 to 30 hours.

(2) Fixing color requires 16 to 20 hours at a temperature ranging at from 100 degrees F. at the beginning to 120 degrees at the close.

(3) The curing process requires 48 hours at from 120 to 125 degrees.

(4) The curing of the stalk requires from 9 to 10 hours at a temperature of from 125 to 175 degrees, raising it about five degrees per hour.

Below is given the process of one farmer of Edgecombe county who strips his leaves from the stalk. He says:

"Our barns are simple structures twenty feet square, sixteen feet from the ground to the plate with a roof not too sharp, a moderate flat roof being, in the opinion of experienced tobacco growers, the best. In curing we generally start at 95 degrees and consume from 24 to 30 hours between that heat and 110 degrees. From this point advance 2½ degrees per hour until 120 degrees is reached where that degree of heat is retained four hours. Then it is advanced to 125 degrees where it remains the same length of time. From that point the heat is advanced slowly to 135 degrees where it remains until the leaf is thoroughly cured. When this is done the critical point is passed, and the heat can be moved up 5 degrees per hour until it reaches 175 degrees where it should remain until the stem is cured so perfectly that it will break like a dead twig. The fire is then drawn, the door opened, and in twenty-four hours the tobacco is ready to come out of the barn and go to the pack house. It takes four days to cure a barn of tobacco and in a twenty foot barn there are about 800 lbs."

In spite of these set formulas the state of the tobacco has much to do with the temperature.

After the tobacco is cured the door is opened, and the dampness of the air renders the leaves pliable enough to be handled without breaking them, when it is removed. It is usually packed in bulk in a pack barn where it may remain for sometime. Any green stalks or stems will prove highly injurious to the tobacco and therefore it will have to be strictly watched. These pack barns are now on almost every farm and each has, as a rule, a cellar in which the tobacco may be hung to bring it into order.

When the time comes the tobacco is stripped from the stalks and is assorted into different grades. From six to fifteen grades are made by the planters. This requires a

discriminating eye for colors and much care has to be taken, as the price depends much upon proper grading. The crop is assorted into the following different grades.

(1) Wrappers: the picked leaves, finest and brightest, and most perfect leaves on the stalk. This grade comprises one-sixth of the crop.

(2) Cutters: inferior to the wrappers but superior to the smokers, inferior in color to wrappers, but more perfect leaves than smokers and heavier body also. This comprises about one-sixth of the crop.

(3) Fillers: this is every grade except smokers, wrappers, and cutters and constitutes about one-half of the crop.

(4) Smokers: generally the legs (bottom leaves) and torn, worm-eaten or bruised leaves. This constitutes about one-sixth of the crop.

After the tobacco is assorted it is tied into bundles with a leaf of the same grade. These bundles are called "hands" and are usually about the size of the finger at the head and are securely held together by the leaf twisted around the butt ends of the stems of several leaves. In this form it is carried to market.

JUST A GIRL.

(Found on the back of a Photo.)

Just a girl—made by God,
For none else works so fair.
Faultless? No. None save Him
Who made her is so rare.
Good? Nor that. Virtue dim
Appears that in her lives
Beside Him who thus wrought.
Then whence? How 'tis she gives?
She's just a girl, love sought.

COLONEL REUBEN BENBURY CREECY.

The oldest active editor in the United States.

BY LUKE BROTHERS.

Colonel Creecy is for many reasons the most unique character now living in eastern Carolina. The committee whose duty it was to select the "Men of Mark" in North Carolina did not flatter him by putting his name in the list.

He is of French Huguenot genealogy. His ancestors left France immediately after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and came to the Albemarle section of North Carolina seeking homes where liberty was not restrained. Thomas Benbury, brigadier-general of the North Carolina troops during the Revolutionary war, and commisary-general at the battle of Great Bridge, represents one side of his ancestry. His great-grandfather, on the other side, was William Skinner, chief treasurer during the same time in the eastern district of North Carolina, who showed his true patriotism by paying the soldiers out of his private purse when the State was not able to pay them.

But Colonel Creecy belongs to that class of men which needs not to borrow lustre from splendid ancestry, so I shall proceed to speak of him without further mention of his family history.

Richard Benbury Creecy was born in Chowan County near Edenton, North Carolina, in 1813. At the age of eighteen, he entered the State University, where he graduated with honors in 1835. He is now the oldest living graduate of that institution. Having finished college, he returned to his home in the country. Living, as he did, near the sound whose waters were teaming with fish, he naturally turned his attention to fishing as an avocation. He established the Greenfield fishery on the Albemarle sound, which is still in existence; and he is now said by the Boston *Fish News* to be the oldest long seine fisherman in the world.

In 1842 he was admitted to the bar. After practicing law in Edenton one year, he moved to Elizabeth City, where he continued the same profession. His career as a lawyer, however, was not destined to continue. One year after he moved to Elizabeth City he was married to a Miss Perkin, who was the only daughter of a wealty planter of ante-bellum type. As Mr. Perkin was getting old, the young bride was reluctant to leave her aged father, so Mr. Creecy quit his law practice and went to share with her the pleasures of her quiet country home.

When his father-in-law died, Mr. Creecy was left in control of the estate. Then came on the war in which the negroes were set free and much valuable property destroyed. He says, in speaking of the period, that he sometimes, yea, often, regrets that he did not shoulder his rifle and enter the thickest of the fight, in spite of his age and domestic exigency. However, it must be remembered that the most testing and unselfish service rendered during this terrible conflict was not always on the battle field.

After the war was over he remained on the farm for several years, but with little financial success. During this period of his life he does not figure as a public man, his time being largely devoted to his family. When he had no tutor employed, he would teach his children himself, always in a systematic way, requiring them to be as punctual as if they were under military discipline. He is the father of ten children, nine of whom lived to mature age.

In 1872, being then fifty-nine years old, he was called from private life to become the editor of the Elizabeth City *Economist*. This paper was established by a stock company for the purpose of counteracting the influence of the carpet-baggers and political demagogues. The originators of the plan were: ex-Governor Jarvis, Colonel Creecy, Edward Wood, of Edenton, Louis Latham, of Plymouth, David M. Carter, of Fairfield, and Colonel W. F. Martin and Monroe Whedbee, both of Elizabeth City.

Those were turbulent times, and the founders of the *Economist* counted themselves fortunate in securing Colonel Creecy as editor. In fact, it was not until they had convinced him that he was the only man available whose ability they could depend on, that he accepted the position. While the political world was so unsettled, a learned and conservative man was necessary to pilot the new craft along the uncertain stream of journalism. But the editor proved himself equal to the task. He denounced the political corruption and infamous conduct of the carpet-baggers in scathing terms. He was hated by them because his vigilant eye was ever upon them.

From the very beginning, the state press recognized the influence of the *Economist* on account of its stalwart democracy, and the leading state papers began to copy his editorials. Colonel Creecy has contributed articles to the leading magazines not only in America but also in England. Especially noticeable is the part that the *Economist* took in the Greely campaign.

As a local paper its benefit has never been questioned. It was due to its influence that the Norfolk & Southern railroad was entended through to Elizabeth City as early as it was. This road had its headquarters at Elizabeth City for a while, and the *Economist* was very active in trying to get the company to continue there. Although it did not succeed in this, the citizens of the town presented the editor with a gold-headed cane as an expression of appreciation for his faithful service. For thirty-three years he has remained the faithful editor of this paper.

On the first of December, 1903, the first daily edition of the *Economist* made its appearance. The editor was asked if he felt able to keep up his work and he replied that he did. Although ninety-one years old, he still goes to his office every morning to contribute his editorials. He is the oldest active editor in the United States, and also the oldest licensed lawyer in North Carolina; but when his

friends ask him to retire from work to spend the rest of his life in peace and quiet, he replies that he prefers "to die in the harness."

This spirit is verified in his preparation of "Grandfather Tales of North Carolina History," a work that was begun after he was eighty years old. He first began this work for the private instruction of his children and grandchildren, but, fortunately for all of us who desire to know something of the men who have lived and wrought in our own State, his patriotism would not let him stop there. However great may be his worth as an editor, it is "Grandfather Tales" that will cause him to live in the minds of posterity. This book tells of many incidents of importance which, but for him, would have been forever lost from memory. The State expressed its appreciation for the book through its legislature which appropriated $200 towards having the work published.

Colonel Creecy has voted in eighteen presidential elections, casting his ballot for six successful candidates, three of whom were whigs and three democrats. There are others as old as Colonel Creecy but seldom, indeed, do we find one who is in possession of all his faculties and whose mind is as clear and accurate as his.

There is nothing about Colonel Creecy's appearance that would distinguish him from the ordinary. He is of small statue, less than six feet high, weighing about 125 pounds, but well proportioned, however; and in his younger days was a very handsome man. But his qualities of attraction are not superficial; they are soul qualities, which in order to understand one must be brought face to face with him. As a conversationalist he is unexcelled. Like Abraham Lincoln he has an inexhaustible supply of witty and humorous jokes at his command with which he seasons his social "chats." Old age has not made him pessimistic, nor does he fail to enjoy life because of it. His attitude towards old age is well expressed by Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand,
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!'"

Another remarkable characteristic of his is his ability to be congenial with, or rather to entertain, men of all rank, from the most dignified judge to the humblest school boy. And it is well to note here that there is no class of people in whom he manifests more interest than in school boys. Connected with the Atlantic Collegiate Institute in Elizabeth City, is the Gaston Literary Society. This society was named for the man whom Colonel Creecy regards as North Carolina's patron saint. Whether or not this causes him to watch with more zealous care the interests of the society we are unable to say, but this we know, that while he is in no way connected with the interests of the school, yet whenever the boys want aid in preparing their debates they find a willing helper in Colonel Creecy. It was in this relation that the writer first met him. So unsparing has been his service in this respect that he is very properly called the god-father of the society. And when in the providence of God he shall have finished his mission and goes to share the reward of the faithful, the Gaston Literary Society will not be the last to mourn his loss.

AN EASTER ANTHEM.

BY N. S. OGBURN, JR.

Ring out the gladdening Easter bells
In tones of joy today!
The Master of the Heavens and Earth
Has given to men a second birth
From out the mortal clay.

No more let doleful dirges sung
Nor death-knells hopeless be;
For He who rose from out the grave
Arose with mighty power to save
A soul eternally.

Then sorrowing one, why weepest thou?—
'Tis but the curtain's fall!
Act out thy life—'twill rise again!
And thou shalt see thy loved one, friend,—
Then, too, shalt thou know all.

Ring, ring the Easter bells once more,—
Sweet Harbingers of Peace.
The Lord of Heaven is risen today,
He takes the sting of death away
And gives the soul release.

Ring, ring again, ah, swell the sound!
Fill sky and land and sea!
Till every nation, race and tribe
To Him who conquered death, ascribe
All power and majesty.

THE PIECE OF CLAY.

BY A. G. MOORE.

And there was another* piece of Clay which lay, hundreds of years ago, in its bed beside a tiny brook. The brook ran down the east side of a great mountain sloping off into a beautiful valley that stretched out for miles towards the Red Sea. Here the Clay had lain for ages, without form and unconscious of its very existence. Above it the sheep and cattle had grazed, here the shepherd lads and lasses had strayed in the balmy summer evenings and piped and sung, and whispered their loves. Here too, the beautiful ruddy youth had rested in the twilight and sung a shepherd song, about the lion and the bear, before ever the Philistine made his boast.

At length came one who digged there, and as he digged he carried away that which he had digged up. So when he had digged deep into the earth and had come near to the piece of Clay, it came about that the Clay began to feel a faint stirring of life within it, and stray beams of light began to shoot through from the outer world. One day it was turned forth from its bed in the bosom of the earth and the light burst full upon it. Yet it was not taken away by the digger, but it fell to one side and rolled down to the edge of the brook. And here it began to expand, even as a little child that stretches itself and sprawls, and reaches out, it knows not for what.

And the piece of Clay began to look upon the things about it—the trees, the grass and the flowers; yet oftenest it gazed in rapture up into the beautiful blue above it, but a brilliant creature there oppressed it and it fell asleep.

When it again became conscious the sky was less bright, and the awful oppressive creature had sunk low behind the mountain and the dews were falling. And now it heard

*See Dr. Van Dyke's "A Handful of Clay."

the babble of the brook. And it began to question the brook, and said to it, "What art thou?"

And the brook said, "I am that which giveth life, and I bear the burdens of all the world. I never rest, for if I rest I die. I am the servant of all, and the delight of all. And men call me water."

And the Clay said, "Why singest thou so merrily if thou art the slave of everyone?"

"But I go everywhere," answered the brook, "and I know all things. I go to the king's palace and the beggar's hut. I take away men's diseases and bring them health. And I know the secret of life."

And the Clay said, "What is the palace of the king like? Is it very fine?"

"It is more beautiful than thou canst imagine," answered the brook. "There I work many wonderful feats for the delight of the king; and beautiful ladies dip their slender white fingers into the fountains which I make and catch me in the glittering sprays and caress me, and lovely fishes—all gold and silver—swim in my pools there."

Then said the Clay, "What am I, and why am I here?"

"Thou art Clay," responded the brook. "Thy father is the great rock that crowns the top of yonder lofty mountain peak. Thou canst see how he glows in the light of the sinking sun. There he is a king and rules all the mountain peaks for miles around. He catches the sun's first rays in the morning and is the last to see him sink into the sea at night. He bears his hottest rays at noontide. And he is the benefactor of his people. But he was much larger formerly than he is now, for slowly he crumbles, and I wash him down bit by bit. And thee I left there, where thou hast lain in thy mother Earth for hundreds of years, forming into clay. And now the potter will take thee and make some vessel of thee for service or ornament."

"And am I really a king's son?" asked the Clay.

"Thou art the son of the king of these mountains."

"And will the potter take me to the king's palace? Hath the king vessels of clay in his palace?"

"Yea, many curiously wrought and beautiful vessels. And some are painted with all lovely things—images of living creatures, beautiful maidens at play, and kings and warriors feasting; and some have delicate tracery of vines and rich clusters of fruit. And some are to hold water, some wine, and some beautiful flowers, and some are for ornaments in the King's house."

"Then I shall be a large and beautiful vase," said the Clay, "and stand beside the King's throne for an ornament. I shall be the most beautiful vase in all the King's palace, and I will hold no water nor wine; for I will not be a servant, but I will stand like a prince and be an ornament to beautify the King's palace, and all the courtiers shall behold my beauty and wonder and praise me."

"It may be," said the brook, "but here comes the potter, and I think he will take thee and mould thee into some vessel to his mind. Farewell now, but I think we shall meet again, for I go everywhere and serve all men."

Then was the Clay taken by the potter, together with much other clay, and carried away. And the other clay pressed upon the Clay. And the Clay said to the other clay, "Why do ye press me so hard? Give me room, for I am a king's son, and I go to become a rich vase and stand for an ornament beside the King's throne."

But the other clay only laughed and said, "We be king's sons, too, and go to a king."

But the Clay sneered at this, for did he not know that he was a king's son, and better than they?

So the potter took him and turned him and fashioned him, and he thought, "I am being made into some beautiful ornament for the King's palace."

And he said to the potter, "What makest thou of me?

I am a king's son and I would be a beautiful ornament and stand beside the throne of the King, so that all may see and admire me."

But the potter said, "The King hath many and rich ornaments for his palace, but a poor man needs a cup that he may get water and slake his thirst."

Then the Clay said, "I will not be a cup, nor hold water, nor serve an humble man. I am a king's son, and I shall stand as a prince in the palace and be admired by all the people."

But the potter only smiled and wrought on. And at length he had it turned into a perfect cup, but plain and simple; and he set a curious mark upon the bottom of it, for he said, "Because it claimed to be a king's son and would stand in the palace." And then he burned it.

And it was taken to a plain man's house and filled with fresh water and held to the parched lips of a fevered child, and the child was healed. And the good man slaked his thirst with water from the cup. One day a weary traveler came to that house and they filled the cup with water and gave it to him and he was refreshed.

Then the water said to the Clay, "I see that thou hast come to minister unto men even as I and to give thyself for them."

But the Clay replied, "I am indeed debased, that am a king's son and should stand in the palace."

And so the cup served in that house many years and became old and worn, for the master of that house, though he was a simple man, welcomed all strangers to his door and he gave them all to drink from the cup. And the master valued the cup highly, for he had seen the potter's curious mark on it, and he said, "Hath it not done much service?"

But at length, after many years, there came one with a company to the house, and he feasted in an upper chamber with his followers. And the master of the house brought

them this cup to drink from. Then the stranger poured wine into the cup and himself blessed it and gave it to those of his company and bade them drink it as a memorial,—but he drank not. And the man went away.

And after this the good man of the house continued to use the cup, and he prized it highly, for he said, "Did not my strange Guest use it and bless it before he went away, and hath it not the potter's curious mark?"

So it came down to his son and his son's son. But at last came one who knew not the Stranger who had blessed the cup, nor regarded the potter's curious mark on it. And he said, "What need have I of this earthen cup? I will get me cups of gold and silver."

So the cup was set aside; but it had borne healing to many fevered ones and slaked the thirst of many tired, and brought refreshment to many weary travelers.

And the years went on, and some said, "Was there not a cup from which the strange Visitor drank, and his followers, before he went away, and had it not a curious mark? Where is the cup?"

So men began to search everywhere for the cup, and pilgrims came from distant lands and searched, for the fame of the wonderful Guest had gone abroad through all the earth.

And men no longer called it an earthen cup, for some claimed to have seen it, and they said it did shine as pure gold, only much brighter. (But it was clay, and it shined because the wonderful Guest had blessed it.) So all men searched for the cup—kings, and statesmen, and warriors; (but only the pure in heart might ever hope to see it.) For they said, "Hath not He blessed it, and did not the potter set his curious mark upon it?"

So the simple cup which had been made of the Clay, men came to think the most beautiful cup in the world, because He had used it.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND THE UNIVERSITY.*

BY O. I. HINSON.

"An institution," said Emerson, "is the lengthened shadow of one man," and this is abundantly illustrated in the history of the University of Virginia, for Thomas Jefferson is justly called its father. That institution is clearly the lengthened shadow of one man—Thomas Jefferson, whose *Alma Mater*, however, was William and Mary's College. There in intimate association with a Scotch professor of mathematics and philosophy, he received his first bent toward science and higher education, toward law and politics, the fields in which he afterwards excelled.

Not only did Jefferson draw plans and make estimates for every important feature of the university, but he trained his brickmakers, masons, and carpenters, and superintended every operation. He even designed tools and implements for his men, and taught them how to cover roofs with tin. One or two skillful workmen were imported from Italy to chisel the marble capitols of those classic columns which support the porticos of the pavilions in which the professors now live, but the chief work was done by home talent under Jefferson's watchful eye. And instead of evolving the University of Virginia entirely out of his own inner consciousness, Jefferson combined, in an original and independent creation, the results of academic training, philosophical culture, foreign travel, wide observation, and of an extensive correspondence with the most illustrious educators of his time. His intelligent study of Old World conditions and institutions prepared him to devise something new for Virginia and America. After having founded and organized his university, his friend Quesnay returned to Paris and began an active social and

*The inauguration of the first President of the University of Virginia calls into the public mind the story of the founding of the University by Thomas Jefferson.

scientific propaganda in the interest of his grand project for uniting, intellectually, America and France. He called upon the learned men of Paris. He visited the studios of artists. He consulted everybody whose opinion, good-will and active co-operation was worth having.

Jefferson's ideas of university education in Virginia were closely connected with thoughts of instituting local self-government for the support of the common schools. As early as 1779 he introduced into the General Assembly a bill for the more general diffusion of knowledge. The means proposed to accomplish this desirable end was the annual election in every county of three so-called aldermen who should proceed to divide their respective counties into hundreds. Jefferson's bill provided that the electors within every hundred should be called together to "choose the most convenient place within their hundred for building a school-house."

This bill also provided not only for the popular foundation of common schools, but for the free training of all free children, male and female, for three years in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The proposed admission of girls was a step in advance of the times, for not until the year 1789 did Boston allow the female sex to attend her public schools. Most novel, too, was Jefferson's idea that reading in the common schools should be made the vehicle of historical instruction. In that early day of our national life, Jefferson made the initiation that was to become the basis of our modern school system. Above the common schools, according to Jefferson's original plan, there were to be grammar or classical schools, where Latin, Greek, English, geography, and higher arithmetic should be taught. The counties were to co-operate in local groups, from three to five or more in each group, for the joint institution of a grammar or classical academy in a convenient location, which was to be determined by the county overseers of the common schools, who were to

appoint a visitor of the grammar school from each county. Thus Jefferson proposed to connect the three branches of education, the primary, the secondary, and the higher. As stated in the bill of 1779, the overseers in the hundreds were to select annually "the best and most promising genius" whose parents were unable to afford him any further education, and this boy of "best genius" was to be sent forward to the nearest grammar school, then to be educated gratis for one or two years according to his aptness and progress in the branches of the higher education. So by an ingenious system of natural selection and by the survival of the fittest, Jefferson hoped to secure for the service of the State the choicest products of democracy.

For more than forty years his mind moved along these three lines of institutional reform for his native State: (1) subdivision of the counties into wards, hundreds, or townships, based on militia districts, which should become school districts; (2) grammar schools, classical academies, or local colleges; (3) a state university. Jefferson never advocated university education at the expense of common schools. He labored for both forms of popular instruction, although he always maintained that primary education should be based upon local taxation and self-help, with perhaps some assistance from county and state sources where local means were inadequate. He maintained that if a choice had to be made between primary and university education, he would take the former and abandon the latter. Still he was a zealous advocate for the higher branches, such as philosophy, Greek, history, civil and ecclesiastical, mathematics, anatomy and medicine, natural history, oriental languages (Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac), and the modern languages,—together with sciences; botany, chemistry, zoology, anatomy, surgery, natural philosophy, agriculture, astronomy, geography, politics, commerce, ethics, law, arts and the fine arts.

And in regard to the professors he says that they should

follow no other calling, so that their whole time may be given to their academical functions; and "we propose to draw from Europe the first characters in science, by considerable temptations, which would not need to be repeated after the first set should have prepared fit successors and given reputation to the institution." And with that idea dominant in his mind, he encouraged that young Virginian, J. C. Cabell, just graduated from William and Mary College, to go to Europe for further study. Like Jefferson, Cabell made Paris the center of his study in Europe. He loved the lectures of Curien and other professors at the College de France. He studied natural science at Montpelier, and sojourned at various Italian universities, notably Padua, Rome and Naples. Cabell also interested himself in Swiss education. He went to Verdun, and studied the novel system of Pestolozzi, which he afterwards endeavored to introduce into Virginia. He visited the universities of Leyden, Cambridge and Oxford, and thus completed a grand tour of university observation. Such was the preliminary training of the man whose influence was to become second only to that of Jefferson in founding the University of Virginia, and who was to sound the Declaration of Independence in the matter of higher education in Virginia.

I have thus merely sketched the plans that Jefferson had been working on for the better developing of the people of his native State and the South as well. It was not till about 1818 that his plans for founding the university began to take definite shape in a material way. Jefferson was made chairman of the finance committee and soon began to project plans for the building of the university. In the meantime he was on the lookout for teachers, his preference being for those who had had the advantages given by the best universities in Europe. But Jefferson was not satisfied merely with the university, and the thought of the special schools of language, mathematics

and philosophy. He clearly anticipated the modern idea of technical education for the mariner, the carpenter, shipwright, machinist, optician, metallurgist, cutler, druggist, vintner, dyer, painter, bleacher, soap-maker, and tanner.

Of course Jefferson did not expect to realize all at once this educational scheme. He urged as a practicable beginning the establishment of a general school or college, with four professorships, grouping, (1) language and history, belles-lettres, rhetoric and oratory; (2) mathematics, physics, etc.; (3) chemistry and other natural sciences; (4) philosophy, which, in his view, included political science. Such were the fundamental lines of thought which gave shape to the first project for a University of Virginia in Jefferson's own neighborhood. But his principles met opposition and his plans were hindered from the lack of funds to carry forward the work as he had wished.

At least fifty acres of land, $100,000 for buildings, and $10,000 for a library were needed to put the university on a good working basis. In order to secure the money needed, besides appropriations made by the State, a canvass of the State was made with only partial success.

But all Jefferson's energies were not expended on the university alone; he was constantly at work to perfect the common school system of the State. He realized that the university would be dependant upon the primary and secondary schools for new recruits, and he planned for the correlation of the lower schools with the university, So he proceeded to divide the counties into nine collegiate districts. Each of these was given $500 to be expended on the grounds and $700 for buildings. Each college was to have two professors, with salaries of $500 each, to be paid from the literary fund, with such additional fees as might be determined upon. In the said colleges should be taught Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian and German languages, English grammar, geography, etc.

A special consideration of some of Jefferson's views will

not be out place in this study of his influence upon education in Virginia and the South. Jefferson defined the objects of primary education as follows: To give every citizen the education he needs in the transaction of his own business; to enable him to express and preserve his own ideas; to improve his morals by reading; and to qualify him to know and understand his rights whether civil, political or ethical.

He enumerated the objects of higher education as follows: To form the legislator, the statesman, and the judge; to fit a man for understanding the principles and structure of government; to develop the reasoning faculty of our youth, cultivate their minds and morals, and inspire in them a love for virtue and order; to enlighten them with mathematics and physical sciences which advance arts; and generally to lead them to form habits of reflection and correct action, rendering them examples of virtue to others and producing happiness within themselves.

With all his zeal for the mental development of the youth of his day, he did not ignore the development of the physical man. He had somewhat the same ideas of the relation of bodily accomplishments to the higher education as have long been in vogue at West Point and the German universities.

Jefferson gave emphasis to these points as being distintcly characteristic of the new educational movement which he set going in Virginia: He abolished the prescribed curriculum for all students; he introduced the system of specialization, or the exclusive application to those studies which are to fit students for their particular vocations; and he also introduced the elective system which has become so common in all American universities and colleges of any ranking. Besides he believed in reducing the discipline to a minimum, thereby avoiding much seeming government, not however by requiring less

strict observance of the rules of gentlemanly conduct, but by placing the students under an honor system and thus removing occasions for dissatisfaction, disobedience and revolt. Having thus outlined the policy of Jefferson in regard to the university, it now remains for me to call attention briefly to a list of the causes, or working forces, which, in my judgment, have given extent and character to the influence of the university upon Southern life and thought.

These may be stated concisely as follows: The continued refusal of the faculty to remain satisfied with the present standard of requirements, or with the number of subjects taught; the substitution of the elective system of instruction; the honor system of discipline; the even balance held between sects and parties; the high qualifications, both mental and moral, of the men chosen as instructors; and the unique place the universtty held in the life of the South.

Students of the conditions as they exist in the South today know that these principles have been adopted in our modern educational systems almost in their entirety. It is thus seen that Mr. Jefferson was half a century ahead of his time, and yet he was ever on the lookout for new methods, and was continually striving for better results.

He determined at all hazards to bestow upon natives as the subjects to be taught here, those things that would tend to make the students national, in thought and action, in the highest sense of the term. He even suggested that the text books to be used by the professors should be prescribed in order that orthodox political principles might be taught and "the vestal flame of republicanism be kept alive."

One peculiarly sad thing about the university was that Jefferson was compelled to struggle and fight alone in his efforts to build up an educational system within his State. In those days statesmen of his calibre were few, and he was further handicapped by the inability, in a large

measure, of the other Southern States to shake off the shackles of sectarian prejudice, and also by the condition of secondary education which made it practically unnecessary that each state should have a separate university of high standing. That of Virginia, for a long time, sufficed for the whole South; and the wideness of the field from which it drew its students is a partial explanation of the far reaching character of the influence it exerted. Waiving all the subtleties as to the distinction between productive and non-productive labor, we may safely assert that the influence of such a body of alumni, distributed throughout the South in all departments of activity, must have been enormous. Those who went to the bar, in addition to a thorough professional knowledge, possessed a sense of honor highly developed by the system of discipline to which our praise has already been given; those who went to the pulpit had chosen without constraint of any kind their life of self-sacrifice and were ready to abide by their choice; and those who gave themselves up to the education of the young had already learned, in their own persons, the value of thorough-going work and systematic training. Men who were landed proprietors went back to their estates to introduce new methods of agriculture, to represent their respective counties in the legislatures, to set an example of upright living to those beneath them, and to affect the society of their equals in that subtle way which can be better understood than described. Not a few left their homes and carried to the West the brains and hands that were needed for its development. Many entered business to apply to all the affairs of mercantile life those habits of calm perseverance and study of details which had been fostered by their university life.

SOME ONE TELL.

BY F. W. OBARR.

Some one tell—I dare not ask—
Making love is such a task—
What it is that makes her turn
As I pass, as tho' to spurn,
While her cheeks like crimson burn?—
This lady whom I love!

Some one tell—I dare not ask—
Making love is such a task—
Why it is she seems to fear
When her eyes display most clear
She is happy when I'm near?—
This lady whom I love!

Some one tell—I dare not ask—
Making love is such a task—
When her love will fully flower,
When her will will loose the power
Holding her from out my bower—
This lady whom I love!

Then will I with joy untold
Fast on my fair prize lay hold
To fold her like the cloud mist
Veiling earth; love free, dismissed,
Wand'ring whereso'er she list—
This lady whom I love!

THE NATIONAL SPIRIT IN LOWELL'S POEMS.

BY S. B. UNDERWOOD.

Among all the American men of letters, the one who best embodies the national idea is James Russell Lowell. We cannot read such poems as his Commemoration Ode or the three Memorial Poems without feeling that the author was a man who loved his country above all things else. In him all the slow movement in literature which started in the early colonial period and passed through the days of the French and Indian War, the Revolution, the Federation, the adoption of the Constitution and the successful establishment of a strongly centralized government, reached its culmination and best expression. In the early days Franklin, with his clear insight into the heart of things, counseled union. Washington saw the danger of a loose federation of states and urged his countrymen to rally to the support of the new-born government and give it strength. Marshall developed the system of national law and thus made the nation a living reality. Hamilton developed a financial system, not for separate states, but for the national government. Webster gave all his powers to the support of this Union, which he loved so dearly, and warned the country in thunder tones of the danger of denationalization. But none of these had a clearer vision of the imperative need of union nor a deeper love for their country than did this quiet New England poet. We can read Webster's burning words in the conclusion of the Reply to Hayne and feel our blood run warm with enthusiasm, but we can read the conclusion of the Commemoration Ode with just as deep a thrill.

Lowell did not have the national idea from his boyhood as did Webster. It was more of a growth with him, a gradual finding of himself. From what we know of his early life, we would suppose that he had no ideas at all on the question, that he never troubled his brain with so

weighty a matter. He did not take his proper place in the life of the country until his friendship with Maria White. Her influence seems to have sobered him, and he began to face the issues which were clamoring for settlement. From that time we may trace his growth.

The first great movement with which Lowell became identified was the effort to abolish slavery. With all his enthusiasm he threw himself into this reform and spent his energies in endeavoring to so mold public sentiment that the work of the abolitionists could be carried out. In his zeal for the moral questions involved he lost sight of the grave political issues attending their settlement. To him it was a matter of abolishing slavery simply—of setting a people free at whatever cost to the nation. If one were to read Stanzas on Freedom, On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves, The Present Crisis, and some passages in the Biglow Papers, and omit the later poems, he would class Lowell as a sectionalist rather than a nationalist, a fanatic who would disrupt the union, if need be, to carry out his schemes. There is no question that his earlier writings are those of a secessionist.

In the first three poems there is no direct reference to secession, but it is plainly hinted at, and they are thoroughly permeated with the idea that the preservation of the Union is unimportant as compared with the other question. He attacks slavery simply from a moral standpoint, paying no heed to the fact that the life of the nation is at stake. Indeed, he would overturn the whole system of government if need be.

> "Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
> Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God!
>
> We owe allegiance to the State; but deeper, truer, more,
> To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core;
> Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then
> Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men."

All of which is true, of course, but taken in the light

of its connection with other passages, it bodes no good to the Union.

In the first of the Biglow Papers occurs a stanza that Lowell could not have written in his later life. Carried away by his zeal, he puts into the mouth of shrewd Hosea Biglow words which show the feeling that existed at that time in the North as well as in the South. The Union was indeed in danger when in both sections there was a large group of men who could view its overthrow as something not undesirable. This quotation from Lowell is the best single expression of the secession spirit, which was a great deal stronger in the North than we sometimes think:

"Ef I'd my way I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part,
They take one way, we take t'other;
Guess it wouldn't break my heart;
Man hed ough' to put asunder
Them that God has noways jined;
An' I shouldn't greatly wonder
Ef there's thousands o' my mind."

But such expressions as that belong to the youthful enthusiast, overpowered by the sense of the deep injustice of slavery and ready to go to any lengths to eradicate the evil. He soon passed beyond that stage into a larger growth. Lowell was too broad a man to be bound down by the narrow views of the anti-slavery leaders with whom he was associated. These men were sincere and honest in their purposes, and they were a necessary influence in working out the destiny of the country; but they did not have a viewpoint broad enough to take in the larger national questions which were involved. While thoroughly committed to the anti-slavery movement, Lowell also had a sense of the more weighty issue to be settled, the preservation of a nation's life. A man who could write in one year poems of such diverse types as the Biglow Papers, Fable for Critics, and Vision of Sir Launfal, could not long be held within the limits of the abolitionists. He

soon realized the narrowness of the views of these extremists, and then came the transition in his thought. He came to recognize the fact that the Union must be preserved at all hazards, and that the question would have to be fought out from the national standpoint. Then the poet found himself, and his voice rang clear and full in the exultant note of a truer patriotism. Hosea Biglow takes up a new strain, one far different from his early petulant outburst:

> "I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry
> Thet seems to say, 'Break forth and prophesy!'
> O strange New World, thet yit wast never young,
> Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,
> Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed
> Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
> An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
> Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains,
> Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain
> With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,
> Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
> To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents,
> Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan
> Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
> An' whose free latch-string never was drawed in
> Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,—
> The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
> In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!"

In this utterance he is the Lowell whom we like best, the patriot who has the true idea of the greatness of the nation which has been built up in "this fresh Western world," and whose song is ever one of faith and devotion. In his earlier writings he may have been overbalanced by the weight of his anti-slavery sympathies, and thus have given voice to sentiments which might be interpreted as favoring disruption of the Union, but the passage just quoted marks the beginning of a new strain in his poetry. Henceforth all sectional feelings are forgotten, the one great love of his heart is the Union; the one great issue overshadowing all others is the preservation of that Union at any cost. He realized as strongly as Webster did the

utter folly of secession, the utter impossibility of having a government

> "Built up on our bran'-new politickle thesis
> Thet a Gov'ment's fust right is to tumble to pieces."

And while Webster reduces the whole theory of secession to absurdity by the picture which he draws of the result of such action in his famous oration, Lowell packs about as much plain common sense into these two lines in the *Message of Jeff Davis in Secret Session*, which Hosea Biglow is reporting after a fashion peculiarly his own. His moral theories as to slavery expanded until they were broad enough to embrace a nation. He had learned to develop his ideas on that question in conjunction with the larger vision of a people with "one cause, one county, one heart," instead of making the two antagonistic, as at first threatened.

The four years of struggle which had to come, when men fought against the irresistible tide of an advancing civilization, this "inevitable wrong," as he called it, must have been a terrific strain to the poet watching and waiting in his quiet Cambridge home to see the result of this contest. Aside from his personal interest in the fate of his three nephews in the federal army, he had a far deeper interest in the fate of his country, which was being tried. And the news that the Union had not been overthrown, that we were still one people, came to him as news from Heaven. The war ended with the accomplishment of both the desires of his heart, the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the Union, and he could well write his friend, "The news is from Heaven."

From this time on the Union is more of a reality than ever to him. It has stood the test, and nothing can hope to overthrow it. And the joy that arises in the poet's heart finds expression in his verse. In the Commemoration Ode he honors those who risked life and all to save the nation, praises the mighty work of Lincoln, and gives

vent to the exuberant love for the country just rescued from disruption. We will find this strain running all through the poem and coming to its best expression at the close:

"What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else and we will dare!"

This love for country was not simply a part of Lowell, it was his whole being; all his great heart was flooded with it. "It was a passion with him, the source of the enlargement of his whole personality." In Under the Old Elm he compares it with the love of a woman. It is "fuller of fire than wine." This force goes into the very inmost life of a man and "'neath our conscious being stirs." He shows us something of his feeling when he draws a distinction between nation and country. Nations are the sum of material powers, computable things, a certain combination of men, ships and dollars, that is a strength behind us, giving us courage whether we are right or wrong. But to him his country consists of no such tangible things. It is something which he cannot define, a "shape of each man's mind." It is a Presence which broods over us,

"An inward vision, yet an outward birth
Of sweet familiar heaven and earth."

With such a feeling as that, he gives to this country of his, the home of freedom, as he calls it, all the love of his great personality and the support of his voice and pen. It is not a small thing with him, it is the chief passion of his life and the inspiration of his best work. Under the Old Elm has already been referred to. In the ode read at Concord, the same patriotic note is found. The poet sees Freedom, "fondest of all the daughters" of Time, coming over the hills, and her coming tread sends a thrill through the earth. To him there is no "creature of diviner mien" than this mighty person who has made us what we are.

She has come down to us by a route which left the stains of blood on the hem of her garment, blood shed by patriots in all countries who fought for liberty. But here in the western world she found stains freshest and dearest of all. She

> "Scattered here in blood and tears
> Potent seeds wherefrom should grow
> Gladness for a hundred years."

The thought of all this and of the future of this mighty nation, founded here in the woods, fills Lowell's soul to overflowing with joy and he completes his poem in a flood of rapturous song. He believes this maiden freedom will stay with us always, mingling her life with ours and making us deserve to be free.

In the last of his Memorial Poems, an ode for the Fourth of July, 1876, Lowell sings again the song of which he never tires, the strength and high destiny of America. This time he sees the vision of a woman at her wheel spinning, with her children at her side, a picture of contented toil, symbol of this new country made up of peaceful toilers. She is the "toil-consecrated queen," "the mighty mother of a mighty brood" of children who shall rise up to bless her name. The grandeur of this young nation is not in crumbling ruins of a past civilization, but her monuments are built in the minds and hearts of men. The foundations for future glory are laid in a happy and contented people, a "self-swayed commonweal". The quiet households sending up their humble prayers take the place of the ancient grandeurs of the Old World. Looking towards the west he sees a thousand miles of neighbors, side by side, holding lands never trod by slaves or lords but whose very sod holds latent manhood.

He honors the traditions of the past which cluster around the old countries, but he believes that the splendor which has touched Spain, France and England, will not be barred from the west by the ocean which rolls between. There

are voices murmuring in the air, which say that the experiment being made in the New World will prove a failure, that we are already degenerate, but Lowell is not of that class. He beats back all doubts and believes that we are in what will be considered a golden age by future generations, just as we look back upon the past with reverence. We cannot appreciate the present because it is so near. If American ideals fail, if the long travail by which our freedom was wrought out comes to naught, it will be by no fault of ours he says. As for him, he believes it is founded on faith in man and will surely last and he bursts forth in another song of rapture:

"For, O my country, touched by thee,
The gray hairs gather back their gold;
Thy thought sets all my pulses free;
The heart refuses to be old;
The love is all that I can see.
Not to thy natal-day belong
Time's prudent doubt or age's wrong,
But gifts of gratitude and song:
Unsummoned crowd the thankful words,
As sap in spring-time floods the tree,
Foreboding the return of birds,
For all that thou hast been to me!"

The little touches of sympathy for the South, which gradually creep into his poems, give evidence of the growing idea of nationality in Lowell's spirit. He can look upon the people of the Confederacy with a more kindly feeling as he thinks of their sufferings in a cause which they hold sacred. The grief of Southern mothers touches a tender spot in his own heart, and he is able to see that after all the two sections are still bound by ties of nature. He looks upon the South not as a foreign people, but as a part very near and dear to the nation. Though he does not agree with them in the cause which they espouse, he has a frank and sincere admiration for the honesty of their opinions. When he has that broad point of view and regards the Southerners as brothers still, he can no longer be ac-

cused of sectionalism. After the war he is ready to take the seceded states by the hand and welcome them back into the Union which they had fought to disrupt. A Northener, who ten years after the war can pay such a hearty tribute to Virginia as Lowell does in Under the Old Elm, is a citizen of the nation, not of the North. He reserves nothing of the praise due her, but is ready to give her all honor and stretch out hands free from all after-thought or doubt. Forgetting all the bitter past and all that he had ever spoken of harshness toward her people, he is ready to say:

> "If ever with distempered voice or pen
> We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back,
> And for the dead of both don common black.
> Be to us evermore as thou was then,
> As we forget thou hast not always been,
> Mother of States and unpolluted men,
> Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen!"

ON THE ASHEVILLE PLATEAU IN MARCH AND JUNE.

BY S. B. UNDERWOOD.

The second annual inter-state convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North and South Carolina, which met in Asheville, March 11–14, was a notable occasion. One hundred and fifty-four delegates from the forty-one associations in the two States met to review the work of the past year and to discuss plans for the future. Their deliberations and the addresses to which they listened should bear much fruit in more determined efforts in carrying on the vastly important work of this great organization.

Space will allow no full report of the convention. There were four days packed full of interesting and helpful addresses and live discussions in which the delegates took part. Among other speakers, there were, S. D. Gordon, of Cleveland, Ohio; W. D. Weatherford, Student Secretary for the International Committee; C. L. Gates, Field Secretary; A. G. Knebel, of New York, formerly State Secretary for North Carolina and now one of the leaders of the railroad work of the Association; Dr. G. I. Fisher, director of physical work; I. E. Nunger, Secretary Monaghan Mills Association, of South Carolina; G. A. Gregg, Educational Secretary for the International Committee, and Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, President of Newberry College.

The first few meetings were held in the association auditorium, the others in the First Baptist Church. The mammoth men's meeting was held in the city auditorium Sunday afternoon. This meeting was addressed by Mr. Gordon, who spoke on "The Wages of Sin." He made a powerful appeal and about fifty men found themselves and made a stand for right living. Mr. Gordon made a number of "Quiet Talks" during the convention, which were of great value. He is a quiet, unaffected speaker, but his straightforward way of dealing with things and his quaint

Scotch brogue enforce attention and cause his talks to be remembered.

From the point of view of the student, the two conferences held with the delegates by Mr. Weatherford were of most value. In his first talk on Saturday morning he discussed the qualifications and preparation of the president of the Y. M. C. A. in a way that gave all his hearers a new sense of the importance of the work in which they were engaged. In a subsequent conference, he discussed the work in general, pointing out some defects and outlining plans for future progress. Mr. Weatherford has an enthusiasm that is contagious. He believes that the Y. M. C. A. should be the most vital factor in college life and has a way of making others agree with him.

Mr. Gates delivered a strong address on "The Religious Work of the Young Men's Christian Association" in which he outlined eleven advance steps that should be taken. It would be well if copies of the addresses by these two men could be put into the hands of every college man in the South.

Space forbids going into details. Every address, every discussion, all that was said, bore along the line of "Advance Steps," which was the general theme of the convention. The work in these two States has made marvellous progress in the last five years and every member should redouble his energies in order that the Carolina associations may reach high water mark before the next convention. Our local association made a creditable showing in some respects, but we were woefully behind in others. Coming into personal contact with the leaders in the work in the Carolinas I found that they are expecting great things from Trinity College. Shall we disappoint them? The Chairman of the Inter-State Executive Committee, in his annual report, made mention of the wonderful revival recently held here and expressed a hope that it might extend to all the colleges.

Announcement was made at the convention that the next Students' Summer Conference for the South will be held at the Asheville School, June 17–25. This is an event of very great importance to the Southern colleges. Representatives of eighty-five institutions will gather there with some of the foremost religious workers on the American continent to study and discuss plans for improving the conditions in the colleges and schools which they represent. Trinity cannot afford not to have a large delegation at this conference. It will mean much to our college in every respect. It is no small thing to meet with representatives from all the leading colleges in the South and men of the type represented by John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer and for days work together in one cause.

Trinity is expected to have at least ten men at this gathering; the number should be greater. If all the men in college knew what a magnificent country this "Land of the Sky" is, to say nothing of the advantages of the conference itself, there would be many more anxious to go. The country around Asheville is one of the finest in the world in the summer. Men who have travelled all over America and Europe say that the Asheville plateau has no equal. This is an excellent opportunity to visit this famous region. The railroads will grant a rate of one fare for the round trip, and board will be furnished for one dollar per day. It will be good board, too, as the culinary arrangements will be under the personal management of the directors of the conference. Here's a chance for a nice summer trip, full of pleasure and profit. Any information desired can be furnished by the president of the local Y. M. C. A.

JULIAN BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
ANGIER B. DUKE, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

There is a difference of opinion among teachers on the subject of examinations, and the question of doing away with them here has been discussed, we understand, though we do not know whether anything has been done or not. This subject, like most others, has two good, debatable sides to it, but being such an immemorial and time-honored custom, like other questions one side of it does not get much attention. It seems to be one of those things which it would be called radical to change. However, there are some teachers who would like to have a change.

The principal objections raised agaisnt the present system of examinations are that they afford students an opportunity for cramming at the end of the term and thus enable them to slide through with a poor daily record behind them, and that the intense mental and physical strain attending such prolonged reviewing of a whole term's work, on the part of the faithful, everyday working student as well as the crammer, is too injurious to health and not justified by the results secured. This latter objection has been particularly emphasized by President Kilgo, who is "the students' sympathetic friend" on this questiod, he declares. We decidedly agree with him on both of these points, and we believe that the present system of examinations ought to be abolished. However, realizing the good that we have gained from examinations in our own experience as a student, we would

certainly like to see some substitute tried that would bring about the same results, if possible, and avoid the present evils, and we believe that this can be done. In the first place we would suggest that a very much stricter recitation grade be kept than is now done, and that at the end of each month the student be plainly told where he stands. If he does not make a passing grade each month he should be seriously dealt with and not be allowed to drift along in the same way, as is possible now. Then at the end of the term, instead of a three hour examination on the entire work of the term, there should be substituted a series of reviews in each subject, covering definite portions of the work marked out by the instructor and with only the most important parts emphasized. These reviews might cover a period of ten days or two weeks, the time usually taken for the regular examinations, and should come, perhaps, as regular recitations, and count as such; they being, however, simply one hour examinations on a limited part of the term's work.

A plan like this, it seems to us, would relieve the student of the mental strain of keeping in his mind so much at one time and would at the same time achieve the results sought after by examinations, in that they would require the student to look back over the term's work, see the relation of one section to another, and fix in his mind permanently the most important things to be remembered in the course. We would like very much to see some such plan tried, even if it proved to be unsuccessful. The present method everybody knows is not entirely satisfactory. If something else be tried there might be found a plan that is at least more satisfactory than the present one.

The athletic situation at Trinity has become more and more satisfactory each year since we have been a member of the S. I. A. A. and have had strictly pure athletics. Since this is about the only college in the State that belongs to this

association our membership in it has of course prevented us from playing a number of institutions outside of it who were unwilling to meet us under its rules. This fact has even caused some of our scheduled games to be cancelled during some seasons—last year in particular—and has caused some degree of dissatisfaction among a part of the students. At times there has even been some inclination to withdraw from the association on account of the difficulty of getting games, particularly with neighboring colleges. Happily, however, we have realized that our position is right and we have stuck to it through thick and thin. The best and most reputable colleges in the country are in favor of pure athletics and Trinity has taken its stand among them. Other schools are gradually coming over to this position, and we sincerely hope to see all our state colleges adopting this policy in the near future. It is indeed the only satisfactory policy to pursue. In fact schools that do not have pure athletics may be said to have no athletic policy at all. In former years Trinity was in this condition and the athletic situation was in a more or less chaotic and confused state and entirely unsatisfactory. At the present time, however, it has a well-defined policy and knows just where it stands. It will have pure athletics only, straight up and down, come what may. It realizes that there should be no taint of professionalism in college athletics, and it will under no circumstances play professional men or play with them. This is its policy and it is going to stick to it.

As a result of this policy Trinity has put itself in the companionship of the most reputable colleges in the country. We have been enabled to make better schedules each year and play colleges which we could not have played otherwise. Our policy has proven entirely satisfactory in spite of the difficulties we have met. It has been hard to adhere to at times, on account of the fact that we stand almost alone on the question in our State, but we believe it will become more and more easy in the future as it has already become easier

than it once was. As has been said, the best colleges are gradually taking this stand and we would like to see all of our North Carolina schools adopting a clear-cut athletic policy of this nature. Unless they do, sooner or later they will be unable to get the best games and their difficulties will be greater than ours have seemed to be.

In his speech at the athletic rally last month the captain of the baseball team made a point in regard to the cheering at the ball games that should be emphasized. He was strongly opposed to the personal "rooting" that is so frequently indulged in and urged the students to cut it out. When we root let us root against the whole team and not try to guy individual members of the team with remarks about their personal appearance, actions, etc. This is not showing any particular courtesy to our visitors, to say the least of it, and our own players do not desire such support. We have noticed a little of this at the games we have already had, but we are glad to see that there is a strong sentiment against it. We should encourage such a sentiment.

We have read that after this year Columbia University will no longer require graduating theses of candidates for the A. B. degree. Since March 1 we have been wondering if it would not be commendable for other colleges to follow its example. It seems like the Senior is about the most imposed on man in college, and we feel like congratulating the future Seniors of Columbia upon their escape from this unconsiderate imposition.

The editors would like to secure the following back numbers of the ARCHIVE: October and November, 1903, Volume XVII, Nos. 1 and 2. If there is a student in college who has them and is willing to dispose of them, we would be glad if he would see us.

N. S. OGBURN, JR., - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Some of our exchanges have failed to reach us. We suppose this is due to the confusion resulting from the appointment of new postmasters at different places. However, quite a number have arrived and among them some of the best.

"The Problem of the Christ," by Dr. Stewart R. Roberts in the *Emory Phœnix*, is characterized by depth of thought. The writer says our age is practical, not afraid of facts, and "clean new." In a pleasing way he shows our age to be made up of men, and Christ the central figure in the universe and in all human history. "The answer to the problem," he says, "is living. To solve it one way is to live the best life. To solve it the other is to live a life not the best." The *Phœnix*, one of our best exchanges, has its departments attractively arranged and interestingly written. The review of "The Sea-Wolf," in the Literary Department, is notable. The poem, "A Little Girl," pictures well the little chubby bare-footed tot whom we all have seen and loved.

War stories are usually interesting to us. "The Major and His Son" in *The Davidson College Magazine* portrays well a staunch and brave old major and describes vividly the battle scenes in which he and his gallant son played parts. "Speculation as an Economic Factor" is a timely article showing both the good and evil effects of stock exchanges. It seems that the author of the poem, "Under the Mistletoe," has unhappily treated a solemn subject under what we usually call a humorous title. He speaks of the dead loved

one's being kissed by the father as she lay in her tomb under the mistletoe of the large oak above. A different setting would have added to its value, we think.

We gladly welcome *The Occidental* from far away California, the land of beautiful natural scenery. "Nemesis," a sonnet, is strikingly noticeable for its metaphors and strong characterization. "To the Owl" is a poem which makes you almost see the "eremite," "mysterious bird," blinking wisely at you.

The College Message contains comprehensive, though condensed, biographical sketches of General Robert E. Lee which are worth reading. The heroine in "The Decision" has just the independent, frank character that "baffled" would make her "fall to rise," just as G. F. C. has done.

As a usual thing, college magazines are painfully different from those current in other parts of the world. Doubtless there should be some differences, but perhaps not such striking ones as those in regard to flowery language and ootsey-tootsey, *tete-á-tete* conversations, and ambrosial, marshmallow live-happy-ever-afterwards. *The University of North Carolina Magazine* maintains a happy medium and it is for this reason, most of all, that we give it a hearty welcome. But this is not all that commends it. The departments are almost ideally arranged and its editorials sane and just. The editor's criticism of "The Leopard Spots" is very timely and noticeable.

We acknowledge the following: *St. Mary's Muse*, *The Ivy*, *Limestone Star*, *Buff and Blue*, *Park School Gazette*, *Central Collegian*, *The Intercollegian*, *Blue and Gold*, *The Lenoirian*, *The Oak Leaf*, *The University Cynic*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *Emory Phœnix*, *Clemson Chronicle*, *Red and White*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Cento*, *The College Message*, *The Occidental*, and *The University of North Carolina Magzine*.

At Home and Abroad

J. A. LONG, JR., - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Dr. John C. Kilgo dedicated the Central Methodist Church at Baltimore, Md., March 12. He returned to the Park Tuesday morning.

Messrs. H. N. Snow, Jr., J. P. Lucas, and A. B. Duke and his sister, Miss Mary Duke, attended the inauguration of President Roosevelt at Washington, March 4.

Mr. J. B. Satterfield, a former student of the college, is now connected with the American Tobacco Co., and is stationed at Durham.

Mr. John Henry Dwire, '02, was a visitor on the Park a few days last month. Mr. Dwire is now the able editor of the *Daily Sentinel*, of Winston.

Messrs. S. B. Underwood and L. T. Singleton went to Asheville March 10 as representatives of the Trinity Young Men's Christian Association at the meeting of the annual convention of the associations of North and South Carolina.

On account of ill health Mr. F. M. Hornaday has left college and does not expect to be back any more this term.

Mr. Guy Asbury, of Charlotte, who spent a year in college as a member of the class of '06, has taken a position with the American Tobacco Co. here. We wish "Little Monk" the same success that "Big Monk" has had.

Vanderbilt University has accepted a challenge from Trinity to a series of debates. These are now being arranged for, and the first one will probably take place next fall.

Bishop Charles B. Galloway, of Jackson, Miss., delivered the annual Avera Biblical Lectures at Main Street Methodist Church March 28, 29 and 30. On the morning of March 29 he delivered a lecture in the Craven Memorial Hall on "Judge L. Q. C. Lamar." These lectures were largely attended by the students of the college and the people of Durham.

The speakers for the annual Sophomore debate were chosen at a preliminary debate held the night of March 13. They are: Messrs. Goodman, Hoffman, Holton, and Hornaday, and Messrs. T. J. Jerome, Phillips, Spence, and Templeton. The debate will be held April 15.

The Historical Society held its regular monthly meeting Friday evening, March 3. Prof. R. L. Flowers read a paper on "Gen. Matthew W. Ransom," and Mr. A. G. Moore read a paper on "The Administration of Governor Eden."

The following assistant marshals and managers for commencement have been appointed: By T. G. Stem, Chief Marshal—F. A. Ogburn, L. G. Daniels, J. W. Hutchison, N. J. Boddie, W. R. Grant, and N. C. English; by H. G. Foard, Chief Manager—J. R. Woodard, T. M. Stokes, W. G. Jerome, J. B. Aiken, Fred Flowers, and A. L. Wissburg.

At their regular weekly meetings on the evening of March 11 the Hesperian and Columbian Literary Societies elected officers for the ensuing term. The elections resulted as follows: Hesperian—President, E. R. Franklin; Vice-President, J. A. Long, Jr.; Secretary, J. P. Lucas; Treasurer, Z. E. Barnhardt; Critic, A. G. Moore; Marshal, Julian Blanchard. Columbian—President, N. S. Ogburn, Jr.; Vice-President, J. C. Richardson; Secretary, J. R. McPhail; Treasurer, W. R. Grant; Marshal, W. C. Martin.

The line-up of the baseball team this year is as follows: Pitchers, Bradsher, Webb and Ogburn, F. A.; catchers, Wrenn and Roper; infield—Armfield, first base; Hutchison, second base; Smith, shortstop; Harris and Webb, third base;

outfield—Barringer; left field; Flowers, center, and Justus right.

On March 14 there was an enthusiastic athletic rally held under the auspices of the Athletic Association in the college Y. M. C. A. hall. The hall was crowded and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the entire student body. Prof. R. L. Flowers presided and Dr. Kilgo opened the meeting with a talk on "College Spirit." He was followed by representatives of all branches of athletics in college and of the Glee Club. After the speaking Mr. C. R. Warren was elected chief cheerer to lead the "rooting" at the games and spoke humorously on the qualifications of his voice for such a position. The "D. F. L. A." furnished the yells and fun for the occasion. The speeches especially notable were those by Rev. T. A. Smoot, pastor of Main Street Church, on "The Model Athlete," and Mr. A. B. Bradsher in behalf of the baseball team. Mr. Bradsher laid stress upon the importance of the support that is due and must be given by the student body to the team. Let us not allow this enthusiasm to die.

The Glee Club returned March 11 from the longest and most successful trip they have yet taken. It was also one of the most pleasant. They appeared in Charlotte, Monroe, Salisbury, High Point, and Greensboro. On arriving in Charlotte Monday afternoon, March 6, they were given a reception by the young ladies of Elizabeth College. The recital in the Academy of Music that evening was attended by a large and appreciative audience, among whom were students of Elizabeth and the Presbyterian colleges. Tuesday the boys had time for some sightseeing in Monroe, played to a good house that evening, but missed the train and had to drive back to Charlotte. Most of the day at Salisbury was spent making up lost sleep. They had an enthusiastic audience at the Opera House. A good sized audience, considering the bad weather, assembled in the

Graded School auditorium Thursday evening for this, the second, appearance in High Point. Friday evening they played at the Normal College, in Greensboro, to a large audience, composed mostly of young ladies from the Normal and Greensboro Female colleges, with a number of townspeople. It was an inspiring audience—almost wholly young ladies—and the boys did their best. At every point the people showed the boys every attention possible. The delightful entertainment in their homes will always be pleasantly remembered. Probably two more dates, one in Raleigh and one in Durham, will end the Glee Club season for this year.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, God in His wisdom and Providence has seen fit to take to Himself Mr. Joseph G. Piper, father of our classmate, Miss Nellie Piper, therefore be it resolved:

1. That we, the members of the class of 1908 of Trinity College, do extend to her and to the other members of the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad affliction.

2. That we most earnestly pray that God may comfort her and them in their sorrow.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss Piper, a copy to the Trinity Archive for publication, and a copy spread upon the minutes of our class organization.

Isabelle Pinnix,
May Wrenn,
F. S. Love,
W. A. Stanbury,
Wm. V. McRae,
Committee.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1905.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of THE ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to JULIAN BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to M. E. NEWSOM, Jr., Business Manager.

A. G. MOORE, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

Based on Miss Salmon's book by that name.

BY MISS LUCY BASSETT.

Any study of domestic service must lead to the conclusion that household service and household employment do not occupy an isolated position. We can well say that it is the "Great American Question" if we take into consideration the frequency with which it is discussed in popular literature. But the four classes of periodicals which treat of the subject do it in entirely different ways. The popular magazine article is theoretical in character. The household journal and the home department of the

religious papers treat of the personal relations between mistress and maid; while in the daily papers we find discussions on personal experiences. The daily and weekly papers caricature the ignorance of the housewife on the one hand and the laziness and presumption of the servant on the other. And to these can be added the common proverb, that with whatever topics two housekeepers begin a conversation, it more than likely ends with the subject of domestic service.

To get a clear understanding of the conditions of domestic service as it exists today we must first look back at the changes in household employment caused by the inventions during the latter part of the 18th century. The immediate results of the inventions of Arkwright, Crompton, Hargreaves and Cartwright were seen in the transfer of the manufacturing of cotton and wool from the home of the individual weaver and spinner to large industrial centers. To be sure, these inventions were not at first intended to lessen household work, but they have not been without their effects on it. This is best shown by the removal of spinning and weaving, making of hats, shoes, clothing, and many other articles, from the home to the factories, where they can be made, not only better, but much more cheaply by the concentration of capital and labor in large industrial enterprises.

In America the history of domestic service has passed through three distinct stages. The first extends from the early colonization to the time of the Revolution, the second from the Revolution to 1850, and the third from 1850 to the present time.

During the first period every kind of service was performed by transported convicts, indented white servants, or redemptioners, free-willers, negroes and Indians. England was glad enough to get rid of her undesirable population by sending them to this country, where, if within a certain number of days they were not able to

dispose of themselves, they were sold into bondage for a certain number of years, to pay for their passage. These indented white servants, free-willers and convicts, though found in all the colonies, were more numerous in the Southern and middle colonies than in New England. The English redemptioners were after a time supplanted by the German and Irish immigrants.

Some writers give accounts of the indentured servants in which they say they were well cared for and treated kindly, while others say just the opposite. Wages paid these servants were remarkably low, differing in different colonies. A servant maid in Pennsylvania in 1748 got eight or ten pounds a year and her food, but she must buy her clothes. In North Carolina all servants who had not been paid wages were to be allowed, at the end of their term of service, three pounds Proclamation money, besides one sufficient suit of wearing apparel. There were laws which protected the servants. For instance, a master must provide sufficient food and clothing for his servants, and if they became ill he was under obligations to care for them. If a white servant lost a tooth or an eye by mistreatment from his master or mistress, he gained his freedom, and sometimes even more. On the other hand, the master was protected even more carefully. His greatest danger was the loss of servants by their running away. In South Carolina, if a servant ran away before his time of service ended, he must serve three times the period of his absence. In Maryland, persons protecting runaways were to pay five hundred pounds of tobacco for every hour's entertainment, one-half to the government and one-half to the informer. In North Carolina, any person assisting in the return of runaways was rewarded. Still, the life of the servant in most cases was such as to tempt them to escape. In Massachusetts and New York, if a servant had been unfaithful, negligent or unprofitable in his service, although he had had good usage from his

master, he could not be dismissed until he had made satisfaction according to the judgment of civil authorities.

The Indians as servants were more abundant in New England, but their service was often very unsatisfactory. In all sections white, Indian, and negro slavery grew up side by side, and at the close of the colonial period slavery was firmly established in the South, while at the North it gave way to free labor. There the social distinction between employer and employee had disappeared. They had the same religious beliefs, attended the same church, sat side by side, ate at the same table, and in several instances in New England you find that the "help" was married in the parlor of the mistress, while her daughters acted as bridesmaids.

The second period of domestic service was from the Revolution to 1850. Its chief characteristic was the social and industrial democracy of the time. This was shown most plainly by the term "help," the absence of livery, the bridging of the social distinction between master and servant, the complete willingness with which service was performed, etc. Some of the results of this democratic spirit were the extreme difficulty of securing help, as new ways of independent work were opening up to women, and the change it worked in the servants who came from Europe.

The Irish famine in 1846, the German revolution in 1848, the treaty between the United States and China, together with the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast, and the building of the Union Pacific railway in 1867–9, have brought about the third change in domestic service. The political and economic conditions of Europe and the breaking down of long-established customs in Asia have thus, since 1850, brought to this country large numbers of men and women who have performed the household service previously done by native-born Americans.

Perhaps it can be best shown by a few general state-

ments that domestic service can submit to some of the economic laws and conditions which affect other occupations, and is also governed by economic laws developed within itself. First, a large part of the domestic employees in the United States are of foreign birth. From the eleventh census it can be seen that 30.86 per cent. of the entire class of domestic service was of foreign birth. It also shows that in 1860, 59.37 per cent. of foreign white women at work were engaged in domestic and personal service.

Wages of men in domestic service are higher than those of women, due to the fact that men do not usually receive lodging in addition to wages in money, while all classes of women do, except laundresses.

The wages paid domestic servants are relatively higher than the average wages received in other wage-earning occupations open to women. In Boston the average wages of a cook in a private family is $4.45 per week, or $231.40 annually, plus $275 for board, fuel, lodging, light and laundry expenses, making $506.40. The average earnings of a teacher in the city schools in Cambridge, a neighboring city of Boston, is $620 annually; deducting $285 for board for fifty-two weeks, leaves $335 in money, this being $103 more than the cook received. But out of this must come the expenses the position calls for, from which the cook is free. Thus, the two savings can not vary materially. The same is the case in other occupations.

In domestic service high wages are received without strikes or any combinations between employers or employees. Never have there been reported strikes in but five States, among domestic employees. These number only twenty-two and involve less than seven hundred persons, all connected with hotels and restaurants and nine-tenths of them men.

We have seen some of the general laws to which domestic service is subject. Now we must take up the difficulty of

the service, from the standpoint of the employer. Many and serious difficulties confront him. First, he must take into his domestic life those of a different nationality, social, industrial, political and religious beliefs; second, the spirit of nervous discontent, restlessness and excitement, which foreigners find characteristic of all who breathe American air, is not only confined to business men and society women, but enters the kitchen, nursery, laundry, and every part of the household. The average length of service for a servant is less than a year and a half, and in some localities this is a high average. The third difficulty is that employers are so often required to employ unskilled labor for skilled labor. There are many who seek employment as servants who do not even know the names of the household utensils they are obliged to use, and know still less of their uses. This ignorance is partly due to the old idea that anybody can do everything, a theory abandoned in most occupations, but still dominant in the household. The ill results of this picked-up knowledge of cooking is seen very often in ill-health, which is usually attributed to other causes. The fourth difficulty arises when the housewife has to seek a new servant. She must either employ a new servant without a recommendation, take one from some one else, consult the employment bureau or advertise. The employment bureau lives by the fees paid to it by those desiring help and those seeking employment. It is difficult to tell which class suffers most, as it is trying to extort fees from both sides and is therefore most unsatisfactory.

Housekeepers overlook the economic law that the course followed by them has an effect on the conditions of service as a whole. Still, domestic service is the only employment where economic laws are set aside and all questions settled on a personal basis. Wages are settled by a person's bank account and moral questions by his personal convenience. The employer blindly lays the blame of

failure, not to a defective system, but to the natural weakness of the unfortunate servants. There are many advantages and disadvantages in domestic service.

Many persons drift into domestic service because it is the only occupation open to them; some because it is conducive to health, gives the employee a home, and usually allows an afternoon off out of each week and part of Sunday.

There must always be a balancing of pros and cons, and domestic service has its industrial disadvantages. In answer to the question why women do not seek domestic employment it can be said that: 1st, it does not offer promotion, except in hotels; 2nd, housework is never done; 3rd, it lacks organization; 4th, the hours of working are irregular; 5th, American girls do not care to come into contact with the foreign born and colored element; 6th, it lacks personal independence.

The social disadvantage is the most serious. The employee may receive board and lodging, but this is far from a home; she can never be a part of the family. She is excluded from the social life of the community, not by her character, but by her condition in life. But far more than this, she has the badge of social inferiority put upon her in characters as unchangeable as the spots of a leopard. This is shown by the word "servant," the use of the Christian name, and the fact that they are made to acknowledge, as well as feel, their social inferiority. They are never recognized on the streets, except by their own class. Employees in hotels and restaurants generally receive fees for everything they do, whereas self-respecting men and women in any other employment would resent their offer. Wages, hours, health and morals may all weigh in the scales in favor of domestic service, but life outweighs them all.

There are many different opinions in regard to remedies for domestic employment, due to the fact that domestic service has not been considered as an occupation, but as

to individuals. It has been proposed that the difficulties would be lessened should negroes be carried from the South to the North. This plan is carried so far as to have organized companies, through which negro servants have been sent to different parts of the Eastern States. Those who believe in this policy believe that no perplexities exist where colored servants are found, but by looking over the advertisements one will find that the Southern people prefer white help to colored. The Charleston Employment Bureau advertises, "White help especially in demand." Extracts from different Southern papers show that the young class of negro servants are incompetent, and Northern employers would only obtain more perplexing complications if they were to get them.

Some housekeepers advocate abolishing the public schools above the primary grades. They say girls are educated above their stations and do not make good help. But still other housekeepers want housework introduced into public schools, as they can then secure well-informed help. But both these classes leave out the idea that it is the function of public schools to educate, and not to supply information on technical subjects.

Training schools have been tried, but these also have proved unsuccessful. The causes are these: The minimum age of admission has been sixteen, but this rule has always been broken to take in younger girls; the course has usually been one of three months, which is insufficient for the training of an immature girl in household duties; and, too, girls very seldom go because they think themselves incompetent—they are really sent by pastors, friends or guardians.

Then there is the social objection. No mother or father born under the Declaration of Independence will send their daughter to a training school to be trained as a servant. American men and women will never recognize one kind of training for a superior social class and another for an

inferior. With training schools for servants, we would have introduced a caste system utterly at variance with democratic ideas.

Co-operative housekeeping, if it could be carried out, would remove many of the difficulties of the service question. The advantages of the system are, saving of expense in buying, economy of labor in preparing the materials consumed and the division of labor, giving it to the ones to whom it is best suited. But the point where it usually fails is that each housekeeper will not take an active part in the management of actual work of the association but wishes one or more persons to be placed at the head of the business. It is like Louis XVIII said when trying to create a new order of nobility: "I can find many willing to be earls and dukes but none willing to be anything else." Much of the co-operative housekeeping is in reality co-operative boarding.

Mr. Belamy in his book on "Good Housekeeping," proposes a union of co-operative housekeeping and co-operative boarding by using in both certain business principles recognized in the housekeeping of today. But it must be said that all these various suggestions proposed fail to meet the difficulty because they fail to touch the economical, industrial and educational difficulties.

It is useless to look for any improvement along the line of domestic service until the social disadvantages have been removed. The social ban has been removed from other occupations in which women earn their living, as in teaching, practice of medicine, trained nursing and all business industries. The social barriers against men and women both are breaking down everywhere in the presence of high character, ability, education and technical training and will some day fall before men and women who are engaged in domestic employment and who can bear these same tests of high character, ability, technical training and education.

In considering the historical phase of the subject we saw that a long list of articles which were made at home have been removed from the home and carried into the factories where they are made cheaper and better. It now seems inevitable that in the end all articles of food will be prepared out of the house except those requiring the last application of heat and that by scientific skill the expense and labor of the final stage of preparation will be reduced to a minimum. This change is in line with the tendency toward specialization found in everything else. It allows the concentration of labor and capital, and by enconomizing, the largest results are obtained. Some object to this plan because they say it lessens the individuality of the home by requiring all persons to have the same articles of food. But the plan proposes an umlimited variety of articles while the objection presupposes a limited supply of articles. The choice between the work of a hundred cooks and the service of one permits a truer individuality.

Besides the cooking, the homework could be specialized. There are women who go from home to home sweeping, cleaning and dusting. Marketing also comes in here. If supplies were purchased for fifteen families by one person, enough gain would be received to pay her a commission and it would be more satisfactory to the homekeeper; while as it is now all our marketing is done in a haphazard way, either in a hurry, over the phone or through a clerk who goes around to take orders. This plan of specialization in household employment has already been put into partial practice by many housekeepers and found a success.

Some progress toward the solution of the question of hours, wages and labor has been made by the introduction of profit-sharing. In order to answer the question whether profit-sharing would be of any good in household employment we must first see what profit-sharing is. The International Congress on Profit-sharing held in Paris in 1889

said it was "a voluntary agreement, by virtue of which an employee receives a share, fixed beforehand, in the profits of an undertaking." Profit-sharing as carried on in the household is very simple. A fixed sum is allowed per month for living expenses, which shall include the purchase of all food for the table, fuel, light, ice, etc. If by care a sum can be saved each month it is divided between employer and employee. Thus each servant keeps watch over the other to see that there is no undue waste and takes a personal interest in the establishment, which is so often lacking. The greatest gain that would come from profit-sharing is that the feeing system would be abolished. This would do more than any one thing to take away the social stigma from domestic service and make this class of employees a self-respecting class of men and women.

We now come to one of the greatest obstacles in the way of improving domestic service. This is the lack of information in regard to household affairs and of a careful systematic education of housekeepers. The information on household affairs can well be compared to the houses built in southern Germany without windows looking toward the highway. No passer by is permitted to look within. The household is the same way. No outsider knows the percentage of the family income that is spent for service, food and fuel and many housekeepers will not give out this information. The constant progress made by the profession of medicine and others, on the other hand, is due to the untiring investigation carried on by its members, the wide publicity given the results of these investigations and the fact that every discovery made by one member becomes the common property of all.

A certain amount of household information may be gotten from a general education; as for example, the study of art, which should enable the housekeeper to build and furnish her home with taste; of chemistry, to provide for the sanitary construction and for the proper preparation

of all food material; of economics, to manage her household on business principles; of physiology, to study the development of her children; of psychology, to observe their mental growth and base their training upon it; of history, to know the progress made in all these departments of knowledge and avoid repeating experiments which often have advanced beyond the experimental stage. No improvement is possible in domestic service until every part of the household comes abreast of the progress made outside of the household.

There are three common errors made: 1st, the idea that the knowledge of housekeepers' affairs is a matter of inspiration; 2nd, that men have no active interest in the management of a household; 3rd, that all women have a natural love for such affairs, which supplies the place of training.

Only one thing will turn the household into the channels where every other occupation has made advancement. This is the establishment of a great professional school, fully equipped for the investigation of all matters pertaining to the household and open only to graduates of the leading colleges and universities of the country. Yet this view does not diminish individual responsibility. For a reform in domestic service a moral revolution is everywhere needed, bringing to every person an appreciation of his responsibilities to all connected with the employment, whether employer or employee.

But reforms begin at the top, revolutions at the bottom. It rests with the men and women of the so-called upper classes, whether raised to their position by birth, wealth, intellect, or opportunity, to work out in the best way a satisfactory solution of the vexed question of domestic service.

SWEET UNKNOWN FLOWER.

BY A. G. MOORE.

Quaint humble flower—thy name unknown—
Thou speak'st to me in sweeter tone
Than many nobler things!

A purple bud first faintly seen,
That peerest forth from bed of green
Then lightly upward springs;

A slender stem with velvet head,
That bursting turns to purplish red
With spots of darker hue.

Thy beauty rare is not all lost
Upon the air, nor sapped by frost,
Oh, modest flower, and true!

Thy gladsome life doth smoothly run;
Thou dost no wrong—thou may'st do none,
Thou hast not power to choose.

Men know God's law, but keep it not;
Thou keepest what thou knowest not,
No power of choice t' abuse.

BISHOP HAYGOOD ON THE RACE PROBLEM.

BY J. A. MORGAN.

In 1881, Dr. Atticus G. Haygood, then president of Emory College, and later a bishop of the M. E. Church, South, wrote what may be considered an epoch-marking book, "Our Brother in Black." The book is significant in that it was the first earnest plea made by a Southern man for the education of the negro. Indeed, it was the first expression of a really liberal view of the negro problem. Fifteen years had elapsed since the emancipation of the slaves. During these years many Southern men were either fighting over the battles of the war or trying in vain to find their bearings in a new order of society. Sincere and honest men were woefully discouraged and in doubt as to what the outcome of it all would be. Marvellous changes had been wrought almost suddenly. Ruin and desolation were on every side. The terrible evils of reconstruction government bore heavily upon the South. And so we sympathize with honest men, like Grady, who sometimes felt as though the struggle might as well be given up.

But here was a man who had been studying men and conditions during these years and had reached conclusions which the developments of the succeeding years have shown to be right. Here had come at last a leader in the South who, accepting the results of the war, and finding no occasion to fight over again the battles of the unhappy struggle or to waste time in discussing dead issues, had gone to work on the problems incident to the new order of things. And we may be sure that a decade and a half was long enough for a thoughtful man to learn something, much even, of conditions about him and become able to base his convictions on a knowledge of actual facts.

Another significant feature of the appearance of "Our Brother in Black," is its added evidence of the fact that

a minister of the gospel may find an opportunity for rendering invaluable service to his age by devoting a part of his time and energies to vital national problems.

That this book received much unfavorable criticism scarcely needs to be said. Very unworthy motives were attributed to the writer. But this was not unexpected by him. The man with a message, the bringer of any new truth to the world, has ever had such opposition to face. Therefore let us be grateful for

> "The man who is willing to sink
> Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
> And, when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
> Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak."

In its title is found the key note of the book. The negro is really regarded as a brother. And in this fact, to my mind, is found the secret of the author's ability to get at the heart of the problem in hand. The scores of men who have approached this subject failing to recognize this fundamental relation of the races have in every instance failed to arrive at even the beginnings of a solution.

In the outset, the author dismisses the idea that the deportation of the negroes will solve the race problem. They are here to stay. And their being in the South at all, first as slaves and then as freemen, is not regarded as an unfortunate accident. In it all is seen the hand of Providence. However, the author intimated no belief that God sanctioned slavery in itself, but only that He so overruled the workings of the institution that His own plans and purposes should thereby be carried out. Without presuming to understand all the purposes the Creator may have had in the location of the negroes in the South or in their liberation through the fall of the Confederacy, the author had faith to believe that not all the blessings incident thereto would be received by the negroes alone. "Who," he asked, "can tell but that the failure of the

Southern Confederacy may yet, in the wise and gracious providence that overrules the nations, bring as great blessings to the South as the failure of slavery brought blessings to the North?''

The right or wrong of slavery is not discussed. It had forever become a dead issue. Dr. Haygood once believed in it, but ''new and truer light'' had changed his opinions. But what did concern him was how to secure the religious, intellectual, moral and industrial improvement of the negroes as free citizens.

To the solution of this problem, he says, three parties must contribute—the whites of the North, the whites of South and the negroes themselves. The people of the North had means and, besides, they had incurred a measure of responsibility for the negroes in accomplishing their emancipation. The Southern whites, who know the negroes best and with whom they were to live, were under obligation to be leaders and teachers. And unless the negroes were willing to help themselves, all efforts by others could only fail.

Nowhere else have I seen such a candid and certainly unbiased statement of the faults of both the North and the South just after the war as in this book. The author saw clearly some of the things that were hindering the ready co-operation of all concerned in the solution of this national problem. Each section was laboring under grave misunderstandings. Both were in fault. In the Northern people was impatience, in the Southern people, reluctance. The people of the North were too often ignorant of the negroes and their needs, as well as of the attitude of the Southern whites. Too often, also, the Southerners needlessly suspected the motives of those Northerners who were honestly striving to help the negroes. So there was enough and to spare of mud-slinging on each side. The author made an earnest protest against this and asked that efforts be made to secure a better understanding between the sections.

The methods of settling this problem, as stated by Dr. Haygood, are those of elevation, not repression. "One thing," he says, "I assume as settled forever; such a problem as we have in hand never was solved, never can be solved, on any theory or system if mere repression. Nor can the elevation of the negro ever raise him above the whites unless we choose to put ourselves below him." Again he says: "The negro cannot rise simply because he is black; the white man cannot stay up simply because he is white. A man rises, not by the color of his skin, but by intelligence, industry, and integrity." To elevate the negro is right, because "There is no more sacred right than a man's right to be all that God gives him ability to be in all good things." As to the negroes' capacity for development we need no longer theorize, as is pointed out. Already they had shown their capacity.

In this solution, the first thing to do was to "clear the way." This meant that many, North and South, had to relieve their minds of much prejudice. To accomplish the religious elevation of the negroes it was incumbent upon the whites of all sections to be leaders. All missionaries from the North should study their field carefully and then use common sense and good judgment. Men and women of more zeal than judgment had already hindered the work they really desired to do. And the South was to cease to stand aloof from a sensible missionary and begin to co-operate with him. Organized efforts were to be encouraged. The author thought that separate church organizations would prove beneficial.

The South was under obligations to help educate the negroes, not only because she owed this to a weaker people, but because self interest demanded it. To this work she, as well as the North, had to contribute money. The negroes simply could not pay for their education at first. But the Southern whites were under obligations to do more, to teach in negro schools. Separate schools for negroes, it was pointed out, were essential.

Industrially, the negroes were to be taught to become self-supporting. They had to be trained to do skilled work. Their increased efficiency as laborers would be additional capital for the South. Moreover, they were to be encouraged in the matter of property owning. This could in no sense impoverish the whites. A property owning negro, and white man, too, is a more patriotic and a safer citizen, in most cases, than a shiftless and penniless one. The belief is expressed that if some of our large and poorly cultivated farms were divided and portions sold to the negroes, they could be better cultivated and the income to society greatly increased.

As a political factor, the author saw that the negroes had to be reckoned with. He deplored the fact that they had been enfranchised too early and that they had been used as mere tools by politicians, their power as voters being greatly exaggerated. But since the ballot had been given them, it was our duty to make of them safe voters. To do this they must be made good citizens and led to see that voting is not their chief business.

The question of social equality receives but a bare mention in this book. The author knew that neither race desired it.

The book closes with a triumphant note of hope for the redemption of Africa through negroes whom America had been commissioned to civilize.

Twenty-five years removed from the appearance of this book, we are now able to see how sane were the writer's views. The misunderstandings between the sections which he tried to clear up are much fewer now than then. There is a New North, as well as a New South, at work on this problem of the races just along the lines indicated in this book; yet one cannot fail to recognize that there are still forces in both sections that hinder the progress that is being made.

THE SERENADE.

BY F. W. OBARR.

What sound is that stealing
By casement and sill?
What rapt'rous air feeling
Its way in to fill
The chamber where sleeping
So calmly I lay?
What sends those sounds leaping
My soul strings to play
As angels, allaying
Some sainted soul's grief—
On silver harps playing—
Steal in like a thief!

So gently recalling
The drowse from my eyes,
It seemed it was falling
As dew from the skies,
Came sweetly the thrilling
And throbbing guitar
Such sweetness instilling
With sounds so afar
That wide-eyedly peering
I stared in the gloom
To find out—half fearing—
What breathed in the room.

The mellow voiced singing
Seemed sounding within
And mandolins ringing
With musical din
Lent wild chiming
To temper the sound,
Till, filled with the rhyming
Of melodies round,
My soul lost its fearing—
My heart was unstayed
And answered out, cheering
The night serenade.

OUTWITTING THE OLD MAN.

BY A. G. MOORE.

"So the old man thinks he'll slip her off while I'm out of the way," mused Jack Sharpe, as he sipped his coffee before the warm fire in the little sitting-room of the hunting lodge. "I'm inclined to think he'll come out loser in this game. The boat sails Tuesday; this is Saturday. Margaret says only her Aunt Lida will accompany her. Lord Houghton and his sister, Lady Marlough, will meet them in Liverpool. He thinks the marriage can be arranged in two or three weeks and all will be safe. Meantime I'm down here in the swamps of North Carolina rusticating and dreaming of future happiness, and will know nothing of what's going on! The old gentleman evidently forgot there was such a thing as communicating with this part of the world by letter or telegraph."

Sharpe was the junior partner of the well-known law firm of Hamilton & Sharpe, New York. He had been taken in by Mr Hamilton, who had built up a large practice, because the latter was getting old and thought he saw in the young man a suitable successor to his large business. Mr. Hamilton was a widower, with only one child, a beautiful and attractive daughter, whom he thought he loved with the fondest devotion. It was really a selfish love, however, of that sort which is capable of the greatest cruelty under the guise of affection. He had at first felt and manifested the strongest friendship for young Sharpe, and the latter returned the feeling cordially. Sharpe had free access to the Hamilton home and was thrown much with the daughter, Margaret. It was not long till they began to show unmistakable signs of preference for each other. Now one would naturally suppose that this would delight the old gentleman. He had befriended Jack and made him his partner in business; why should he not welcome him as a son? But not so! Perhaps it was his

long widowed life; perhaps it was merely the approach of old age, which sometimes tends to fill one with whims. At any rate he was far from pleased, though he need not have been surprised, at this course of things. At first he said nothing, but set himself to keep them apart as much as possible. He welcomed Jack less cordially in his home, and was more petulant with his daughter.

About this time an English noble, Lord Houghton, came to America and spent several months in New York. He met the Hamiltons and became very intimate with them. He showed considerable attention to Margaret, and was given every encouragement in this by the father, who seemed to see here a way to get rid of Sharpe. Mr. Hamilton invited him to dinner frequently and made him perfectly at home in his house. He seemed blindly bent on a match between him and his daughter. The lord was highly cultured and attractive, and had it not been for Sharpe, no doubt Margaret could have loved him easily enough; but her heart was already engaged. Jack looked askance at these developments. At last the Englishman began to press his suit, and Mr. Hamilton became so insistent that Margaret told her father she could not love him because of the love between her and Jack.

So the lord was forced to return to England without accomplishing anything. He continued to write to Margaret, however, though she seldom answered his letters, and carried on a regular correspondence with her father, who strove to give him all the encouragement and assistance he could. Thus things went on for awhile, till Jack and Margaret grew impatient for her father's consent to their marriage. Then, when Jack pressed his suit upon the old man, he grew so furious and made things so unpleasant for several days, that Jack decided to run off to Carolina for a few days' hunt, while Margaret did her best to bring her father round by more gentle and persuasive methods. So this February morning found him

breakfasting in the hunting lodge alone and musing over the events of the past few months. He had been here only a week, and though he had become calmer on getting out of the vexed atmosphere, he had been able to see no way to gain his desire. On the evening before, however, he had received a short letter from Margaret which suddenly brought matters to a head. It ran as follows:

DEAR JACK,—Father has arranged for me to sail for Liverpool next Tuesday with Aunt Lida. There we will be met by Lord Houghton and Lady Marlough. Father is taking advantage of your absence to hurry me off, and he hopes to effect our marriage within three weeks. If you will come prepared to sail with us on steamer Wilhelm II. we can lay some plan to elude Lord Houghton and be married in England. We must take things in our own hands now. Do not let father or Aunt Lida know you are to sail, or even of your return. You had best not arrive so as to be long in town before the boat sails. It leaves the Cunard pier at 1 p. m.

Your own

MARGARET.

It was of this letter he was thinking when we interrupted his revery. On receiving the note he had consulted the railway schedules and decided to have one more good hunt on Saturday morning, getting back in time to take the 6:10 train at New Bern that afternoon for Goldsboro. Thence he would go by the way of Greensboro on the Southern and spend a day—there was plenty of time—with an old classmate there whom he wished very much to see.

It was now Saturday morning, and before starting on his hunt he picked up the time-table and went carefully over the schedule again. "My train leaves New Bern at 6:10 this afternoon. I can hunt till 3:00 o'clock, come back, get dinner and be ready to leave by 5:00 An hour's drive will take me to New Bern, in good time for the 6:10 train. I get to Goldsboro at 8:10, spend the night there, and leave at 6:50 next morning for Greensboro; arrive there at 11:59, spend the afternoon and night with Parker and leave for Washington Monday at 12:10 p. m., on No. 36, arriving there at 9:30 p. m. Or in case I should

miss 36, 30 leaves forty minutes later, 12:51, and gets to Washington at 9:50 p. m. In either case I will be in time for the 10:00 p. m. train for Philadelphia and New York. This will put me in New York at 6:30 a. m., in plenty of time to get together the small outfit I'll need for the trip to London. I'll wire Jones from New Bern to engage passage on the Wilhelm II. in his own name, so as not to give me away. That's all right; there's plenty of time for it all; and now for one last good hunt. Here, Tige!"

As he came out of the lodge a boy on horseback galloped up to the door and handed him a telegram.

"I reckon it's pretty important, sir. When we told 'em at the other end we couldn't reach you, the operator said they planked down a tener and said we must find you. So the boss sent me out, and there it is."

Sharpe had hastily torn open the envelope and read the following message:

Wilhelm II. sails Monday instead of Tuesday. Come without fail. Take no risks. M. H.

"She's getting nervous," mused Jack. "No need for that. Let me see; I'll take another look at the schedules. It's too late now to catch the 9:15 train in New Bern, which would put me in Greensboro at 6:35, so I might as well go ahead and take my hunt. I could spend Sunday afternoon with Parker and take the 10:55 p. m. train and get to New York by 12:43 p. m. Monday. That wouldn't allow me much time to get my clothes together for my bridal tour, though. No, I guess I'll have to give up seeing Parker. In that case, however, I might as well go by the Coast Line from Goldsboro to Washington and save more time. But there'll be time to decide these little details later. Anyhow, I'm going to have one last hunt today. But, hello! here's 111, which leaves Goldsboro at 9:40 and gets to Greensboro at 6 a. m. By George! it carries a sleeper, too. So I can spend Sunday morning with Parker and get to New York at 6:30 Monday morning. Bully! Nothing lost after all."

Saying this, Sharpe flung down the folder and, seizing his gun, called his dogs and strode away. For several hours he tramped on with little success, but at length he came to some fields in which the birds of the neighborhood seemed to be feeding that day.

The hunting there was glorious—the best he had experienced during his stay—and he became so absorbed in his sport that he lost sight of how time was passing. It was 3:30 when he looked at his watch, and he was then several miles from the lodge. He started immediately, but the dogs continued to flush birds ahead of him without going out of the path, and he could not refrain from shooting one occasionally. It was 4:30 when he reached the lodge. Still he thought there was plenty of time, and did not hurry very much. It was 5:10 before he was ready to leave. It was a good hour's drive to New Bern, but Jack felt no anxiety about being left. He was exulting in the thought that he was on his way to his sweetheart; that together they would outwit her father and she would soon be his bride. He was as happy as a child, but perfectly calm—the sort of calmness one feels in the presence of forces which are working out events of vast consequence, yet knows he is absolute master of these forces and can make them serve his purpose. The lodge keeper drove him to the station, and it was just 5:15 when they passed through the lodge gate, a quarter mile from the lodge, and swung into the road for New Bern. The keeper urged his horse forward, but the roads were bad and he could not make very good speed. At last, at 6 o'clock, they were one mile from New Bern. They heard a whistle blow, and the keeper thought it was Jack's train, but he would not believe it. They had plenty of time. However, they hastened forward with all possible speed. They drove up to the station at exactly nine minutes after six. Jack jumped out, bade the keeper good-bye and ran into the office to get a ticket, only to be told that the train had

been gone four minutes. He glanced at the clock in the office. It was five minutes ahead of his watch.

What should he do now? There was but one thing—wait for the 9:15 train next morning, Sunday. You might expect him to be put out by this delay, but he was not. He proceeded very deliberately to arrange for the night and to make the necessary changes in his plans. He went to a hotel, got a room and looked at his railroad folder.

"Not so bad, after all!" he muttered. "I can go by Greensboro and have four hours and twenty minutes, which will give me time for quite a nice chat with Parker; or go by the Coast Line at Goldsboro and have more time in New York. The first way I'll only get to New York seventeen minutes before the boat leaves; but I can wire Jones to have my butler pack my portmanteau. After all, that's pretty risky, though. Guess I'll go by the Coast Line. Sorry I won't get to see Parker," he added. This decided upon, he got a magazine, read till eleven and then retired.

Next morning he rose early, dressed himself with the utmost care and composure and strolled down to the pier before breakfast. After breakfast he went to the station in good time, got his ticket, and strolled up and down the platform. He was perfectly calm. What need to worry? There was plenty of time. He was not going to bother over this little delay. He had slept well and was in good spirits. A close observer, however, might have thought his calmness a bit forced, and when 9:15 came and no train appeared he looked rather earnestly down the track once or twice, but continued his stroll. At 9:20 he asked the agent what was the matter.

"The engine broke down soon after leaving Morehead City and is running on one side. It will be here in fifteen minutes."

It was twenty-five minutes, however, before the train

came, and after several unsuccessful efforts, and finally having to be prized off with crowbars, they started out of New Bern at 9:53. Still there was plenty of time to make the Coast Line train at Goldsboro, for it leaves there at 12:20. But at the next station they had even more trouble starting off, and a little farther on they stopped at the foot of a slight grade, and it was fully half an hour before, having run back a considerable distance, they were able to get up this grade. It was now apparent that they could not make the Coast Line train at Goldsboro unless it was late; so, after all, he must go by Greensboro. Jack then decided to wire his friend Jones to get a new portmanteau—to avoid recognition—and have his butler pack it for his trip and put it on board the ship. He would then have nothing to do in New York but go from the station to the wharf. He would have seventeen minutes in which to do this, and it would require only ten.

They arrived in Goldsboro at one o'clock. The Coast Line train had gone. Jack sent the message to Jones, also wired Parker that he would take supper with him, and got aboard the train for Greensboro, which was waiting. He still told himself there was plenty of time and no need to worry, but he heaved a little sigh of relief as he took his seat on this train.

It must be confessed, too, that he looked at his watch somewhat anxiously from time to time during this ride, but there were no accidents this time, and he arrived in Greensboro promptly at 6:35 and was welcomed by his friend. Parker drove with him to his home. They gave him a splendid supper and entertained him so delightfully that it was 10:45 before he realized it. He bade them a hasty farewell, hurried to the station and eagerly inquired of a porter for the north-bound train. It was pointed out to him, and he stepped into a smoker just as it began to move. "Safe again!" he murmured; and there was no denying that he heaved a real sigh of relief this time. Yet

he would not have admitted it, and told himself that he was not the least bit nervous.

When the conductor came around and he gave his destination as Washington—"Why this train only goes to Danville," said the conductor; "you should have taken No. 38."

"Isn't this 38?" almost gasped Jack. "What is it then?"

"It's No. 12," replied the conductor; "local to Danville. No. 38 was late and we are running ahead."

"Then I can take 38 when she passes us?" asked Jack, with some relief.

"That depends," answered the conductor. "We don't flag 38 when she's late. If we beat her to Reidsville she'll stop for you. Otherwise, you can take 40 at Danville."

"But 40 will put me in Washington three hours late," said Jack. "I must catch the 6:52 train for New York without fail. It is absolutely necessary."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the conductor, "but we don't flag 38. She was eight minutes behind us at Greensboro. She stops at Reidsville, and if we beat her there you will be all right."

"We must beat her," said Jack.

"38 runs like the wind when she is behind," said the conductor, with a smile in which no sympathy was blended with his amusement, and passed on.

There was no make believe about his anxiety now. He consulted his folder. "No. 38 is due to leave Greensboro nine minutes ahead of No. 12, and to get to Danville twenty-nine minutes ahead, thus gaining twenty minutes in the distance. Reidsville is just half way between, and so 38 would ordinarily gain ten minutes. But now she is behind and will be running all the faster. Besides, she was only eight minutes behind at Greensboro. She will probably overtake us at Benaja, eight miles this side of Reidsville, or possibly even at Brown's Summit, four miles

nearer. In that case we will be side tracked and she will shoot by at a mile a minute, and I will be too late in Washington, miss the steamer and lose my bride!"

He took out his watch and counted the minutes.

"Now we are at Rudd, eight miles from Greensboro, at 11:13, exactly on time. Why do we wait so long? Surely 38 will not pass us here. No, we have begun to move. Four miles to Brown's Summit." He almost tries to count the rails by the click of the wheels. It is an eight minutes' run. Slowly those minutes drag. At length the train stops. "Now, will 38 pass us here? No, we are off again. Four miles now to Benaja, the last stop before Reidsville, scheduled as a seven minutes' run." Again he counts the minutes as they slowly tick away. He almost holds his breath. The conductor passes through. "Any orders, Captain, to sidetrack for 38?"

"No. But we may get orders at Benaja."

They come to Benaja at last, after what seems an age. They stop, and it seems to Jack that they wait indefinitely. "The conductor is getting orders," he mused. "Will we sidetrack? A whole minute and still we stand. Now—now, we have begun to move, and ahead! We are not going to sidetrack then. What is that jolting? Are we running across a switch? Yes, that is it, the train slackens its speed. Are we stopping on the switch?" He rushes to a window and looks back. "No train in sight. We have not stopped, but are going forward, faster now—and faster. We are off—out of the town—off for Reidsville and we will catch 38 there!" He sinks back in his seat with a deep sigh and closes his eyes. He soon becomes calmer and muses over how foolish it was to worry in this way. But when the train stops at Reidsville he rouses himself hastily and hurries out. He looks around somewhat anxiously for 38. He had somehow expected to step right off No. 12 onto it. But no 38 is there—and while he is looking 12 pulls out. The station is deserted but for

two or three night employees. 12 has gone and no 38 in sight! A feeling as of being utterly forsaken comes over him. Suppose the conductor was mistaken, that 38 left Greensboro on time and is now ahead rushing on towards Washington? It should have left Greensboro nine minutes before he got to the station. He would not have seen it. He paces up and down the platform for several minutes after 12 has disappeared and still no 38. At length he goes and questions the operator.

"38 is 25 minutes late. She will be here in five minutes."

It was six minutes before he heard her distant whistle. One minute later, exactly at 11:56, 38 pulled in and he hastened on board. Only a moment she paused and rushed away into the night—on toward Washington and his love!

He sought his berth, but it was impossible to sleep. He had only ten minutes in Washington if he got there on time. No. 38 was running twenty-five minutes late. There were fifteen minutes to be made up. Could she do it? At Greensboro she was seventeen minutes late, and at Reidsville twenty-five. She seemed to be losing time instead of gaining. He could stand it no longer; he got up and sought the conductor. He explained his case and asked if nothing could be done. It was absolutely necessary for him to reach New York before one o'clock, and if he missed this train in Washington he could not do it. Even that would give him only seventeen minutes in which to reach the wharf, and it would take ten minutes at the least.

The conductor assured him they would do their utmost to make up the lost time, but could promise nothing definite. With this he went back and again tried to sleep, but it was no use. For two hours he rolled and tossed, making all kinds of wild speculations about possible accidents, and what would happen if he did not reach New York in time. Margaret would think he did not come

through indifference. She would be piqued and would make no effort to put off the marriage with Lord Houghton. It would probably be accomplished before he could reach England or make an explanation. Possibly she would hear no explanation. Once he dropped into a sort of stupor and dreamed that he missed the boat, caught another and went to London. He went through all the torture and suspense of the long voyage, was blown out of his course by gales and arrived in Liverpool three days late. From thence he rushed to London by the first train. He called at Lord Houghton's, only to be met by stiff grooms in gorgeous liveries and giddy maids in fantastic costumes, in a hall decorated as for some festive occasion. They told him Lord Houghton was being married in the church on——street. Away he rushed, half stunned and without stopping to ask more questions. He found the church, rushed passed those at the door and into the aisle, only to hear the organ burst forth into a triumphal march and see the happy bridal pair—Lord Houghton, with Margaret on his arm—turn from the chancel and come slowly down the aisle. He sank down upon the end of a bench; his head sank forward and as it toucned the back of the bench in front of him he awoke with a start.

For several minutes he lay trembling with sheer nervousness. Then he sprang up and went to seek the conductor again. He told him the whole story. He *must* reach Washington in time to catch the 6:42 train. The happiness of two lives depended upon it. The conductor was a kind-hearted man, with a wife of his own. He listened patiently to Jack's story and smiled sympathetically at him, but told him that they were running on orders. If they had an open track they could easily make up the time, but other trains were on the road and must be avoided. They had to run according to orders. However, they had gained five minutes. Possibly they could gain the other ten in the remaining hour and a half of the trip.

Jack went back to his berth, not much encouraged, but he could rest no more. He could not even sit still, but started up anxiously every few minutes and paced the aisle of the coach. Thus an hour passed. Now they must be nearing Washington. Jack sits with his watch in one hand and the time-table in the other. They are due at Alexandria at 6:17, and at Washington at 6:42. The other train leaves Washington at 6:52. It is now 6:25 and they have not come to Alexandria. In the early dawn he watches for the station signs as they rush by. That was Springfield they just passed; at 6:28 they rush past Edsalls. Now they hurry by Seminary at 6:34. And now he almost tries to count the telegraph poles as they whisk by in the gloom. It is 6:37 as they sweep into Alexandria, and hardly pause but creep out over the long bridge and on to Washington. Twenty minutes it would take for that run. There is no making up any more time now. They could not possibly hope to reach Washington before 6:57, five minutes after the train for New York is due to leave. It would do no good now even to count the minutes. He lay back in his seat and closed his eyes. On and on they crept, while his heart beat nervously. He hardly dared hope now. Only the other train's being late could help him. Would it wait? And so he sat, and lived a hundred years, it seemed, during those twenty minutes. At last they drew up at the station at exactly 6:57. He rushed out—but what use? And yet he was on the step before the train stopped, and—oh, joy! there stood his train for New York! He hastened on board and sank into a seat all trembling from nervousness. The strain had been terrible, and now he sank back in relief and rested. There was no reason to fear now, for he was almost certain to reach New York in time. True this train was five minutes lates, but it would probably make that up, and anyway he would have time enough to get to the wharf.

The strain upon his nerves relaxed; he felt weak, and for a long time lay back in his seat and rested with his eyes closed. Finally he became calm again, and almost laughed at his great anxiety. They were past Philadelphia now and running only three minutes behind. He would be in plenty time. Why should he worry any more? He laughed to himself with the complacency of a little child that feels itself secure from harm when its mother is near.

On they sped, and on—past Trenton, N. J., and still he was thinking of his success in making the train and of his needless anxiety. Soon they began to near Newark. Now they were approaching the end of his journey and he would soon be on board the ship and with Margaret. What a pleasant voyage they would have; and how her father would be surprised when he found that they had outwitted him. He would get a carriage at the station and drive direct to the wharf. He must be careful in approaching and going on board the ship, for Mr. Hamilton will no doubt be there to bid his daughter farewell. He glanced at his watch. Hello! They seem to be three and a half minutes late now. The last stop was a bit longer than usual, but he had thought nothing of it at the time. Yet they seem to be making good time now. Now they are leaving Newark—, and they are five minutes late! Surely they are not losing time here at the last minute? Unconsciously he begins to grow nervous again. Surely he will have time to reach the wharf! But there is no help for it; out comes his watch again and he counts the minutes. The strain has been too great. He cannot control his nerves now. But they do not lose more time, and reach the ferry exactly five minutes late. On the ferry they go, and across the river. They are due at the other side at 12:43; they lose three minutes on the ferry, and arrive at the other side at 12:51. Just nine minutes in which to get to the pier, two miles away. He jumps

into the first carriage he can find. "Cunard pier," he shouts. "Drive for your life." The driver catches the light in his eye and sees the corner of a ten dollar bill in his hand. He lashes his horse furiously. They fairly fly through the crowded street, skillfully avoiding all other vehicles. At last they reach the pier. He leaps out and flings the driver the bill. Through the crowd he hurries as best he can. He is almost exhausted with the nervous strain. When he is almost there the gang plank is cleared. He hears the order to raise it. Will he miss it now?

Even in that instant his eyes sweep the deck of the boat, and he sees Margaret standing by the rail watching him. But why does she stare so indifferently? Her eyes seem to glow, but she shows no sign of recognition, and when he waves her a feeble greeting she does not respond. Is she sorry he has come? He makes one last effort and stumbles across the gang plank just as it begins to move.

Safe at last! and he rushes toward Margaret, whose eye still rests indifferently upon him,—nay she seems not to want him to approach her. Her aunt Lida is standing with her back towards him, and ah! a man is talking to Margaret! That is why she does not want him to approach! She seems only to throw him sidewise glances, while she is watching the other man intently, as if to rivet his attention. Some one else, then, has taken his place even in this short time. But surely she could not have been trifling with him! The figure looks familiar; it is that of an elderly man. Who can it be? He will see for himself. He has made this long journey and undergone this severe strain to outwit her father; now they are beyond his reach; he has gained his advantage and he will claim his reward. He will not be kept back now. He will approach, let her look at him as black as she will. He moves forward, he is almost upon them; and now the gentleman slowly turns his face and reveals to him—Mr. Hamilton!

TO JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

BY F. W. OBARR.

Man favored of the gods of paint and mask,
And father of the fame of old "Rip Van,"
What distant journey have you under plan?
What far off clime is sought and what the task
(Withal we grant it's bold to ever ask)
That needs the master touch of such a man
As you, Joe Jefferson? Or do you scan
A stage where you can let your genius bask
In lights whose soft'ning sheen is not of earth?
When Easter's evening curtain fell it hid
From us your living form and much we weep
For you our "Rip Van Winkle." Tho' 'twas mirth
You gave and for world favors long you bid
We know you go not to a darkened sleep.

TOBACCO CULTURE AND MANUFACTURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.*

BY A. B. BRADSHER.

II.

The markets for the bright leaf tobacco are nearly always in the near-by city or town. Warehouses are erected in the centers of large tobacco-growing districts. There is much strife among the towns to get the location of the warehouses, because the daily sale of large quantities of leaf turns much money loose and the town's general business is thereby benefited. Many towns in North Carolina owe their very existence to that of the warehouses therein. A quotation from a writer on the subject will give some idea of the commercial importance of these:

"Within the past ten years eight markets for the sale of tobacco have been established in as many different towns in the ten counties constituting the 'new golden leaf belt' of North Carolina. These towns contain twenty warehouses of spacious size. Upon the floor of each of these may be seen daily from 15,000 to 50,000 lbs. of bright tobacco."

The ordinary warehouse is constructed with plenty of floor space and plenty of light from above and on all sides. Many warehouse concerns use the number of square feet of skylights in their advertisements. Attached to the sides is a driveway, covered with some kind of roof, arranged so that wagons can easily be unloaded to the floor and may also be loaded from it. The floor of this driveway is somewhat lower (something like three feet) than the main floor.

The tobacco is taken from the wagons, placed on a broad truck, in a round pile, with the heads outward and the tails toward the center. This is wheeled upon the scales, where it is weighed. Here a tag bearing the weight of the

*The second of two papers on this subject. The first appeared in the April number.

pile and the name of the planter is placed in a cleft stick and the stick in turn placed in the top of the tobacco. The pile is then put in the place allotted it in the long rows of piles on the floor. A farmer puts all of his tobacco together in one row. This accomplished, the tobacco is ready for the auction, and the owner, should the bid not be satisfactory, has the right to reject it and may sell again as he wishes.

The charges for handling loose tobacco in this character are not burdensome. For weighing each pile the fee is ten or fifteen cents. The auction fee is ten or fifteen cents per hundred pounds, and if more than a hundred pounds the fee is set at twenty-five cents. Then in addition there is a commission of 2½ per cent. on the amount of the sale, which is the warehouse charge.

On auction day the floor is crowded with buyers, farmers, and others who have the sale less in concern. The auctioneer is the center of attraction. He starts off in a whoop and holds out remarkably well, uttering not a single word that is audible to an unpracticed ear. In the meantime buyers are pulling out bundles from the piles, examining them and bidding (the latter mostly by signs). As fast as a pile is sold a clerk takes down the price and the buyer's name, and marks the grade for the buyer according to his direction. Following the sale is a crowd of hands for each buyer, taking up the tobacco in large square baskets, four feet long and wide and something like six inches deep. These filled, they are hauled to various prize houses, redrying plants, and factories. An auction sale of tobacco is one of hustle and motion. Often 150 sales will be made in an hour. In a town of some size, where there is more than one warehouse, one sale follows another. The warehouses have a regulated system by which they sell, one having first sale one day, another the next, and so on. A certain hour is fixed at which the bids must be cashed. Failure to comply with this rule

puts the buyer on the black list and his purchasing power is at an end. The farmer goes to the office in the building, gets his money, less the handling and selling commission, and goes his way.

The following are the principal markets of North Carolina in their relative importance, with an approximate amount sold annually by each:*

Winston	22,500,000	Wilson	22,000,000
Kinston	18,000,000	Greenville	12,000,000
Rocky Mount	10,000,000	Durham	7,000,000
Oxford	6,500,000	Henderson	5,500,000
Reidsville	5,000,000	Louisburg	4,500,000
Goldsboro	4,000,000	Smithfield	3,500,000
Greensboro	3,000,000	Mt. Airy	3,000,000
Roxboro	3,000,000	Robersonville	3,000,000
Ashpole	3,000,000	Lumberton	2,500,000

There are many more markets scattered over the State of less importance, which, on account of lack of importance, are omitted.

From the warehouse the tobacco is taken either to a redrying plant, or to a prize house where it is packed in hogsheads and shipped to one. The redrying machines are comparatively modern inventions and are one of the greatest time, labor and money savers in the business. Before these machines came into use the tobacco was either hung in frames in prize houses and there dried by the air, or was thrown, heads and tails, in large heaps upon the floor and dried by a continual shaking up with pitchforks. Both took much time, labor and space. But now the tobacco is practically all dried by machinery. This drying machine consists of a series of rooms in which are placed coils of steam pipes with valves attached to regulate the heat, and through which passes either a broad belt or a stick chain. This belt is made of galvanized wire net and it is upon this that the tobacco to be dried is

*These estimates kindly furnished by Mr. J. S. Cobb.

placed. It is placed across the belt in regular order, with the heads pointing forward. Two negroes are usually employed in putting the tobacco on this belt. The belt takes it directly into a highly heated chamber, and then it goes from one to the other until some three or four are passed, all of which are heated at from 150 to 170 degrees. When it passes from the last hot room (and by this time it is thoroughly dry) it goes into a cooling room and thence into an ordering room, where it receives enough moisture from steam to make it capable of being handled. In each of the sections of the drier there is a fan, circular in shape, some six or eight feet in diameter, which revolves with great rapidity, giving a uniform heat and circulation in each section.

From the steaming room the tobacco passes out of the machine and is taken off the apron (belt) and packed in hogsheads by either screws or hydraulic presses. The hogsheads are then nailed up and numbered, and the grade, year of crop, and weights stenciled upon the ends. The hogsheads are next placed in storage, where they remain for some one, two, or three years, new tobacco being very little used in manufacturing. The hogsheads are packed in storage, two, three and four deep. Thus with about 1,000 pounds in each hogshead, a great amount of tobacco can be stored in a comparatively small space. Tobacco is redried in four cities in North Carolina, namely, Greenville, Kinston, Winston and Durham. The drier in Durham, which contains four machines of large capacity, is the largest of its kind in the world. The machines which have the belts can dry from 17,000 to 22,000 pounds per day. The stick machines, which use the same heating apparatus, but have the tobacco hung on sticks, can dry from 40,000 to 50,000 pounds per day, and there are two of each kind in the establishment spoken of.

The tobacco improves with age in color and sweetness, and when it is taken out it goes with little delay to the consumer.

The tobaccos manufactured in North Carolina, as a rule, find their final form in either chewing or smoking tobacco, snuff or cigarettes. Some cigars are made also, but few. Of these I shall treat of the plug, or chewing, tobaccos first.

The tobacco is first picked, bundle by bundle. These are then sprinkled with water and when they are high in order the bundles are untied and picked leaf by leaf, assorted and separated into the different grades suitable for the different brands manufactured.

These leaves are then steamed, and when thoroughly moist are stemmed (a process of removing the midrib.) Following this process is the "casing," or flavoring process. These flavorings are cooked in large cisterns and are sprinkled on the tobacco uniformly. The flavoring is composed of alcoholic liquors, licorice, etc. This is the secret of all manufacturers, and much of the popularity of the brands depends upon this part of the manufacture. These flavored strips are then passed over a series of heated rollers, which presses the surplus flavoring out, and thoroughly dried, but are re-ordered and packed in bulk until needed. The next step is to weigh the tobacco, enough at a time to make a plug, when it is in turn placed in a shaper, which gives the desired size and form to the brand. These plugs are then wrapped by experienced men. The wrappers of the plugs are carefully selected as to color and character of leaf so that all plugs of the same brand will look alike. These plugs are then dried and packed in iron boxes, where they are pressed and creased. Hydraulic pressure is used, and while they are under pressure they are put in gums and allowed to sweat or ferment—some slightly, others under a longer process. After the fermentation process they are taken out, carefully inspected and the perfect ones tagged and packed in boxes. When the boxes are filled, enough pressure to put the heads in is used. When this is done they are branded with name, size of plug and the gross and net weights on each box.

A groove is placed on each box, in which the government stamp must be placed, varnished and canceled. The boxes are strapped four or five together and are then ready for shipment.

Snuff is the second article the manufacture of which I shall take up. There are five kinds made in the United States, but of only two shall I speak, since only these are either used or made in North Carolina. These two are "Scotch" and sweet snuff, both of which are the dipping variety. The two are very much alike in manufacture, the one exception being that the sweet snuff is flavored with some preparation of licorice before the tobacco is ground.

"The material used for making Scotch snuff consists of a heavy, dark tobacco of medium grade and good 'fatty lugs.' It is before use stored away for at least two years. It is then taken out bundle by bundle and passed through a cutter, stems and all, which yields a coarsely cut product. It is then packed in hogsheads and made to go through three states of fermentation, requiring on an average about six weeks. Through each state it is arrested by exposure to air. After this, the tobacco is thoroughly dried and then passed into the pulverizing machines, which are a series of mills, each of which has three heavy iron rollers rubbing against a concave face of a hemispherical iron vessel, the pulverized tobacco being discharged at an opening in the bottom. From these machines it is passed upon a bolting cloth not unlike that in a flour mill. Thence it is passed into a machine, where it is packed automatically in packages ready for custom trade."

The granulated tobacco plays the leading role in the manufacture in North Carolina. The tobacco which goes into the make-up of a brand of smoking tobacco is of several grades. The hogsheads of the different grades are taken to the cutting room and stripped. Here the tobacco is fed into the cutters and is coarsely cut. It is then flavored and passed into a granulator. When it passes from the granulator it is sieved and redried and then is ready to

be packed for sale. The casing used is composed of larkabeau sugar, alcoholic liquors, etc.

This is an interesting process. The tobacco is fed into the hoppers above the machine room and comes down through pipes, is automatically weighed, packed, stamped and labeled. Three hands are employed on each machine. One puts the cotton sacks on the shape which receives the tobacco, another ties the sacks, and one has general management of the machine. The ease and rapidity with which these sacks are tied is marvelous. These machines turn out from fourteen to twenty sacks per minute, or from ten to fifteen hundred per day. From these machines the sacks are packed in cartoons, and they, in turn, in wooden cases, usually of twenty-five pounds each, but sometimes of fifty, and less often in hundred pound cases.

The manufacture of cigarettes requires more judgment, skill and experience than any line heretofore mentioned. All tobacco used in cigarette-making has to be stemmed. The strips are run through a "casing," or flavoring, machine, and then are run directly into the cutters. The machines are so constructed that the tobacco, which is very high in order, is cut in long shreds. The tobacco is run under a blade in the form of a hard "cheese," which is made by the compression of two metal chain belts which run together as they approach the blade. The blade has a vertical motion and cuts a shaving from the cheese with each downward stroke. From this machine the tobacco is run through a revolving drier and thence through a cylindrical dresser, which separates the shreds, and is then stored away until needed in the machine room.

In the cigarette machine the finished product is made. The tobacco is spread uniformly upon a small canvass belt to the machine and this feeds the tobacco evenly into the continuous stream of paper which goes through the machine. The tobacco is rolled into shape, pasted, cut off the right length, and comes out ready for packing. This

machine also stamps the name of the brand of tobacco on the cigarette. These machines turn out from 200 to 250 cigarettes per minute. These are inspected and the perfect ones packed in pasteboard boxes, some brands twenty, but mostly ten, in a box. These small boxes are packed in larger pasteboard boxes, fifty and above to the box, and these in turn packed in wooden cases for shipment.

There are some few cigars made in North Carolina, but not in large enough quantities to have any large or well-equipped establishment. They are made by hand, as a rule, and of a tobacco not grown hereabouts.

The manufacture of strips is a process which is growing in North Carolina on account of the export trade. Especially is this true of the British-American stemmery at Durham. Here tobacco is stemmed for both domestic and foreign trade. This process is the taking of a large portion of the midrib from the tobacco leaf. The tobacco is steamed to a high state of moisture, which makes the stems easily selectable from the leaf. It is stemmed leaf by leaf and the strips are passed through the drier and then packed in hogsheads. The tobacco is packed dry, especially that for export trade, owing to the import duty on tobacco, for the tax on water is the same as that on the tobacco. This is also one reason why the tobacco is stemmed in this country. It is packed in hogsheads, from 850 to 1,000 pounds per hogshead.

The tobacco manufacturing towns in North Carolina are Durham, Winston-Salem, Wilson, Reidsville, Mt. Airy and Statesville.

In Durham are situated the cigarette factory of the Export Branch of the American Tobacco Co.; the two smoking tobaccco concerns, W. Duke, Sons & Co., and Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., of the American Tobacco Company; the stemmeries of the British-American Tobacco Company, and the Carrington Cigar Co.

In Winston-Salem are the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Brown & Williamson, Liipfert, Scales & Co., Bailey Bros.,

Taylor Bros., Ogburn, Hill & Co., Whitaker-Harvey Co., E. L. Lockett, A. H. Bodenhamer, M. L. Ogburn & Co., S. A. Ogburn, F. M. Bohannon, Kerner Bros., and others. These factories put up plug, chewing and smoking tobacco. The city of Winston leads in the output of plug and comes second in the total number of pounds of tobacco manufactured in North Carolina.

Some little plug tobacco is manufacfured in Mt. Airy and Reidsville. The manufacturers in Mt. Airy are the Prather & Whitlock Co. and the Hadley-Smith Co., with one or two others. Those of Reidsville are the F. R. Penn Tobacco Co., Robt. Harris & Bro., A. H. Motley Tobacco Co., and D. F. King.

Wilson, the newest tobacco manufacturing town in the State, confines its manufactures to smoking tobacco and cigarettes. The principal concern there is the Wells-Whitehead Co.

Statesville also manufactures some little tobacco, but has in the past few years declined in output and importance, and is still on that plane. Leaksville, too, is among the minor manufacturing towns of the State.

The cigar factories are scattered all over the State, the most important being the branch of the American Cigar Co. at Greensboro. There are two small ones at Charlotte, one in Elizabeth City, and some three or four in Winston.

The following tables taken from the 1900 census will show the comparative output of North Caroilna with other States in the Union in different lines:

State	Smoking	State	Plug
North Carolina	17,239,357	Missouri	72,423,982
New York	1,366,138	Kentucky	72,423,982
Maryland	10,399,748	North Carolina	24,144,270

State	Pounds Tobacco	Cigars	Cigarettes
North Carolina	306,464	17,370,874	
North Carolina	2,064,831		649,314,810
New York	20,871,600		17,421,167,950
Virginia	3,565,975		7,429,133,030

A total of 43,804,731 pounds manufactured in North Carolina.

Owing to the inability to secure statistics it is impossible to give the output by cities, but Durham is the largest smoking tobacco town in the world.

The total valuation for the output of North Carolina for the year 1900 was $16,751,383. When one looks at this and realizes that this much wealth is produced from the soil and enterprise of the Old North State, it dawns upon him that tobacco has done no little thing for this State. Credit may be given to tobacco for the existence and maintenance of some of North Carolina's most thriving cities. So, looking at the tobacco industry from the commercial point of view, we have a continuous shower of blessings.

A PARODY ON MILTON'S, "ON HIS BLINDNESS."

BY MISS MAY WRENN.

When I consider how my time is spent
Ere half my days of this first year of pride,
And opportunities which were untried
Have now gone from me, though my heart more bent
T' obey therewith my teachers, and present
My true account, lest they at length me chide,—
"Do they require sonnets, talent denied?"
I fondly ask:—But Juniors, to prevent
That murmur, soon reply, "They do not need
A Freshman's sonnets or advice: who best
Prepare their lessons, please them best: their state
Is mighty: hundreds at their bidding speed,
And hasten to the Library without rest;
They too obey who do their best and wait."

MAJOR W. A. GRAHAM.

BY URAL HOFFMAN.

In the Old North State there are a number of men who, while they rise head and shoulders above their fellow men in their immediate community, are not known as they should be throughout the State. They may never climb very high on the ladder of fame, but the services which they are giving their commonwealth should not be overlooked.

One such person is Major William Alexander Graham, of Lincoln County, a leader and promoter of every worthy undertaking of his county. He belongs to the very distinguished family of Scotch-Irish Grahams whose civil and political services have been so valuable to North Carolina. His grandfather was General Joseph Graham who served so brilliantly in the Revolutionary War and in the War of 1812 and who, subsequent to the Revolution, took an energetic part in the political enactments of the State. His father was the Hon. W. A. Graham, who was United States Senator from North Carolina from 1840 to 1843, Governor of the State from 1845 to 1849, Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore, and who is esteemed by some as "the greatest man produced by North Carolina."

Major Graham was born at what was then the small village of Hillsborough, in Orange County, December 26, 1839. His youthful days gave promise of a bright future and he was given a thorough preparation for college at schools in Hillsboro, Raleigh and Washington, D. C., and at the early age of seventeen he registered at the University of North Carolina. Here he remained for three years, at the end of which time he left to continue his studies at Princeton. He was graduated there in 1860, and spent the following year teaching. It was at this time that he removed from his old home at Hillsboro to his grandfather's old colonial mansion in Lincoln County where he resides at present in a fine country residence, which was built in 1894 to replace his grandfather's home which was destroyed by fire.

But his stay in his new home was short, for as soon as the war between the States broke out he returned to Hillsboro and enlisted in the Orange County Cavalry, Company K, 2nd N. C. Cavalry. He was immediately elected first lieutenant, and afterwards succeeded Josiah Turner as captain. His first service was in eastern North Carolina, on the Neuse river. From here he was soon transferred to Virginia, and in the spring of 1863 he joined the cavalry division of the army of northern Virginia. With it he served till the battle of Gettysburg where, on July 3, he was disabled by a wound received while leading his regiment. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, Governor Vance appointed him major and assistant adjutant-general of North Carolina, which position he held to the close of the war.

Though short, Mr. Graham's military career was notable. On May 13, in what is known as Foscue's Skirmish, in Jones County, this State, with only forty Confederate soldiers, he defeated a brigade of the enemy composed of three thousand men. For the bravery displayed in this action, he was complimented in general orders from district headquarters. He also won distinction because of the successful charge he led against the Union forces at Brandy Station.

North Carolina holds the honor of being "First at Bethel, farthest to the front at Gettysburg and Chicamauga, and last at Appomattox," and Mr. Graham has the honorable, unique and enviable distinction of being the last North Carolinian to give up his position of service to the Southern Confederacy.

As he made himself conspicuous in military affairs, so he has done in politics. But this distinction has not come from his being a scheming manipulator or "boss," but rather from the firm stand he has always taken against just such men. His conservatism has been the cause of his defeat several times. In 1867 he was nominated by the Conservatives as their candidate to the Reconstruction Convention, but failed of election. In this campaign he was strongly

opposed to the enfranchisement of the negro, and though the negro did obtain possession of the ballot, opposition to such still smouldered in his breast, blazing out again in 1900, when he was an earnest worker in the campaign for white supremacy.

In 1874, and again in '78, he was nominated and unanimously elected State Senator from his district, comprising Lincoln and Gaston counties. In the Senate chamber he went actively into the proceedings, and through his advocacy a number of bills of great benefit to the farmers were passed. One such measure was the law prohibiting the deduction of two pounds from each bale of cotton—a law that has saved millions of dollars to the farmers. Another important bill passed through his instrumentality was the law allowing verbal contracts. Furthermore, it was on his motion that the act for the sale of the Western North Carolina Railroad was so amended as to secure for the convict labor furnished by the State to the purchasers the $500,000 which paid the State tax in 1885.

For upwards of twenty years Mr. Graham has been active in the democratic council chamber, always ready to do all in his power for his party. When Lieutenant-Governor Jarvis was elevated to the governorship by the election of Vance to the United States Senate, Major Graham lacked only two votes in the democratic caucus of being made president of the State Senate. The latest honor at his party's hands is his election to the House of Representatives from Lincoln County.

On June 8, 1864, he was married to Miss Julia B. Lane, of Amelia County, Virginia. This union was the culmination of one of the many romances of the war between the States by which a large number of the fair daughters of the Old Dominion were transferred to other States. To them have been born nine daughters and two sons. Their companionship has been, as it were, an unbroken chain of happiness, and their home is noted for its open-hearted hospitality and welcome—a happy survival of ante-bellum days.

Though a born soldier and legislator Mr. Graham is an all-round good farmer—one of the few who keep abreast of the times. He owned the first double-footed plow used in the county; the first cotton gin, with condenser, west of the Catawba river, and the first separator. During the existence, in this State, of the Grange, an association devoted to the promotion of agricultural interests, he was an active member. In 1888 he united with the Farmers' Alliance and still retains his membership. He steadfastly refused to follow some of the leaders in the prostitution of the order to partisan political purposes, but with a few others held it to the purposes for which it was originally organized. He was the formulator and inaugurator of the plan of the Business Agency of the North Carolina Farmers' Alliance, which is still in operation, being the only practical business affair developed from the Alliance movement in the entire United States. Of this agency's fund, which guarantees the contracts of the agency, he was elected trustee. At the expiration of his present term he will have held this position for twenty years.

Mr. Graham is also an author of no mean repute. As such he has made some very valuable contributions toward the recording of North Carolina history. His greatest work is entitled, "General Joseph Graham and his Revolutionary Papers." Not only does it cover the life and labors of his renowned ancestor but it gives a very full account of numerous Revolutionary events in this State that no other historian has been able to investigate so well. Without doubt the most complete and trustworthy record of the battle of Ransour's Mill is a paper from his pen, which was published in the second number of the fourth volume of the North Carolina Booklet. In addition to these two works he has written the history of the 2nd North Carolina Cavalry, and of the South Fork Association of the Baptist Church.

In religion the Major is a Baptist, and is an active participant in all the work of his church. For more than thirty

years he has been connected with the mission board of the South Fork Association, and has served as its Moderator since its organization in 1878. Mr. Graham has also presided over several sessions of the North Carolina Baptist Conventions and is regarded as a presiding officer of unusual capacity.

Personally Mr. Graham presents a very prepossessing appearance. He stands six feet high and is very corpulent, weighing two hundred and seventy-eight pounds. His face always beams with characteristic Irish humor, and his blue eyes sparkle with genial wit. His soft, musical chuckle is very contagious, and his joke or reminiscence of the war is invariably enjoyed by the hearer. Though nearing the three score and ten mark, he is still hale and happy and strong.

THOU GIV'ST ME FAITH.

BY S. B. UNDERWOOD.

Thou giv'st me faith, sweet Marjorie,
A faith that's strong and pure;
A faith in God through faith in thee,
Tumultuous, wild, but sure.

My soul whose doubts did never cease
Has found its faith anew;
Has found a calm and holy peace,
Has found it all in you.

JULIAN BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
ANGIER B. DUKE, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

In a short article in the ARCHIVE last month the president of our local Y. M. C. A. called attention to the Students' Conference to be held in Asheville in June, and expressed a strong desire to see Trinity well represented at this gathering. We wish to call special attention to this conference again for we are confident that the students generally have not thought enough about it and do not know what an opportunity is before them.

The conference is for students of Southern colleges and will be held at the Asheville School, June 17–25. Representatives from eighty-five institutions are expected to attend and some of the most noted religious workers in the country will meet and work with them. The purpose of the conference is particularly to study the conditions in our schools and colleges, and discuss methods for their improvement. The work thus concerns matters directly at home and of interest to every student. Coming in contact with this set of men and sharing in their purposes will invariably fire a man with enthusiasm and give him invaluable plans and ideas for the upbuilding of his own Y. M. C. A. and the betterment of his college community. Those of us who attended this conference last year are full of praise for the work that is done and are especially anxious that more of us might receive the inspiration that these meetings afford.

Besides the religious aspect of the conference and the work

that is to be done, it remains to be said that the trip will afford a man one of the most enjoyable vacations he could possibly take. The fame of the Asheville region as a summer resort is wide indeed, and it is generally conceded that this "Land of the Sky" is unrivalled in the beauty of its scenery, its invigorating climate and the all-round pleasures and accommodations that are afforded its visitors. In the afternoons the delegates to the conference will be free to enjoy themselves as they choose. Long mountain rides and rambles may be taken, or if preferred, athletic sports may be engaged in, as these things will be looked after. Baseball games will be played and tennis courts will he at their service.

As for the expenses of the trip, the railroads have granted a rate of one fare, and board can be secured at one dollar per day. The boarding arrangements will be in charge of the directors of the conference and will be all that is to be desired. The total expense will not be great and will be small in comparison with the good and pleasure to be derived from the trip. If there is anybody who has the least idea of going let him see the president of our Y. M. C. A. and learn further particulars of this conference. Those who have attended it before are enthusiastic over it and are very desirous of persuading others to go. It is hoped that Trinity will have at least ten men at this conference and there is no reason why the number should not be greater.

The notable record made by the baseball team on its Southern trip should be a source of great satisfaction to everyone who has the interest of Trinity's athletics at heart. The remarkable work of the team has given Trinity a high position in the intercollegiate baseball world of the South, a position that has been hard to attain; for we have been severely handicapped here in North Carolina.

But it is not for good ball playing alone that the team is to be congratulated. While the College is proud of its record

along that line, it is still prouder of the reports that were received of the clean, manly conduct of its representatives, both on and off the ball field.

With the exception of the unpleasant incident at Greenville, there was nothing whatever to mar the trip. There the patience of the team was put to a severe test by extremely bad umpiring, but the boys put up with it, and came out of the game with credit.

There can be no excuse for saying that a crowd of college baseball men cannot be as gentlemanly in their conduct as anybody else. D.

On several occasions we have noticed a practice in the halls of the Main Building that is not quite commendable. At the end of recitation periods, when the hall is crowded in the neighborhood of the bulletin board, a number of fellows sometimes line up against the opposite walls and in a spirit of fun and merriment push and shove passers-by from one side to the other. At times this sport is not only a little rough and frequently distasteful to the shoved, but also inconveniences the young ladies who are compelled to pass that way. We feel sure that a little thought on the matter by these young men will put a stop to this practice.

At a recent meeting of the Junior class was elected our successor to direct the affairs of the ARCHIVE during the next year. We congratulate the readers of the ARCHIVE on the result of this election, for the editor-elect has already given abundant evidence of his ability to make the magazine as successful another year as it has been in the past. At the same time, however, we wish to extend our condolences and sympathy to the new editor himself, and express the hope that his path will be beset with fewer difficulties than common, and that the pleasures of his position will be sweeter

than they seem. We trust that the thorns in his cushion, if there be any, will not be over sharp, and we heartily wish for him all the success that he bids fair to win.

Those who are regular attendants on chapel exercises are to be commended for their faithfulness. However, we fear that there are those who, if asked why they do attend, would be compelled to answer that they go merely from habit, or because they are expected to. Otherwise, it seems to us, there would not occur that whispering and laughing and studying during the exercises that may be noticed nearly every morning, and particularly in the rear of the hall. We ought to go to chapel for worship, and if we do not worship we should at least not be irreverent. If there is some studying or anything else that must be done at that time, it might be better to stay away from chapel to do it.

This is our last chance to say something about our prize story contest and we hereby embrace it. The next number will be our last and the contest will be ended. As we have said several times before we have not been getting enough good stories—and not very many bad ones—contrary to our expectations. We expect to get out another special number next month and we would like for at least half of the literary department to be fiction. So we make this last appeal for some stories.

N. S. OGBURN, JR., - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

We heartily agree with the ex-man of the University of Virginia Magazine in his request of exchange editors that they consign to "eternal rest in the waste-basket" all old jokes "whose form is beset with age, whose whiskers are white with the frost of many winters, and whose garments are worn threadbare." The request should be made, however, of every department of the magazines, for all are more or less guilty than the exchange editors. The average reader of a college magazine is like the little girl who was present when a gentleman was unexpectedly called upon to speak. Rising, he said he hardly knew what to say; and while he was thinking, the little girl lisped, "Thay 'amen' and thit down!" If a magazine can find no new joke, or new fiction, or is unable to tell an old story in a new way, all the departments containing these might better be left blank, and most readers would say "amen."

Several of our exchanges for March have something to say and say it, and after looking through most of the others we have reached the conclusion that these four are the best of the month: *The University of North Carolina Magazine*, *The Southwestern University Magazine*, Georgetown, Texas; *The Wake Forest Student*, and *The University of Virginia Magazine*.

The first contains an able article, "Life in the Center," by Dr. Alphonso Smith, professor of English; a poem, "The Ice King," portraying beautifully the coming of winter; and

the best love story, or article of fiction, that is found in either of the four, and in fact one of the best we have seen this year, if not the best. This story is entitled "The Open Book," and tells in a charming manner how the young lover gave his life to save that of his love. They were fishing alone, when she looked at him with an expression he disallowed. Playfully withdrawing from him, she stood against a ledge of rocks, while he approached. A tiny animal fled as he drew near, but its venomous fangs had done their work, and she sank back in a faint. After hurried thought, nothing remained for him to do but to draw the poison with his own lips. But the cut in his mouth? The poison would get him! He was not wrong; it did, and he gave his life for her. Read it, for it will not be a waste of time.

The second of the four, *The Southwestern University Magazine*, contains two notable articles: "Constitutional Government for Russia," reviewing briefly the past struggles for liberty in that benighted country; and "His Last Bet," the second best story in the four magazines. The writer tags no moral, but the scenes are so vivid, the action so swift, and the nervous strain so intense that the reader inevitably draws a moral from it. The hero is a preacher: the scene, a horse-race; and the story shows how the preacher was led into a bet, almost unconsciously, but through self-temptation, and how the money, won upon mere chance, and with his life, and wife and all in the wager, was paid back. It is interesting throughout.

In *The Wake Forest Student* we find an excellent poem, with smooth-flowing rythm, entitled "March;" an article, "The Impeachment of the Superior Court judges of North Carolina in 1786,," by Dr. E. W. Sykes, and much other entertaining literary matter. The best story in it and the best article contributed by a student is "The Battle of Averasboro, as Told by Uncle Toby and Aunt Ceely," by H. F. Page. The story is told in good negro fashion, each

of the old darkies telling their part in turn, while the little boy who listens reminds one of him who used to steal away to hear Uncle Remus tell of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit. The writer seems to have particlar talent for this sort of writing and gives promise of coming to the front some day if he continues to write such stories.

The University of Virginia Magazine, the last of the four, is always one of the best magazines which reach us. "In the Days of King Stephen," is a continued story which will easily entertain the reader. In the midst of a few poems and other literary matter, the articles which seem most imaginative and entertaining are: "The Harvest of Heads," and "Monsieur Gessulac, Prefect of Police," both by J. C. B. Both are stories of horrible murder and dare-devil adventure as engaged in by a physician and scientist of Paris who wished to obtained noted people's heads for the purpose of studying their brains.

The editorials in a few of our magazines are very striking. *The University of Virginia Magazine* is to be congratulated on its usually sane editorials. We would commend to all college students that one in *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, on "College Spirit—What It Is, and What It Isn't." It is a sensible discussion of that much-abused subject.

The young ladies of Louisburg College deserve our congratulation for the success of their *Collegian*. Although one of the newer magazines, it is rapidly coming to the front, and in abundance of material and in its mechanical make-up it excels the average woman's college journal. The April *Collegian* has two stories, several poems, two essays, an able address, and the various departments. The stories are both rather conventional in their plots, but are written in good style. "To Literature," by M. L. H. is quite the best poem. The essays are interesting; the editorials are on timely topics; and all in all, Louisburg has just cause to be proud of *The Collegian*.

Y. M. C. A. Department

C. T. HANCOCK, - - - - - - - - - - Manager.

The meeting conducted March 22 by Professor Meritt was greatly enjoyed by all who heard him. He touched here and there those chords that often thrill the souls of college men. He enjoined every man to be true in every sense. He emphasized the fact that indulgence in false literature of any kind is only certain to bring disease in the thought and life of the reader. He said that man should take the best in art, and retain memories of things that are happy. We should cultivate the soul, and do things that will put us in greater harmony with the Creator.

Mr. G. C. Huntington, of Charlotte, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for North and South Carolina, addressed the Association on the 12th of April. His subject was, "Association Secretaryship as a Life Work"—a new calling that is making its claim on young men of ability. He spoke first of some of the most salient features of the Summer Conference at Asheville, N. C., its sports, etc., and the opportunity of being in touch with such men as Robert E. Speer and Jno. R. Mott.

Mr. Huntington said that the ministry is one of the greatest of callings, but that the general secretaryship of the Y. M. C. A. affords a young man of ability possibly even better opportunity for serving his fellow man. He stated that there are over seven millions of young men in our country, less than half of whom attend church, and of whom ninety-five per cent. take no part in any religious

services at all. He showed how the Y. M. C. A. has been instrumental in touching the young men in every part of the earth. He said that it is not so much the negligence of God's people in performing their duty as it is the marshalled forces of Satan, saloons, houses of ill fame, and gambling dens, that hinder the progress of God's kingdom in the earth.

The general secretaryship, he said, also appeals to one because it affords the opportunity to use one's influence among young men who are striving to make something of themselves by taking advantage of the night classes taught in the Y. M. C. A. He stated that the night class enrollment in the large cities is greater than the enrollment in the colleges of the country.

This work, he said, should appeal to young men as a life work. But it is not intended that only young men should do work of this kind, for the aged have as grand opportunities to do efficient service as any one.

At Home and Abroad

J. A. LONG, Jr., - - - - - - - - - - - Manager.

On account of ill health Mr. S. B. Underwood has left college and will be out the remainder of the term.

Mr. W. M. Hanes, '02, came down from Winston for the Wake Forest game April 1. Mr. Hanes is in business in the Twin City.

Mr. T. W. Smith, '03, who caught for Trinity in his college days, has taken a position with the American Tobacco Company in this city.

Mr. W. W. Chadwick, of the Class of '05, who did not return to college last fall, was on the Park visiting friends a few days last month.

Mr. Peter E. King, '03, was on the Park a few days in April. Mr. King is living in Concord.

Mr. J. B. Satterfield, once a member of the Class of '05, is now with the Duke branch of the American Tobacco Company.

The Trinity Glee Club is again making the campus ring with its sweet strains, preparatory to giving concerts in Raleigh and Durham.

Mr. J. Leon Williams, '07, was on the Park a few days in April. It always does us good to see Reddy's smiling countenance, especially when he opens up with some of his unequaled "rooting" at the ball games.

Mr. F. S. Schneider, instructor of applied mathematics and surveying, has been elected city engineer of New Brunswick, N. J., and left the first of last month to take up his duties in that city.

The Sophomore debate was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall, April 15. Mr. Holland Holton was the successful contestant for the prize, a handsome set of Shakspere's works, offered by Mr. James H. Southgate.

Mr. S. B. Underwood, of Elizabeth City, N. C., has been elected by the Class of 1906 as editor of the ARCHIVE for next year. Mr. W. M. Smith, of Concord, N. C., was elected business manager.

Dr. E. W. Sikes, of Wake Forest, delivered a lecture before the Trinity Historical Society last month on "Abraham Lincoln as a Statesman." The occasion of the lecture was the presentation to the society of a picture of President Lincoln, by his son, Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, of Chicago, Ill. The lecture was an interesting one and was enjoyed by a good audience.

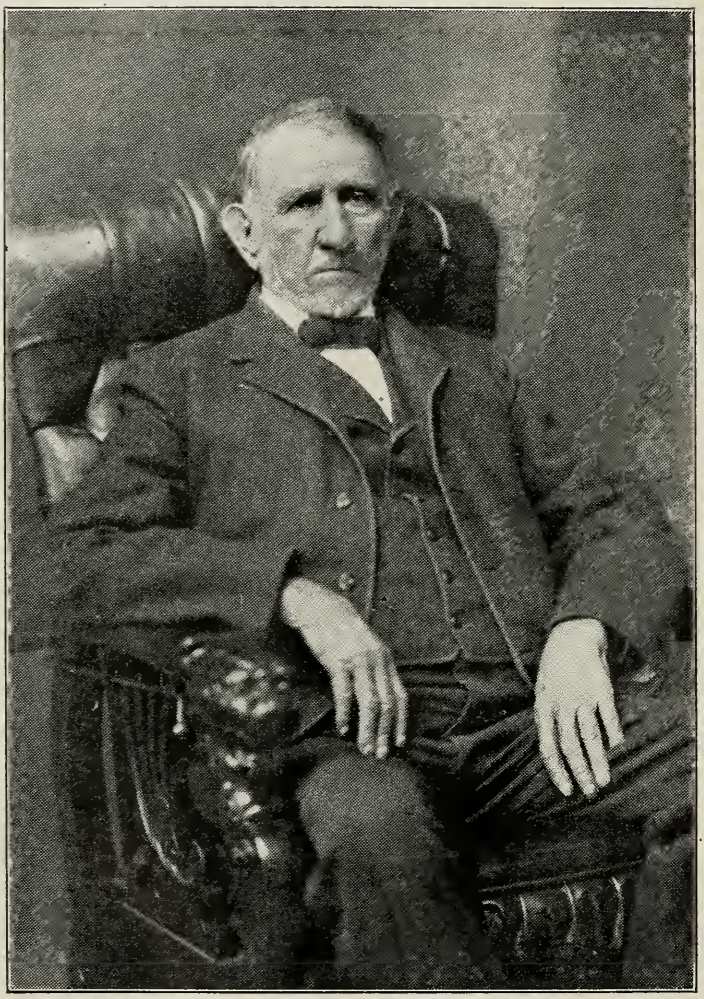
Judge Jeremiah Smith, one of the leading professors of law in Harvard University, and his son, Jeremiah Smith, Jr., a prominent member of the bar in Boston, Mass., have presented to the law library of Trinity College, through Professor Mordecai, a full set of American Reports, in sixty volumes, with Digests, in six volumes, and Table of Cases, in one volume; also about 175 volumes of English Reports. This is a most valuable acquisition to the law library and is highly appreciated by both the officials and students of the college. The kindly interest thus manifested by these distinguished gentlemen in our new department is appreciated even more highly than this handsome gift.

The third and last of a series of debates between Trinity and Emory College was held before a large audience in the Craven Memorial Hall Friday evening, April 21. The ques-

tion debated was: "Resolved, That it should be the policy of the United States to confine itself to the ownership and government of territory included in North America and adjacent islands." Emory had the affirmative and was represented by Messrs. R. N. Parker and H. S. Strozier. The Trinity speakers were Messrs. E. F. Lee and E. O. Cole. The decision was awarded to the affirmative.

On April 6 our baseball team left for the South, where it was scheduled to play seven games. When the umpire called the games the Trinity boys were right there. Out of the seven games we won three, lost three and tied one. Bradsher and Webb did the pitching for Trinity, and in the seven games only 19 hits were got off their delivery, while Trinity has 37 to her credit. Bradsher pitched four games —42 innings—won 1, lost 2, tied 1; Webb pitched three games, winning 2 and losing 1, and allowing only 7 hits. In all of the games Trinity made 18 runs and the opposing teams 11. In the first Mercer game Bradsher fanned 22 men out of a possible 31 and allowed no hits. In the second Mercer game Webb shut them out and allowed only 1 hit. The Atlanta Constitution, in its account of the Tech game, said that it was the greatest game of college baseball ever played in "Dixie land." It quoted Heisman, the coach for the Techs, as saying that Bradsher was the greatest college twirler he had ever seen; and in a letter, later, to Bradsher Heisman says we have the best college team in the South. Coach Stocksdale is more than pleased with the team's work on the trip, and says he never saw such good all-round playing by any college team as was done by Trinity on this trip. It was a great disappointment to the students that Harvard had to cancel the game she had arranged with us in Washington Easter, as we were confident that our boys would make it interesting for them.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



WASHINGTON DUKE.

DIED MAY 8, 1905

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., June, 1905.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of THE ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to JULIAN BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to M. E. NEWSOM, Jr., Business Manager.

A. G. MOORE, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

WASHINGTON DUKE.

BY A. G. MOORE.

Once again a gloom has fallen over Trinity College. Three times during the past fourteen months has the college been called to mourn the loss of a gifted son of noble promise, cut off in the very flowering of young manhood. Now we grieve for one who went quietly at the close of a long, full life, well spent. There can be no questionings here, no blind, passionate regrets to stagger faith, only the calm grief for the interrupted communion

with a tender friend who has preceded us a few years across the border into the promised land, whither he has long been ready to go.

Washington Duke was born December 20, 1820, near Bahama, Orange county, N. C. He was one of ten children, the son of Taylor Duke and Dicey Jones. His parents were of thrifty New England stock and lived in a community where none were very poor or very rich, but where everyone made a living. Mr. Duke possessed strength of character and was respected by his neighbors. He was militia captain and sheriff of the county. Both Mr. and Mrs. Duke were simple, frugal people and earnest Christians.

It was in this home that Mr. Washington Duke learned the frugality and self-reliance which later won for him his great success. He joined the church when twelve years old. He remained with his father until he was grown, when he rented land and worked it for four years. At the end of that time he had saved enough to enable him to buy a farm, which he gradually increased, till at the beginning of the war he owned three hundred acres and had it well stocked.

In 1844 he married Miss Mary C. Clinton, of Orange county. By this marriage there were two children, Brodie L., who is still living, and Samuel T., who died at fourteen. His first wife died in 1847, and in 1852 he married Miss Artelia Roney, of Alamance county. She only lived till 1858. By this marriage there were three children, Mary Elizabeth, Benjamin N., and James Buchanan. So when the war came the home had to be broken up, and he left his children with relatives while he went away to fight.

About the time the war broke out Mr. Duke had decided to quit farming and go to manufacturing tobacco. Accordingly in 1863 he sold his farm, horses, stock and crop, agreeing to take pay in tobacco, that for the farm to be in

six yearly payments. He afterward had to take the farm back, but he had a quantity of tobacco stored, when, in the same year, 1863, he enlisted in the Confederate army. Mr. Duke was not in favor of the war, and foretold its results, but he did what so many other Southerners who loved the Union did; when he saw it was home against Union, he allowed his home love to conquer and joined in with the cause of the Confederacy.

After enlisting he was first put on guard duty at Camp Holmes, but was soon transferred to the navy and served in the defense of Charleston harbor. Later he was attached to the Battery Brook Artillery, in defense of the city of Richmond, where he served till the surrender. He was captured and taken to Libby prison, where he was held several weeks and given transportation to New Bern, whence he walked home, a distance of 135 miles. On the way he traded a five dollar Confederate bill to a Yankee soldier for fifty cents in silver. This was the capital in money he had with which to start life anew after the war.

On arriving at home, he found that Johnson had surrendered to Sherman a few miles from Durham (his farm was two miles from Durham), and this being a section where particularly fine tobacco was grown, he realized that the dispersion of these two armies would create a large demand for Durham tobacco. He accordingly gathered his children back to the home and began to raise tobacco again and to manufacture that which the soldiers had not destroyed. This manufactured tobacco he travelled over the State and sold.

Many farmers began manufacturing tobacco about this time, but none sold so well as that of Mr. Duke.

At this time the sons began to help their father on the farm and in the factory, while the young daughter was their housekeeper. The first factory was a small wooden house, 16x18 feet, located on the farm. This was enlarged later, and in 1873 the business was moved to Dur-

ham, where the eldest son, Brodie, had already begun the manufacture of tobacco. The factory here was 40x70 feet, of wood and three stories high. In 1875 another building the same size was erected, the business of Brodie being united with it, and Mr. Geo. W. Watts being taken in as an equal partner. The capital was now $75,000. Many enlargements have come since that time, till now the factory and storage houses cover many acres, and the factory turns out more tobacco than any other in America.

Of this wonderful success, Mr. Duke accorded a large measure to his sons, who from the first took great interest in the business and threw all their energies into it. They loved their business and took a pride in it, and when offered a professional training, chose the business rather. For ten years after coming to Durham Mr. Duke travelled a part of the time, selling his tobacco in thirty-two States, while the boys ran the factory, and sometimes relieved him on the road.

But not only the boys contributed to his success. The sister, too, had her share. She was the housekeeper at the first and her thrift and economy played no small part in giving her father and brothers a start. When the business grew she was as deeply interested in it as they, and they were proud to consider her an equal partner, and sharer in their profits, and to listen to her sound advice. One who knew her well said, "She managed her own affairs with a master hand. . . . She combined womanly grace and sweetness with a comprehensive intelligence." She married Robert E. Lyon. Her death in 1893 was a severe blow to her father, who was deeply attached to her.

A good idea of some of the principles which Mr. Duke followed and which helped him win his great success are seen from one of the few letters in which he ever spoke of himself, which was only written upon the assurance that it would serve as an inspiration to young men. In this he said he never paid interest on money. He always lived so

as to be better off at the end of each year than at its beginning. He never expected government to do more for him (as many do) than to protect him in the enjoyment of life, liberty and property. In a letter to an educational meeting of negroes which he was invited to attend in 1890, he advised them to follow these same principles. Since his twelfth year he says he had tried to make the world better for having lived in it. When the firm began to employ a large number of hands they organized a Sunday school in a room of the factory. This has grown to Main Street church. He and his family have always worshipped with their employees, and only the most pleasant relations have existed between them.

Mr. Duke has always been benevolent. He has given largely to orphanages, to the church, and to the poor, yet always done it in the quietest possible manner. Many times when the stewards of the church met and announced that some were unable to pay their assessments, he has told them to send the bills to him. He has been much interested in the progress of the negro also, and he and his two sons, Messrs. J. B. and B. N. Duke, gave them over $10,000 for the establishment of Lincoln Hospital in Durham.

His greatest benevolence, however, has been in the cause of education, and his largest gifts have been to Trinity College. When it was decided in 1890 to move the college from Randolph, Mr. Duke offered $85,000 to have it brought to Durham, and $25,000 more was given before the college opened. In 1896 he gave $100,000 to the endowment fund on the condition that young women be admitted to the college with equal rights with the boys. He added a like amount to this fund in 1898 and again in 1900. Besides these large gifts, Mr. Duke has from time to time given continually smaller amounts to various special improvements at the college.

Trinity has not been the only educational institution to

be benefited by his generosity, however. In 1892 he paid the debt on Louisburg Female College and thus prevented its having to close its doors. Another gift of Mr. Duke's which shows his wide interest in Southern development in all forms of education and culture, was the gift of a site and handsome building for the establishment of the Southern Conservatory of Music at Durham.

Mr. Duke's ideas of education were in keeping with his views of life. He always had the greatest contempt for shams, and in education he wanted the type which develops character, and although he had little schooling himself, he was often able to give sound advice in educational difficulties. He was a great lover of truth. An old acquaintance said of him, "I was never with him half an hour without learning some truth."

Mr. Duke has been described as "about six feet tall, with a large frame and a deep chest. He walked with a firm and deliberate stride. He spoke without excitement or passion. His face was characterized by a broad forehead, strong grey eyes, a firm chin and mouth, and the general air of a man who had perfect control over himself. He lived regularly and temperately, preserving the fine physique which nature had given him."

In his home Mr. Duke was very gentle; he was always tenderly affectionate with his children. To him his sons were never anything but "the boys," and during his very last days he used to say that he was ready to go, and wanted to go, "but, you know, I hate to leave the boys!" But outside the home his manners were gentle too. He was never heard to speak harshly of anyone, no matter what the provocation. "Poor human nature," he would say, "is so weak!" Truly it is the strong man who thus bears with the infirmities of the weak!

His desire was to so live that the world should be better for his having been in it. Indeed he set us a noble example. It was in connection with Trinity College, perhaps,

that he did his greatest work for mankind, and hundreds of students already have gone out from this institution, better fitted through his generosity, and strengthened and inspired by his life, to labor in the world, to minister to suffering humanity and to make many lives brighter. Hundreds have gone, and in the years to come, thousands more will go, and thus his labors will be perpetuated through all time.

No student has come to Trinity—the new Trinity—who has not shared the benefits of this man's success and profited by his noble spirit. He was ever deeply interested in the slightest thing that concerned our welfare or our pleasure. Even our defeats at play brought him sadness and our victories caused him joy. But most he rejoiced to see here and there a man who responded to the influence shed around him in the development of a strong, brave, noble, generous character. It was his dearest wish to see us manly men. Shall not we who have thus enjoyed the fruits of his labors and had his noble example before us, show our appreciation by carrying his spirit into our work, and strive to be strong and true men, helping other men as he helped them?

MARGERY.

Whisper, winds that blow to me
From the hills of Tennessee,
Have you kissed a cheek more fair?
Have you played with her black hair?
Did you touch her tenderly?
—Dark-eyed pensive Margery.

Tell me, birds that wing the blue,
Did she sing a song for you
In that low sweet throbbing tone
Angel-pure yet all her own?
Did you hear her eagerly?
—Sweet-voiced gentle Margery.

Kind old sun, that paints the flowers,
Kissed and wakened by the showers,
Touch her with thy softest light,
Keep her strong and fair and bright,
Dearest flower of Tennessee,
—Sunny-tempered Margery.

Soft white moon, whose subtle rays
Turn men's thoughts in strangest ways
When we see thee, tho' apart,
Then reflect each other's heart,
Somehow make her think of me,
—Frozen-hearted Margery.

Spirits good, that roam the air,
Guard her with unresting care;
Tho' she shun me as of yore,
Tho' I see her nevermore,
First of all my loves is she,
—Dark-eyed pensive Margery.

MAYSIE: A STORY OF THE SIXTIES.

BY EVERETT HOWELL.

In Nansemond County, near the junction of the Blackwater and Nottoway rivers, is a neglected "Old Virginia" plantation. Once peace and plenty smiled here. The rich fields yielded their ample produce and verdant pasture-lands sloping gently to the sluggish stream were dotted with sleek cattle. "Marse Bill" Lawrence was known for miles around as the wealthiest planter in that section of the State. Today the fences have gone down, hedges have run wild, the slave-quarters have disappeared into a shapeless mass of rubbish, and the "big-house" is weather-worn and dilapidated. Only a solitary, magnificent maple remains—the silent witness of a departed glory.

One summer evening in the early sixties May Lawrence sat under this tree by the side of a new-made grave. The sun had disappeared beneath the western horizon and a dark mass of clouds had taken its place. Fitful gleams of lightning flashed from the dark edges and were followed by a low rumble of distant thunder. The fireflies flashed about in faint imitation while the deep "jug-er-rum" of a big bull frog in the neighboring stream vied with the roll of thunder. Only a few stars could be seen faintly shimmering low down in the east. The whipporwill's notes sounded mournful and drear in the cedar grove. A note of uncertainty and dread filled the air. "Marse Bill" Lawrence was dead but no darkies were weeping, for the slaves had stolen all they could and skipped to the Yankees. Only old Aunt Lucy and Uncle Ned remained faithful to "Li'l' Miss."

To make matters worse it was discovered upon the death of Mr. Lawrence that he had mortgaged his property for its full value, and May was left a pauper. He had been a fast liver, an old Southern gentleman (with the gentleman

left out) a lover of the race-track, punch-bowl, and card table. Major John March, a neighboring planter, had been his successful opponent in gambling, and into his hands the vast estate now went. Major March had been a close friend of the family for several years. He was still on the sunny side of forty, tall, erect and handsome, and it was no wonder that Mr. Lawrence had favored this wild gallant as a suiter for his daughter's hand. The offer of marriage had been made, and by accepting it May would remain in possession of the estate.

But unfortunately, or fortunately as the case may be, love considers no business principles Tonight as May sat in the gathering gloom, with only her big shepherd dog, Don, as a companion, her thoughts were not of Major March nor of the new-made grave. She was thinking of Robert Norfleet. She and Robert had associated with each other until their lives had blended as one. She was only four years old when her father, returning from Norfolk, brought home a shy, homeless lad with the remark: "I have brought you a pet, Maysie." They had grown fond of each other from the first and in the forest, fields and meadows they whiled away life's bright May mornings as a dream. Robert was a gifted lad and won the respect and confidence of all. He was sent to West Point and led his classes. For awhile he was the favorite of Mr. Lawrence but that gentleman, fearing a love affair between his daughter and a mere nobody, changed his attitude toward Robert and treated him a little coolly. May loved him with that affection which comes from long association and which can scarcely be distinguished from friendship. "Did Robert love her?" Her trusting brown eyes had won the heart of the friendless boy at their first meeting, and the vision of their splendor still burned in his soul. But it was a love without display. He thought she loved Major March and, knowing that the Major would make the better match, he stifled his soul and smothered his heart's wild passionate yearning, for her sake.

The final severance of these ties came with the Civil War. Norfleet, then a lieutenant in the United States army, was home on a leave of absence when the first blow fell. The crisis of a lifetime came to him: Home and love or country and duty. The battle was hard but at no time uncertain. He chose duty. There was a stormy scene at the Lawrence home that night. Mr. Lawrence, angry beyond control, upbraided Robert for an ingrate, a nourished serpent that bites his benefactor, and then ordered him to leave and return no more. Major March, triumphant in Robert's downfall, posed as a hero. May, in bitter disappointment, although her heart wildly rebelled, refused to see Norfleet for the last time, and he went sadly away, his brain racked with the vision of a proud Southern beauty gaily chatting with his rival. What a pity love has no X-ray! for often beneath the mark of pride and formality a heart might be discovered beating its life away in its passionate yearning for the one it seemingly rejects. Poor, foolish Maysie! Could you not see that it was his pure love for you and the high sense of honor resulting therefrom, which held him to his duty?

Three years had passed since that night. Mr. Lawrence had been placed beside his wife under the maple and it was from beside their graves that Aunt Lucy called "Li'l' Miss" out of the gathering darkness. "Better come in de house now Li'l' Miss; dem pesky Yankees am in de neighborhood and de good Lawd only knows what's gwine ter happen 'fo' day." Aunt Lucy was right. "Dem pesky Yankees" were in the neighborhood. Robert Norfleet's company (for he was now a captain) was on the Lawrence plantation down at the far end of the meadow. And while May was thinking his mind was not inactive. And what was the trend of *his* thoughts? Perhaps he was thinking of future fame on far-off battle-fields, since "Man dreams of fame, while woman wakes to love." "Ambition is no cure for love." Man also wakes to love and dreams

of love. Perhaps it may be with more reason, perhaps the true feelings are concealed by a rough exterior, but man loves as sincerely and faithfully as woman. Tonight Robert Norfleet's mind went out to May Lawrence and he would rather win her than capture the whole Confederacy. He had not heard from her since he left and he was wondering if she were the same sweet girl as in other days or if she were Mrs. John March. Was it the mysterious effect of his presence that had caused May to think so of him tonight? Is there an unknown tie that binds kindred spirits and makes them in some way conscious of each other's presence? Do you ask why lovers think of each other? Ask why the needle unswervingly points to the pole. Why, when the terrible storm is past, do the mangled, drenched flowers turn their bruised petals to kiss the soothing sunshine?

Robert's thoughts led to action. He determined to investigate, so he set out toward the picket that was stationed nearest the house. He stopped to exchange a few words with this man and while standing there became aware of a passing presence. A sudden flash of lighning illuminated the landscape and he beheld Major March. This gentleman was also upon an investigating tour. He was taken and carried back to camp and here another struggle began in the soul of Robert Norfleet. Major March was in citizen's clothes and by the regulations of warfare could be shot as a spy. Robert's first impulse was to have him shot and thus dispose of a rival. His duty also demanded it but he believed that May loved the Major and for her sake he hesitated. For several hours, regardless of the rain that was falling, he paced up and down the meadow until something happened that solved the problem without aid and in spite of him. A sudden shot was heard in the direction of the landing and the next moment the "Southamption Rangers" were upon them. The surprise was complete, and after a few moments of sharp fighting Nor-

fleet's company was destroyed or captured. He himself was knocked on the head with the butt of a musket and lost consciousness. And here Major March used his cunning to effect. Among the slain was one young fellow who matched Norfleet in size, and color of hair. A heavy discharge of buckshot from a Ranger's musket had caused instant death and blown away nearly half of his face. Major March seized a sword and gashed deeply into the other side, thus entirely destroying the man's identity. Then he stripped Norfleet of his captain's uniform and placed it on the private and dressed Norfleet in the private's clothes. Norfleet and the rest of the prisoners were then taken away, leaving the dead upon the meadow.

The next morning the sun shone with splendor. The clouds had passed away leaving the earth refreshed by the cooling showers. The birds sang sweetly in the trees. Nature was at her best. Only man had caused disorder. May and the two old darkies went down to investigate the results of last night's shooting. There upon the beautiful meadow with its millions of bright raindrops sparkling in the sun, among some other unfortunates, they found the supposed Robert. His handsome face was mutilated beyond recognition, his light hair drenched with rain and soaked in blood. In his pocket they found a few letters bearing his address. In a scrap of paper they found her photo and a lock of hair. Ah, Major March! Life turns on little things. Your happiness may yet be thwarted by a little lock of a woman's hair. For it told the whole story of a silent love and Maysie will now beg her bread rather than enter a speedy marriage. How she despised her cruelty on the night of his departure! How gladly would she recall it and hear "Life's sweetest story" from his lips! But those lips, pale, dumb and mutilated, speak but a silent reproof. Sorrowfully they carried him to the old maple and where they had passed away so many happy hours together, they made grave No. 3 and laid the

supposed Robert Norfleet in the ground. The Major's ruse had worked. Only old Don was undeceived. He sniffed the clothes of his master, then the face of the dead man and raised an uncertain howl.

* * * * * * *

Two years slipped quietly by. The war closed and then came the horrors of reconstruction. May and the old darkies still lived at the old home, for Major March knew that as soon as her heart was healed she would marry him. And so she agreed to do. The wedding day was set and preparations were made. Once again May sat under the maple busy with her thoughts. Once again her mind ran back to childhood and her merry companion. Once again she thought of her cruelty and Robert Norfleet's love. But that was gone and she must face life anew. Tomorrow she would become the wife of Major March and must bury her recollections of Robert Norfleet forever out of mind. Her feelings overcame her. She broke into a violent sobbing and involuntarily pronounced his name. A bush rustled in the near distance. Old Don ran in that direction to investigate and immediately went wild with frantic yelps of delight. The marauder was discovered. The next moment May looked into the pale, haggard face of Robert Norfleet and fainted.

Explanations were easy. Norfleet had been sent to prison and kept under guard until the close of the war. When he was released he made his way back on foot to his home. Upon arriving he heard the story of his supposed death and her approaching marriage. He could not resist the temptation of gazing once more on the old place, but intended to leave her to be Mrs. March, since he was very poor and the Major was rich. But Don betrayed his presence and prevented his escape.

The next evening the Major came prepared for the wedding but the nest was deserted and the birds gone. He found a letter from May, telling of the discovery of his

trick and expressing her regret that she had received favors at his hands. Disappointed and chagrined he went back to his old life of drinking and gambling and soon squandered all of his property. May and Robert moved to another section and in abject poverty began life anew. But they had each other, and happy in this, faced life's trials with light and merry hearts.

IS IT A SIN TO LOVE?

BY F. W. OBARR.

Is it a sin to love—
Tho' love be not confessed
Nor leaps for a return?
If loved is being blessed,
And life is made to burn,
What sin is there in love?

Is it a sin to love—
Where plight is never made
By hearts that never meet?
If life is deeper laid,
And living made more sweet,
What sin is there in love?

Is it a sin to love—
When no one knows of it—
And none will ever know?
If to the Infinite
The love-fed soul will grow,
What sin is there in love?

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

BY Z. E. BARNHARDT.

Joel Chandler Harris is in many respects one of the most interesting and representative products of the New South and of the literary awakening which came to this section of the country shortly after the Civil War. As is well known, most of our ante-bellum writers dealt with far away and abstract themes, while the few who came nearer home for their topics spent their time with subjects into which they could put but little real enthusiasm and which many far sighted men all over the South knew to be but faint struggles against the inevitable. But when the great issues of the Civil War had been settled, when the feeling of uncertainty which had overshadowed them no longer existed and when the principal causes which held the two sections of the country at variance had been brushed aside, our greatest writers were not long in realizing that the results were, after all, for the best and they accepted them as final. Then it was that a new era began in our literary history, and our writers in their characteristic way began to deal with simple, every-day themes. Among this class of men Mr. Harris takes first rank as a natural humorist and a man who can take such subjects as others think entirely unworthy and make them live in literature.

In order that we may be able to come to anything like an adequate understanding of our author's life and character we must go back to his boyhood, to his experiences during the opening years of the Civil War, for the impressions of these early days have furnished the inspiration for nearly all of his work, and certainly for all his best work. He was born on December 9, 1848, at Eatonton, the capital of Putnam county, in middle Georgia. Although he was a citizen of a wealthy town he shared but few of the advantages which fell to his wealthier playmates,

because his parents were poor. His schooling was limited to a few terms in the village academy, and at the age of twelve he was forced to seek some employment to earn his own living and to help support his mother.

We have a few slight biographical and personal sketches of him, but by far the best account of his early life is to be found in his delightful little volume, "On the Plantation." We catch the first glimpse of our great Southern humorist when he is a mere boy some six or eight years old, sitting curled up on an old, rickety, green sofa in one corner of the village postoffice, which was also a store and fitted up in a cellar. Here he would sit for hours at a time poring over the lengthy editorials of the *Recorder*, the *Federal Union* and the Milledgeville papers, which were then ringing with the angry discussions which finally ended in the bloody struggle of the Civil War. One day while thus reading, his eyes fell upon the announcement of a Mr. Turner, whose acquaintance he had just made, that on the following Tuesday he would begin the publication of a country newspaper which was to be called the *Countryman*, and to be modeled after Mr. Addison's little paper, *The Spectator*, and Mr. Johnson's little paper, *The Rambler*. He had learned something of these interesting papers while in school, and now he prided himself with having made the acquaintance of a real editor and one who could perform the extraordinary feat of publishing such a paper nine miles in the country! On the following Tuesday the *Countryman* arrived and he read with interest every word it contained. As it turned out, the most important thing it contained was the brief line "boy wanted—to learn the printer's trade." I imagine that his childish heart leaped for joy as his eye fell upon this line because he saw in it a chance for himself, and possibly the realization of his dreams. He at once proceeded to borrow ink, pen and paper from the friendly postmaster and with fear and trembling wrote an application for the place and

got it. Not many days later Mr. Turner drove into town for him, and his chapter telling us how he left his home-town, and drove out into the big world nine miles away to begin his life work, is one not to be forgotten.

Mr. Turner was a wealthy farmer owning a large plantation of about two thousand acres, which was well supplied with slaves, horses and dogs, while the forests teamed with all manner of game. He also had a neat little library containing two or three thousand volumes to which the young boy had access at all times. Young Harris was passionately fond of horses and dogs, and here on the plantation, the life of the South, the negroes and their stories, fox hunting, coon hunting and runaway slaves, opened suddenly upon him. Here all the secrets of the woods and fields lay ready to his inquiring mind. Here he was a companion to the noisy jay, the hammering wood-pecker, the vivacious mocking-bird and the gray squirrels which played hide-and-seek like little children in the large grove which surrounded the printing office. Here, he tells us, while sitting on a fence, he saw the remnant of Sherman's army on their march to the sea and was a target for their uncivil jokes. Here from the negroes in their cabins and on their fox and coon hunting expeditions he learned the stories which have since placed their narrator in the list of the immortals.

He soon learned the printer's trade and became an adept at his work. He always managed, if possible, to complete his work in the forenoon so as to have the rest of the day with the horses and the dogs on the chase. The evenings he spent in the library with some of his favorite authors. The great Elizabethans were the first to catch his fancy and the quaint old Sir Thomas Browne became one of his prime favorites. But of all the friends which he has made among the authors he still declares that he has been unable to find anything which can take the place of the inimitable "Vicar of Wakefield"—the book which his

mother read to him when he was a small boy and the one which drew his imagination forth in streams of sparkling humor.

The *Countryman* finally failed after six years of moderate success, and Harris, now eighteen years old and a first-rate printer, went to Macon, Georgia, where he secured employment for a time on the *Daily Telegraph*. Then he became private secretary for the *Crescent Monthly* at New Orleans, for which he soon began writing short sketches. This paper failed and he returned to Georgia, where he began work with the Forsyth *Advertiser* and did everything from editing the paper down to pulling the lever of the old Washington press. His writing here began to show so much more of the genuine sparkle and humor that it attracted the attention of the distinguished Colonel W. T. Thompson, editor of the Savannah *Daily News*, at whose invitation he took a place on the staff of the *News* in 1871, being now twenty-three years old. In 1873 he married Miss Essie La Rose, the daughter of a Canadian sea captain. In 1876 yellow fever broke out in Savannah and he and his family fled to Atlanta. Here he found a place on the staff of the *Atlanta Constitution* and he has lived in Atlanta ever since, holding his place on the paper until a few years ago, when he resigned to devote his whole time to literature—to the writing of stories, as has been his custom in the past.

Mr. Harris has always taken his literary distinction as a joke. He says that from the beginning he never had any intention, much less ambition, to become a "literary man" and he therefore calls his career accidental. It seems that from his boyhood he was intensely fond of hearing stories told and we can see in him the little boy listening with eager ears to the many curious tales which "Uncle Remus" has related. He was just as fond of telling the cabin stories which every Southerner has heard time and again, and which everyone recognized as being full of quaint

flashes of good humor, homely philosophy and simple goodness but which never occurred to anyone save him to be worth writing and preserving. Finally he was asked by the editor of the *Constitution* to write some stories for the paper and after some consideration his mind reverted to the stories which he had kept so long stored away and he began the "Uncle Remus" series. Almost before he could realize it he saw them being copied in all the leading papers of the country and his fame was upon him. He followed the second series of the "Uncle Remus" stories which appeared for many months in the *Century Magazine* with other good stories published in *Harper's Monthly* and in the *Century*.

From this time on for nearly twenty-five years he has written his daily editorials for his paper, visiting the office in the morning and writing stories in the evening. Within this time he has written twenty-two volumes of stories and poems, some of which have gone into several editions. He is at his best in his stories, which, though simple, are told in such an artistic way that they will continue to live. They have attracted almost universal attention and won for him the admiration of literary men all over the country. Although he has had many inducements and magnificent offers, nothing has ever been able to induce him to forsake his neat little Georgia home. He is not hunting success, honor or fame. These have come uncalled for. He is seeking contentment and happiness and these he has been best able to find and enjoy there. He has steered clear of the disappointment which comes to ordinary authors who try to be what they are not and to do that for which they are in no way fitted· On the other hand he has always been able to appreciate his capabilities to see his weaknesses and limitations and to content himself with writing the best story he knows and then not worrying about the results.

SPRING

(BILL, '07.)

Spring, spring, it's in the air,
Spring, spring, it's everywhere;
Birdies tell us of the spring,
As among the trees they sing.

We who rise in early morning,
Rise as early as the dawning,
We the best can feel the spring,
For 'tis then the world doth sing.

Have you heard it—do but listen,
When the fields with dew do glisten;
Hear a song about your feet,
Of all melodies most sweet.

Not to untrained ears it cometh,
But to him who daily roameth
Out among the birds and bushes,
Where the babbling brooklet rushes.

He who ever in all nature,
Even in the smallest creature,
Can see something so sublime
That he feels a sense divine,

He it is who e'er is blest
With that sweet and tranquil rest,
Which alone Dame Nature gives
To him who out with her lives.

THE SOLUTION OF A MYSTERY.

BY ROBERT MONROE.

"Well, fellows, 'Juny's' going out again tonight, and we are left behind again. What shall we do to pass away the time?"

The questioner was a lusty youth, whose nineteen springs had given him the vigor of bubbling enthusiasm. In fact, he was that for which there is no good synonym—a Sophomore—afraid of few things and careful of still fewer. His room-mates, a Freshman and Senior, were lounging with him around a glowing fire-place in their study just after supper, while the Junior, of whom he had just spoken, was turning over books, clothes, and mattresses, vainly searching for his white tie with which his toilet would be complete.

"Well, that beats the Jews! I simply can't find it," said he, madly. "Last time, I put it either on the bureau or the bed—"

"Or in the fire-place," retorted the Sophomore, who must get off some sarcasm. "Why don't you learn to put things away when you get through with them? You never clean up at all. It's a wonder you can find anything."

"It's no use to clean up; things soon get out of order again, and besides I haven't time."

"Well, then, go ahead without the tie," said the Senior. "It'll be all right, I'm sure; for Miss Ethel says she could love you whether——."

"Go off, now, 'Seny,' go off! I wish none of your lies told right at this juncture. A good lie will save and so you can tell it later. Besides I'm not going to see Miss Ethel." The fact of the business is they thought Miss Ethel his only girl friend, so completely did he keep them ignorant of his affairs.

"Aha!" said he at last, as he raised his trunk lid, "Here 't is" and putting it on, he bounded out of the room with

his overcoat and was soon on his way to see Miss Mary Matheson.

The Junior was a great ladies' man, but seldom offered to share his pleasure of calling upon them with his room-mates, partly because of their indifference and refusal when asked, and also because of his partial selfishness. So when they had a night off he would use it in calling upon his girl friends; they in whatever way opened up to them. Tonight they pretented to feel a keen loss in not being asked to go with him, but this was only policy; for it seemed to please the Junior to have them do so.

After their room-mate's departure, the three sat silent for a few moments; but one who could have seen them would have been willing to wager that something was brewing in the mind of the Sophomore. A faint smile of satisfaction played about his lips, and a little twinkle might have been seen in his eye. He looked up cautiously as if to weigh the probability of the co-operation of his fellows in his plan. He was not afraid of the Freshman's opinion, but the Senior might object. His project was a new one; he had never gone with them on a chicken raid before. There was something in his favor, however; they had been his accomplices in other things, and it was likely they would be in this. He would risk its proposal.

"Boys," said he, "I know where there's a chicken-roost near here. We can have a good stew if you'll go down with me; and besides, it will give us a little outing."

The Freshman was right in for it, and the Senior surprised the two by his ready willingness to go with them. Indeed, all three of them awoke to the realization that they had about as little scruples in regard to taking a chicken as a negro has on a dark night when nobody is looking and when "it's too col' fer de pullets voice to pinatrate de atmosphere."

While they were making the necessary preparations, there came a rap at the door. At the Sophomore's response, the door opened and an old darkey entered.

"Good evenin', young gentamens," said he. "I'se come to ax you if you'uns is got any old cloes to sell a poor nigger."

"Well, uncle," said the Sophomore, "I don't know, but I might get you an old suit together. But look here! They tell me you've had antecedents who lived to be octogenarians and then had appendicitis, which resulted in extremis. Is that so?"

"'Tain't a word o' truf in it, Boss, if I rightly splanify your meanin. I'se bound to deny it; case I haint never had no 'antercedents;'—all my folks 'as been jus' 'spectable niggers. And as fur dem 'other things—what d' ye call um, Boss?"

"Octogenarians, uncle, oc-to-gen-a-rians."

"Yes sir, Boss, yes sir. I sees now,—one ob dese yere yerb doctors—smart sientis—'t never does no work but jus' thinks. No sir, twan't none in my family, tho' I's seen one in dese parts. I tell you dese risin' ginerations ain't up to us,—no-sar-ree! But is you got de cloes, Boss?"

"Yes, uncle, and you may get them on one condition, and that is that you go with us on our chicken raid tonight and show us a good hen-roost—just show us, that's all." And the Sophomore winked both eyes at the Freshman.

"Lawze-massey, Boss!" exclaimed the old darkey. "Fo' heaven, I haint never stole a chicken in all my life"—and he was laughing and holding his sides at the idea—"and now in my ol' age—ha!"—and he had to hold his sides again. "No sir, Boss, I jes' can't afford to ruin my ripitation. I—haint—never—stole—one—poor—little—chicken!"

But in his laughing and bowing, the old man struck the door, sending it to with a slam, causing some of the plastering above him to fall upon his head just as he finished his emphatic statement.

"Help! Murder!" he cried, being naturally nervous. "Yes sir, Massa! Sure, I was jes' foolin'," muttered he when he had emerged. "That was a untruf I tol' you 'bout de chickens. I is stole in my life!" And as he wiped the sand from his eyes, "If ye won't tell, I reckon 'twon't be no harm to go with you'uns, as de ol' nigger needs de cloes to keep off de cole!"

Accordingly, the bargain was soon clinched, the Sophomore giving up his thought of the near-by coop, thinking the old darkey knew a better place. Having hastily gathered a sack and some strings, the boys, well disguised, set out with their guide. The school was in a country district, and after traveling about a mile, they came to the place and the guide pointed out the coop. It was decided that the Senior and Sophomore should go in; the one to hold the sack, the other to catch the game; while the old darkey and the Freshman would be expected to keep guard. With these plans, they started toward the coop.

But to get the story rightly, we must return to the Junior and his girl awhile. Mary in her frank way had met him at the door, welcomed him with a hearty hand, and then led him into the parlor where they had previously spent many happy hours. They were only friends, just agreeable friends who enjoyed one another's company and were elevated by one another's conversation. To tell the truth, Mary's ideal of love was so high that she—strong girl that she was—would not allow herself to *fall* in love. She would really *love* when she should make up her mind to and when she should find the right man, but not till then. She was an admirable girl and the Junior was not ignorant of that fact. He had thought much of her from the first, but had never frankly told her all that was in his heart. She looked more womanly tonight than ever; she was not bewitching; 'twas the simple nobleness of her face and the pleasantness of her manner that won friends for her. The Junior knew that only a *man* could win her. Could he

tell her his heart tonight? He was afraid it would drive her from him and lessen his chances; perhaps he didn't know her well enough yet. Something told him, however, that Mary must be a strange girl if his declaration would affect her so. She could but hear him. He would tell her.

"Mary" said he, falteringly, "you know—a—we—have been——."

"Squawk, squ—aw—aw—wk!" came a sound from outside. "Ca—aw, ca—aw!"

"There!" exclaimed Mary excitedly. "There's someone in our hen-roost. Last night we heard the same sounds," and she ran to the door and shouted "Papa! Papa!"

"Don't disturb your father," said the Junior, bravely. "Just let me go out there," and out they went.

"Mary, you'd better let me go by myself. I have a pistol and can shoot."

"No! No! I'm not afraid. Give me the pistol," and jerking it from his hands, she rushed on before him. But she was a woman, and, after all, she thought, it might be best just to shoot and not go nearer,—that was good logic for a woman; so she fired twice in the direction of the coop.

"Help! Murder!" (This was the old darkey's by-word in extreme cases.) "I'm kilt! I'm kilt," gasped he as he heard the "bing-zip" of the bullet. He had heard the talk of the young people, had given the word of alarm, and had succeeded in getting the boys outside just as the shots were fired. At the report, he uttered the cry mentioned above and turned to run as fast as his feet would carry him. The others followed and soon only the pattering of swift feet could be heard by the amateur detectives.

Emboldened by the unexpected flight of the enemy, the Junior and Miss Mary rushed to the coop, forgetting a light, and there, by its whiteness, found a shirt they pre-

sumed had been dropped by the thieves. Bringing it back with them, they found on it the initials "J. O. B.," and kept it as a clue as well as a trophy and awaited further developments on the morrow.

Our interest now turns toward the fleeing crowd. The boys never saw the old darkey again. He had lost a shirt from his bundle in his flight, and that was what the detectives had found. The rest of the crowd, however, by calling softly, soon got together and were made happy in finding one captive in their sack. Without delaying, somewhat fearful of pursuit, they ran fast and soon reached their room. Untying the sack, they pulled out an old rooster, which, the Senior remarked, "must have been Noah's time-piece in the Ark," but which the Sophomore thought "must have furnished the first feather for Mrs. Eve's hat,"—both of which remarks were entirely out of place; for the old rooster was soon boiling in the pot.

"I'm tired, fellows," said the Freshman.

"Then go to bed, little boy," said the Sophomore. "It's only ten o'clock!"

But soon all three of them were snoring loudly, for they had had an exciting run and were tired. Having made a good fire under the pot, they retired, expecting to rise in about three hours and have a good feast.

The Junior, light of heart, returned about 12:30. Using his pass-key, he entered the room and straightway proceeded to retire. But the bracing night air had made keen his senses and he suddenly halted.

"Hello! What's this I smell?" said he. "Chicken? B'lieve so. Ah! Right here in this pot! But whose is it? I see now. All are snugly in bed and sound asleep. I'll take a look, and a taste, too, if——"

But as he lifted the lid, the hot steam burnt him and he jerked his hand away not without considerable noise. As still as a mouse for a moment, he found that he had not disturbed the dreams of his comrades, and he felt that there was little danger of waking them.

"'*Mirabile dictu*!' I have a plan," said he. "They thought they'd get ahead of me; but just wait. I think me brains tell me sumthin'! I've had something to do with chickens tonight myself, and it seems that here is something more. I'll relieve them of this, and see how they take it."

Quietly removing the lid from the pot, he picked the meat from the bones and put it in a box procured for that purpose. Arranging things as he found them and leaving only the bones in the pot, he went out with the box and spent the night with some friends on the first floor. He slept, well satisfied with his prospective fun.

His room-mates waked about three o'clock, when looking in they found only bones in the vessel. The Freshman and Senior at once accused the Sophomore of waking up earlier and eating all the chicken; but he denied it so vehemently that they withdrew the charge. None could tell what had become of the chicken; so they resolved to wait until morning to try to find out. But they knew just as little the next morning. No one knew anything about it. The joke was on them, and they didn't press the matter among the boys; nevertheless it was noised abroad. Did anybody ever hear the like before? A chicken—an old rooster—cooking down to only bones! Here was a mystery they couldn't solve. Even the old colored cook in the kitchen had "never hearn tell of such, less'n 't was when a ghos' come to old Massa's meat house and lef' only bones dar when it went away." She thought it possible though,—the chicken had cooked so long. Yet they were not satisfied. They were sure they had locked their room upon retiring, and suspicion might have rested upon "Juny;" but he had not come home at all. So the mystery remained so far as they were concerned.

Two people knew an explanation, however. The next evening, the Junior received the following note:

"Dear ———: Thank you for the nice chicken you sent. I thoroughly enjoyed it. The card you sent me has the same initials on it as those on the shirt we found. I understand thoroughly, and, to keep the joke, will write to 'J. O. B.' and be his comforter.

Yours,
Mary."

Accordingly, the Sophomore received the following note at the same time:

"Mr. James Otho Barnes:—Many, many thanks for the delicious fowl you sent me.

Very truly,
M."

Greater and greater was James's consternation, and in despair, he gave up the solution of the mystery.

However it was not an unsolved mystery.

DE DWELLIN' PLACE OF GOD.

BY H. G. FOARD.

Yas, 'ee sed de worl' am spotted,
Frum ol' Adam down to now,—
'Twas all ol' Satan's doin' 'ee sed
An' den 'ee tol' us how,

Wid 'ee paint brush an' 'ee blackin',
'Ee jes dob dat blotch on Eve,
An' in de human blood dat splotch am spread,
An' 'ee say tain' ne'r gwine leave,

Till dat greates' of all washers,
Jesus Christ wid 'ee angel ban',
Gwine set 'is foot on dis lowly yeth
An' wash de soul of man;

An' after all dis washin',
W'ich 'ee sed 'ud be pow'rful hod,
Dis yeth 'ud be whit'rn de driving snow,
De dwellin' place of God.

SIDNEY LANIER AS A MUSICIAN.

BY NANNIE A. GOODSON.

To my mind there are no two arts more intimately united than poetry and music, and as someone else has expressed it, music is the "poetry of tone" and poetry is the "music of language." I fancy that the poet experiences when writing a great poem similar emotions to those of a musician whose soul is discovering a means of expressing the beautiful thoughts with which it has been teeming. One seldom possesses the power and talent to compose both music and poetry, yet it is a rare occurrence to find a musician who does not appreciate poetry, and still rarer to find a poet whose heart does not rebound to the melodies of Beethoven, Chopin, and Mendelssohn. If the poetic nature is not developed there will be something wofully lacking in the musician, though his technique be perfect; while if on the other hand it is developed, it helps to "kindle the imaginative fire to stir the faculties of the mind so essential to true musical interpretation."

In Sidney Lanier we find both of these faculties finely developed, and while to distinguish between the two is almost as difficult as drawing a distinct line between plant life and the lowest forms of animal life, we will consider him as a musician and as far as possible leave out the poetic side of his nature; for music was really the foundation of his excellent equipment. It was an everduring theme with him, echoing through his poems and even the language of his letters. He well characterized himself in a letter to a friend with these words: "Whatever turn I may have for art is purely musical, poetry being with me a mere tangent into which I shoot sometimes." When a mere boy he possessed a rare talent and passion for music, and without instruction learned to play the flute, violin, guitar, piano, organ, and banjo. His father prevailed upon him to devote most of his time to the flute, fearing for him the

powerful fascination of the violin, though no voice commanded the soul of Lanier as did that of this instrument. In an account of his college days he has told how he sometimes, while hearing the richest music, became so enraptured that he sunk into a deep trance, from which he afterward awoke finding himself alone on the floor of his room, often suffering from sorely stricken nerves. His love for the violin was also brought out in the strange violin effects which he conquered from the flute.

Lanier shows in his letters to his wife, written from New York and Baltimore, that unusual talent of interpreting music. Unless one can do this he does not get out of music all there is in it. Everyone's interpretation may not be the same—in fact, it would be remarkable for one hundred people, each of a different personality, to have the same thought when hearing a piece of music. Music fits into the life of the individual and each interpretation necessarily portrays the character of the interpreter. Lanier's interpretation of the "Hunt of Henry IV." shows how vividly his imagination pictured the musical scenes. Here it is in his own words: "It openeth with a grave and courteous invitation, as of a cavalier riding by some dainty lady, through the green aisles of deep woods, to the hunt—a lovely romantic melody, the first violins discoursing the man's words, the first flute replying for the lady. Presently a fanfare; a sweet horn replies out of the far woods; then the meeting of the gay cavaliers; then the start—the dogs are unleashed, one hound gives tongue, another joins, the stag is seen—hey, gentlemen! away they all fly through the sweet leaves, by the great oaks and beeches, all a-dash among the brambles, till presently, bang! goeth a pistol—and then the stag dieth in a celestial concord of flutes, oboes and violins. Oh, how far off my soul was in this thrilling moment. It was a rare, sweet glen in Tennessee; the sun was rising over a wilderness of mountains; I was standing (how well I remember

the spot!) alone in the dewy grass, wild with rapture and with expectation—yonder came, gracefully walking, a lovely fawn. I looked into its liquid eyes, hesitated, prayed, gulped a sigh; then, overcome with the savage hunter's instinct, fired. The fawn leaped convulsively a few yards; I ran to it, found it lying on its side, and received into my agonized and remorseful heart the reproaches of its most tender, dying gaze. But luckily I had not the right to linger over this sad scene. The conductor's baton shook away the dying pause; on all sides shouts and fanfares and gallopings 'to the death,' to which the first flute had to reply in time, recalled me to my work, and I came through brilliantly.''

To one who does not love music, and who can not understand it, this seems sheer nonsense; yet there is this much, and even more, in some music. ''Erlking'' calls to the mind of a musical interpreter just as vivid scenes as these, when played by one who puts his whole soul into it as Lanier did in everything he attempted. He interprets the Andante movement in G as a ''record of sweetest confidences, whispered between the first flute and the first violins, as if they were two young girls just commencing a friendship! and of occasional intrusions of the oboe (as of a girl *de trop*) as well as of sage advice volunteered here and there by the elderly bassoons.''

When Lanier listened to such music as this he seemed, as it were, in another world communing with spirits celestial. How aptly he phrased it when he said, ''Music lifts me to a heaven of pain.''

After studying two months in New York and playing in some of the most celebrated orchestras Lanier completely mastered the flute. However, it was by hard practice and perseverance that he achieved this success. The account of his improvement in a letter to his wife may sound somewhat egotistic to some, yet the fact that she was intensely interested in everything he did must be taken into con-

sideration, and it was natural for him to write her these things, knowing the joy it would give her. "Oh how I can play with a couple of months' practice! Thou wouldst not know my playing now for that which thou heardst in Marietta. The instrument begins to feel me, to grow lithe under my fingers, to get warmed to life by my kiss, like Pygmalion's stone, and to respond with perfect enthusiasm to my calls. . . . It is like a soul made into silver. How can the people but respond if I have its exquisite inner-self speaking by my lips!" In another letter he said, "I am beginning, in the midst of the stormy glories of the orchestra, to feel my heart sure, and my soul discriminating. . . . I floated hither and thither in that sea of glory-turned-into-music."

When a friend told him of the thousand sacrifices he would have to make should he pursue music, he responded: "It is not a matter of mere preference, it is a spiritual necessity; I must be a musician, I could not help it." This should be the attitude of every true musician; in fact one should enter into no profession unless he enjoys the work, unless it becomes a part of his life.

As the poet sees God in nature, so does the musician feel His presence when hearing good music. I believe if the best musicians were Christians and if they alone composed the church choirs, the musical part of the service would be quite as beneficial to the soul as the sermon. The trouble is that a great many of the choir members and organists are not as Lanier expresses it, "preachers in soul." They are often excellent performers but their music lacks the expression which comes only to those who do their work "as ever in their great Task-Master's eye."

Lanier is not widely known as a musician, since his compositions are few and those are arranged mostly for the flute. His style was not brilliant march music but one of pathos, love and joy. He wrote "Longing," whose melody is well characterized by the name. This, how-

ever, he did not consider as a composition as he played it only when alone, his heart full to overflowing. He put down for op. 1. "*Danse des Moucherons*" (midge-dance) arranged for piano and flute. He wrote a "Gnat-Dance" which was a symphony for orchestra with flute obligato.

While in Baltimore Lanier discovered a curious fact in regard to the vibration of strings, much to the gratification of Professor Smith, of the University of Virginia. This, however, brought him no world-wide renown. He invented a long flute which goes down to G below the staff, and which entirely remedies the imperfections which formerly existed in the tones below D. I have not been able to learn whether or not this was accepted by his contemporaries as a success, my only source of information on this point being his letters.

The sad thought which comes to all who study the life of Lanier is that just at the beginning of what seemed to be a brilliant career his life was cut off. What might he have done had he lived twenty years longer! He worked hard all his life, not because he loved a life of toil, pain, and weariness, but because he was compelled to do it in order to support his family whom he loved devotedly. Nothing, to his mind, was too good for his wife. There is seldom seen such a deep love as Lanier felt for his friends. He seemed to be more capable of loving than most people, and yet this is not so strange to me; the very fact that he was so passionately fond of music in a great measure explains it. How well he expresses my sentiments in these words: "Music is love in search of a word" —"music means harmony, harmony means love, and love means God."

You may search the realm of poetry but to my mind you can nowhere find more beautiful lines which express the power of music in its interpretations of life than those of his "Ode to Beethoven" and "Symphony," from the first of which the following quotation is taken:

"In o'erstrict calyx, lingering,
Lay music's bud too long unblown;
Till thou, Beethoven, breathed the spring:
Then bloomed the perfect rose of tone.

O Psalmist of the weak, the strong,
O Troubadour of Love and Strife,
Co-Litanist of right and wrong,
Sole Hymner of the whole of life;

I know not how, I care not why,
Thy music sets my soul at ease,
And melts my passions' mortal cry
In satisfying symphonies."

A MOUNTAIN GRAVE.

BY M. L. D.

Several summers ago I was a member of a party from the Battery Park Hotel in Asheville who were spending the night on the summit of Mt. Mitchell. After a very tiresome and rather perilous journey to our destination we were only too glad to seat ourselves around the roaring camp fire and enjoy the wholesome meal which our guide had provided for us. There was still a fading streak of red in the West when I arose from supper and began to stroll toward the lonely gray monument which marks the resting place of Dr. Mitchell. The place had a sort of fascination for me and I stood there for some time, with many strange, weird fancies in my brain before I realized that my right foot was only about a yard away from another grave which was marked by a small stone at one end.

A shudder convulsed my whole frame when I thus found myself so unexpectedly surrounded by these marks of the hand of death on this lonely mountain. There was no inscription on the mound to explain who rested beneath it, and I began to wonder what mystery could be connected with this neglected spot.

After the remainder of the party had retired and were sleeping soundly I stole from my bed of balsam boughs, wide-awake and curious to hear the story of the mysterious grave, and joined the two guides who were seated at the fire smoking old corn cob pipes and recalling incidents of bygone days. One of these men was Big Tom Wilson who found Dr. Mitchell's body after its disappearance of three days, and I soon found that he also knew the fact about the other death in this wilderness. When he saw that I was really interested in the affair he began to tell me all about it. And this was his story in his own words.

"My father and mother died when I wuz a small boy about ten years old and nearly ever since then I've hed to shif' fur

myself. I know every turn in these here woods by heart and so when I got big enough fur folks to trust me I begun to guide sight-seein' parties to the top uv this old mounting. I hed allus lived altogether by myself and didn't hev no companions, so when one day a stranger walked up to my cabin and wanted me to share my bizness with him I wuz sort o' set back. I looked him over and saw right straight he wuzn't the kind thet 'uz used to my ways uv life. But he seemed so tired and down-hearted I jes couldn't refuse to ask him in to rest. After thet he jes kep on a-stayin' and seemed so willin' to hep me in any way I hedn't the heart to send him off.

"All he would tell me 'bout himself wuz thet he wuz frum the city and got tired uv it all and struck out fur the woods. So we lived together fur nearly nineteen years and this wuz all I knew about him. We come to love each other same es brothers, but he never lef' behind thet lonesome, sad look in his eyes and somehow I knew he didn't want me to ask him why it wuz there.

"One day about three years ago a big party uv ladies and gen'lemen come down frum Asheville and wanted us to show 'em up the mounting. Jim, (thet wuz his name) and I said 'alright,' and we started. I took notice thet there wuz one young woman in the crowd thet he never took his eyes off uv and I begun to wonder if he wuz hypnotized. When we got to the top all the rest uv the party set down to rest but her. She jes went crazy over the sunset and went over near the edge uv the cliff to see it, with Jim a-followin' right after her. When she got there she stopped and begun to say off some uv the purtiest words I've ever heard, all about the sunset and fadin' evenin' an' everything. Then she turned roun' to Jim and said, with tears in 'er eyes, 'that passage is from dear father's famous book, "The Unforgotten Man." It's very strange that these words should occur to me now. I turned and looked at poor Jim and he wuz so white I thought he wud faint any minit. Jes at thet minit the

young girl leaned over the edge to pick a wild flower, and losin' her balance she fell down headforemost. Jim caught her dress and went over after her. He succeeded in pullin' her back to a safe place, but in climbin' up himself the poor feller slipped and cut a great gash in his head. I got him up and tried to revive him but soon saw thet he didn't hev much longer on this earth.

"I tol' him about his serious condition, but he jes smiled and said he wuz glad his life wuz near to a end. 'But, Tom,' he said in that quiet, sweet way uv his, 'I've got somethin' to tell you before I go.' An' then with his last breaths he tol' me this story: 'The mother of thet young girl I jes saved wuz the cause uv my comin' to these woods. She wuz the only woman I ever loved, and nothin' I could do would have been good enough fur her. But she loved another man, a friend of mine, who she wouldn't marry until he hed made a name fur himself and become famous. I hed written a book which I knew wuz my greates' work, but I wuz in no position to have it published. One day I tol' this friend uv mine uv my trouble, and he said he would gladly hev the book edited and published for me. I waited some time fur its appearance, and whut wuz my astonishment when one day "The Unforgotten Man" appeared under the name uv my friend as author! The book made a tremendous impression and wuz the talk uv the day. Invitations were sent out fur the weddin' uv the woman I loved and the newly famous author. It wuz a hard fight, but fur her sake and because she loved this man I let him keep the credit fur the book, and they were married. I had to fairly run from myself an' hide in these woods. So now, old pard, you know why I am here and can understand thet I am not sorry to leave for a happier land. Tell her,' he said, pointing to the girl, 'thet I knew her mother and loved her, but leave out the rest uv my story.' With thet he straightened up and claspin' his arms 'roun' my neck asked me to bury him jes where he had fallen to save 'her' child. I did thet es nearly ez I could, and

thet is his grave thet looks so lonesome all to itself. I never even knew his real name, but I'm goin' to ask you to carve 'Jim' on the little slab at the head of the mound."

That ended Big Tom's story, and my curiosity was satisfied; but I am afraid I went to bed more wide-awake than ever, only to finally fall asleep dreaming of carving "Jims" over gravestones for lonesome little mounds far away from the prying eyes of humanity.

A TOAST.

Here's to the girl
Whose teeth are peal,
Whose cheek is a rose—
Whence loveliness blows—
Whose lip is a bloom,
And
whose eyes
are diamonds!

Then here's to her teeth—
May they know no decay!
To her ruby-like lip—
May it ne'er fade away!
And her rose-colored cheek—
May it never grow weak!
My hope is
too woo her
and win her away.

FIVE SONNETS.

Our attention having been very kindly directed to Dr. Few's class of Freshman sonnet writers, we investigated the matter and were much gratified to find many signs which we deem hopeful for the future. It has not been long that a direct effort has been made on the part of the college to encourage the writing of poetry, and perhaps this year marks the first attempt to encourage this form of poetry. We could wish that the time might soon come when Trinity would devote a chair entirely to composition work, both in different kinds of prose, and in poetry, entering somewhat fully into the technique of the work. So far, we understand, little technical instruction is being given, but every step in that direction is gratifying.

It might seem strange to start a Freshman writing this difficult kind of verse, but this will necessitate more attention to form than would likely be given otherwise, which is after all, perhaps, the first thing needed. Some of the students have worked out the sonnet very well and we take pleasure in giving our readers a few of the best. Mr. Obarr has kindly written as an introduction to the group:

A SONNET ON THE SONNET.

To fourteen lines of poetry, this name!
Pentameters these lines must be with beat,
A soft and loud; so-called iambic feet;
The versing scheme has helped to give it fame,
And none deny its rhymes have done the same:
An octave first of quatrains made to meet
In form and then a sestet will complete
The whole if thought and rhyme be not made lame.
The rhyme is ever chieftain of the sense,
So always bind both quatrains with one sound,
And bind within them couplet like and sure;
The rest rhyme as you will without expense
To what has gone before; the sense is bound
To show itself if verse and rhyme are pure.

TO ————

BY MISS FLORENCE PARKER.

Always to us, thou hast been faithful, kind;
From day to day no look of scorn you gave,
No signs of careless mood, but face so brave
And bright that it encouraged in our mind
To falter not but on and on to climb
To heights not yet attained,—or duty grave,
And too, to love and serve you led us crave.
And in ourselves the noblest always find.
We fondly claim your praise as ours to sing,
Your memory ours to share with that vast throng
Who know thee, great, the student's loyal friend.
May such unselfish, ardent work ere long
Bring joy untold to you while here, and then
Crown you as one who served his fellow-men.

TO THE TRINITY COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM.

You men who play baseball, I like to see
The fairness that you show in every play.
In victory and in defeat you may
Be sure to show the same straight honesty.
You are not perfect, nor will ever be,
And better teams you'll meet upon the way
In playing ball on your field day by day;
But always keep your record's purity.
Some men may think and say that playing ball
Will never make a boy become a man;
But honest play like honest work will call
A man always to do the best he can.
This college stands for principles of truth;
It makes a man of every college youth.

IMMORTALITY.

A lying down, a rising up, then man
Goes to his long'd for home. For e'en so soon
Does immortality, his greatest boon,
Summon him, out of time and creed and clan,
From herald'd praise and persecuting ban,
Into that life where sun and stars and moon
Shine out no more, for all the lights of noon
Or night by Him whose blood on Calv'ry ran
Are full out shone. So may we ever choose
"To seek, to find, and not to yield" what sets
A man on high, and makes him fear to lose
A moment of that lying down, nor lets
His rising up be aught to hurt or bruise,
But still to help him whom his God begets.

RETROSPECT.

BY W. A. STANBURY.

My years I've spent in wand'ring round this world;
In selfish pleasure have I spent my time,
Beneath a hundred skies, in every clime,
Where foes', where peaceful nations' flags unfurled,
In Bacchanalian revels have I whirled;
Ofttimes I've shielded self by hidden crime,
And all I have of earth is filth and slime,—
O that to death my life I had not hurled!
But ah! 'tis useless for me thus to mourn,
To wish my manhood back and not a waste.
To you who hear my heart's regretful lay,
Take warning from a life that's sadly torn;
Behold the stains that cannot be effaced,
Make pure your soul while yet in youth you may!

JULIAN BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
ANGIER B. DUKE, - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The assertion is frequently made in these times that a college education does not help one to win success—using the term in its usual sense. Persons here and there who have won distinction and made a name for themselves without such education are cited as examples, while numerous college graduates are pointed at as failures. Such cases can indeed be found on every hand but the claim cannot be proved in such a way as this. On the other hand reliable statistics have been gathered showing beyond a doubt that the college-bred man has a far better chance of achieving success than the man without such training.

The editors of the book, "Who's Who in America," obtained reports from over 10,000 successful and distinguished men in the United States as to their education. These reports showed the following: "Without education, none; self-taught, 24; home-taught, 278; with common-school training only, 1,066; with high-school training, 1,627; with college training, 7,709, of whom 6,129 were college graduates." From these figures, compared with those for the total number of males over thirty years of age in the United States classified under the above heads, the following conclusions are reached:

"1. That from 1800 to 1870 the uneducated boy in the United States failed entirely to become so notable in any department of usefulness and reputable endeavor as to

attract the attention of the Who's Who editors, and that only 24 self-taught men succeeded.

"2. That a boy with only a common-school education had, in round numbers, one chance in 9,000.

"3. That a high-school training increased this chance nearly twenty-two times.

"4. That college education added gave the young man about ten times the chance of a high-school boy and two hundred times the chance of the boy whose training stopped with the common school.

"5. That the A. B. graduate was pre-eminently successful and that the self-educated man was inconspicuous."

These quotations are from a leaflet prepared by Dr. Wm. M. Smith, chancellor of the Randolph-Macon System, and he says the statistics given are the fullest and most reliable on the subject ever obtained. Although allowances are made for the possibility that these trained men may owe their success to circumstances other than their education, it is still apparent that the more education a boy had in the last century the greater were his chances of success. And in the present hustling age of doing things by knowing things, it is just as certain to be true.

It should be gratifying to all college men to note the increasing attention the small colleges of the country are receiving at the hands of wise benefactors. Mr. Carnegie, having now apparently satisfied the demand for public libraries, has announced his intention of putting some of his wealth in our smaller colleges and his example is being followed by others. This is a field for philanthropy that we have no doubt can relieve these gentlemen of many of their millions and make them all die poor if they wish. Mr. Carnegie made a very important discovery indeed when he struck upon the needs of such institutions. There are a good many colleges and universities in this country that are rich,

and too rich, yet they are always receiving the largest benefactions; while on the other hand are the hundreds of small colleges that are hampered by lack of equipment, whose teachers are underpaid, and that are practically struggling for a very existence. And it is to be remembered that it is these poorer schools, and not the very rich, that are closest to the people and are educating the great majority of our college-bred men. A recent editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post*, under the title, "Our Fresh-Water Colleges," comments on this subject so well to the point that we quote it here entire:

"By calling attention to the merits of the small college, Andrew Carnegie has done his fellow-citizens an even greater service than starting a program of small college endowments. The small colleges do need money—not too much money, or they will become tainted with the diseases that threaten the usefulness of the big institutions. But, more than money, they need the support of the great mass of well-to-do Americans whose sons and daughters have the future of the nation.

"A college education is in itself a dangerous enough temptation to the average youth, with all youth's tendency to exaggerate the importance of things academic and to disparage the importance of things practical. If, while getting the education, the youth gets also social snobbishness, he or she goes forth the worse for college and a force for evil. And it is in some of our big colleges, especially in the East, that the spirit of social and educational snobbishness has become so strong as to make sensible parents hesitate to send their sons to school there.

"The public school and the small college are together undoubtedly the best educators today. The public-school boy or girl who graduates from the small college has the best chance."

In this connection it may be mentioned that many of our poorer schools, particularly in the South, are so far lacking

in means that they come far short of being what their name really implies. We have "colleges" and "universities" galore whose equipment would justify a name no more pretentious than preparatory school at the most. It is to be hoped that some of these well-meaning but mistaken institutions will be remembered by our philanthropists and that their goods will be so far increased as to make them in reality what they are in name only.

It is learned that the Life of Sidney Lanier, by Dr. Edwin Mims, will be published by the American Book Company some time next fall. It is expected to be brought out in a handsome special edition, with a number of illustrations, and will be a companion volume to Mr. Bliss Perry's "Walt Whitman." Dr. Mims has made a thorough study of Lanier, having had access to a number of his unpublished letters, and this book will be a valuable contribution to our biographical literature. Comparatively little is known of the spirit and genius of this gifted young Southern writer, who did most of his work under the very shadow of death, and the book will no doubt be received and read with much interest by the public.

At this writing we are unable to announce the prize winner in the story contest, since we have not yet heard from the judges. We have secured the services of the editors of some of the national story magazines as judges, and the stories therefore had to be sent to them. The name of the winner, however, will be announced at commencement as before stated, and the prize will be presented with the regular medals and prizes.

With this number our connection with the ARCHIVE ceases and it behooves us to make our farewell remarks as we hand over our task to our successors. It is truly with feelings of

pleasure mingled with regret that our work is finished. It It is no holiday affair to run a college magazine, yet our work has not been without its pleasures. Our aim has been to make the magazine representative of the institution and to make it better than it has been before. Whether or not we have succeeded remains for others to say. Although we have not been overwhelmed with praise, still we have received gentle treatment at the hands of our readers. The chronic kicker and dispenser of free and unlimited advice has seemed to us more conspicuous by his silence than usual, for which we have been profoundly grateful. We also feel very thankful to those faithful contributors who on more than one occasion have helped us out of a hole by a timely article —at the eleventh hour. We heartily commend them to our successors. It is always our hope to see the ARCHIVE grow better and better as the years go by, and we wish for the next editors a most successful year at their task.

At Home and Abroad

J. A. LONG, JR., - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Sunday, June 4, 11:00 a. m. Memorial Service. Address, President J. C. Kilgo.

Tuesday, June 6, 11:00 a. m. Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. Richard Wilkinson, New Orleans, La.

Tuesday, June 6, 8:30 p. m. Graduating Orations.

Wednesday, June 7, 11:30 a. m. Commencement Address, Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody, Harvard University. Conferring of Degrees.

Wednesday, June 7, 1:00 p. m. Alumni Dinner. Address, Rev. C. T. Rowe, '95, Concord, N. C.

Wednesday, June 7, 9:00 p. m. Reception in honor of Graduating Class.

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES, GRADUATING ORATIONS.

E. R. Franklin, Hesperian: "The Forgotten Man."

O. I. Hinson, Columbian: "An Appreciation of the Past."

E. F. Lee, Columbian: "The Triumph of American Democracy."

M. E. Newsom, Jr., Hesperian: "The Moral Element in Politics."

OFFICERS FOR COMMENCEMENT.

MARSHALS, COLUMBIAN SOCIETY.

T. G. Stem, Chief, Stem, N. C.
F. A. Ogburn, Monroe, N. C.
L. G. Daniels, Wanchese, N. C.
J. W. Hutchison, Charlotte, N. C.
N. J. Boddie, Durham, N. C.
W. R. Grant, Rehoboth, N. C.
N. C. English, Monroe, N. C.

MANAGERS, HESPERIAN SOCIETY.

H. G. Foard, Chief, Wilmington, N. C.
J. R. Woodard, Fayetteville, Tenn.
T. M. Stokes, Bamburg, S. C.
W. G. Jerome, Pittsboro, N. C.
J. B. Aiken, Oxford, N. C.
Fred Flowers, Durham, N. C.
A. L. Wissburg, Lexington, N. C.

BASEBALL RECORD—GAMES.

March 17—At Durham: Trinity Park School 2, Trinity 11.

March 21—At Durham: Bingham 2, Trinity 8.

March 29—At Durham: Lafayette 2, Trinity 1. (Ten innings.)

March 30—At Durham: Lafayette 5, Trinity 9.

April 1—At Durham: Wake Forest 0, Trinity 4.

April 4—At Durham: Washington and Lee 3, Trinity 9.

April 7—At Macon, Ga.: Mercer 0, Trinity 0. (Ten innings.)

April 8—At Macon, Ga.: Mercer 0, Trinity 5.

April 10—At Atlanta, Ga.: Georgia Techs. 3, Trinity 2. (Twelve innings.)

April 11—At Greenville, S. C.: Furman 3, Trinity 4.

April 12—At Clemson, S. C.: Clemson 4, Trinity 3. (Eleven innings.)

April 13—At Spartanburg, S. C.: Wofford 1, Trinity 0.
April 14—At Spartanburg, S. C.: Wofford 1, Trinity 4.
April 17—At Durham: Syracuse 0, Trinity 1.
April 18—At Durham: Syracuse 0, Trinity 2.
April 20—At Durham: Wake Forest 5, Trinity 1.
April 25—At Durham: Furman 0, Trinity 7.
April 27—At Durham: St. John's 1, Trinity 2.
May 1—At Raleigh: A. & M. 1, Trinity 2. (Ten innings.)
May 2—At Wake Forest: Wake Forest 0, Trinity 1.
May 15—At Raleigh: Wake Forest 1, Trinity 0.

Number of games played, 21; won, 14; lost, 6; tied, 1; percentage won, .666. Total number of runs made by opposing teams, 34; by Trinity, 76.

Mr. W. M. Smith has been elected captain of the team for next year.

BASEBALL RECORD.

INDIVIDUAL BATTING AVERAGES.

	Games	A.B.	R.	1B.	S.B.	S.H.	PrCt
Justus, rf.	21	85	8	19	7	0	.224
Smith, ss.	21	88	9	16	6	4	.181
Bradsher, p., 3b.	19	76	10	19	9	0	.250
Armfield, 1b	21	87	4	15	5	3	.172
Flowers, cf.	20	76	15	17	7	0	.224
Webb, 3b, p.	19	78	7	16	2	6	.205
Wrenn, c.	17	65	4	12	1	2	.185
Barringer, lf.	20	75	11	19	9	1	.253
Hutchison, 2b	21	81	6	8	6	0	.100
Roper, c.	8	35	4	5	1	2	.143
Harris, 3b	3	6	1	2	1	0	.333
Ogburn, p.	2	2	1	0	0	0	.000

FIELDING AVERAGES.

	Games	P.O.	A.	E.	PrCt
Justus, rf.	21	19	2	6	.778
Smith, ss.	21	24	44	11	.861
Bradsher, p., 3b	19	26	49	9	.893
Armfield, 1b	21	204	8	9	.914
Flowers, cf.	20	23	1	3	.889
Webb, 3b, p.	19	21	30	2	.962
Wrenn, c.	17	185	14	8	.961
Barringer, lf.	20	18	1	2	.905
Hutchison, 2b	21	26	46	8	.900
Roper, c.	8	30	12	4	.913
Harris, 3b	3	3	1	1	.800
Ogburn, p.	2	0	2	0	1000

PITCHERS' RECORD—GAMES.

	Won	Lost	Tie	Struck Out	Hits Yielded
Bradsher	8	4	1	161	38
Webb	6	2	0	47	31
Ogburn*				3	1

*Pitched part of two games, which were won.

Mr. Bruce Craven, formerly a student at Trinity, and now principal of the public schools at Clinton, was on the Park a few days last month, the guest of Prof. Pegram.

Mr. T. A. Holton, of the Junior class, had an operation for appendicitis performed at the Watts Hospital several weeks ago. The operation was entirely successful and Mr. Holton is now recovering very rapidly.

His friends will be glad to learn that Mr. Brandt Asbury, '01, who has been with the American Tobacco Co. during the last four years, has been promoted to quite a responsible position by his employers and transferred from Durham to New York.

The Trinity Glee Club gave its last concerts of the season last month at Raleigh and Durham. The entertainment at Durham, May 17, was one that reflected credit upon the Club and the institution, and the Raleigh papers spoke very favorably of the concert at the capital.

On account of the death of Mr. Washington Duke all college exercises were suspended on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 9 and 10. All the students and faculty of the college and the Park School attended the funeral in a body.

Dr. Edwin Mims, of the English department, delivered the commencement address to the graduating class of the Thomasville High School, at Thomasville, Thursday night, May 11. Prof. Plato T. Durham, of the Department of Biblical literature, preached the annual sermon before the graduating class of the Winston High School, Winston, Sunday, May 14.

The annual gymnasium exhibition given under the direction of Instructor Card on the evening of May 5, was a good example of the class of work being done in the physical culture department of the college. Some very hard and intricate figures and difficult drills were given with ease and precision, while some remarkable "stunts" were done on the

bars and in the tumbling line. The exhibition was a very creditable affair to all those participating and was highly enjoyed by the spectators.

The new catalogue for 1904-5 shows a total enrollment of 245 students during the year, with 17 professors, 1 associate and 2 adjunct professors, 1 lecturer, and 4 instructors and assistants—a total of 25 in the faculty. An appendix giving a brief account of the Trinity Park School shows a total enrollment of 203 students, with 7 professors in the faculty. Both schools are steadily increasing in numbers.

The last meeting of the Historical Society for the year was held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall Friday evening, May 12. Interesting papers were read by Mr. A. S. Hobgood on "The Administration of Governor Burrington," and by Miss Bessie Whitted on "David Fanning," a Tory of the Revolution. After the reading of these papers, announcement was made of the gifts to the society during the past month. Among them was a short sketch of the life of the late I. E. Avery, by his father, Judge A. C. Avery, presented by Mr. A. G. Moore.

At the regular meetings of the two literary societies, on May 6, the medals for the best orator, debater and declaimer in each society were awarded for work done during the past year. The winning of one of these medals is considered a high honor, and a good deal of hard work was done by those who tried for them. The following were the successful contestants: Hesperian Society—Z. E. Barnhardt, orator; E. O. Cole, debater; W. G. Jerome, declaimer. Columbian Society —E. F. Lee, orator; H. E. Spence, debater; V. C. Matthews, declaimer.

At their last meeting for this term, May 13, the societies elected and installed officers for the first quarter of next year. In the Columbian Society the following was the result of the election: President, J. A. Morgan; Vice-President, C. J. Har-

rell; Secretary, W. A. Bryan; Treasurer, W. R. Grant; Marshal, J. M. Templeton. In the Hesperian Society the following were elected: President, L. T. Singleton; Vice-President, H. G. Foard; Critic, Hoy Taylor; Secretary, F. R. Wrenn; Treasurer, Z. E. Barnhardt; Marshal, W. H. Sanders.

The Class of 1905 has presented to the college an ornamental electric lamp which has been placed in front of the Craven Memorial Hall. The pole is of bronzed iron, 7 feet high, and surmounted by a globe 18 inches in diameter, the whole being mounted on a brick and stone base 5 feet high. In one side of the base is a marble slab containing the following inscription: "Erected by the Class of 1905. A token of love for our college and a symbol of what we pray she may ever be: a light which lighteth all men."

TRINITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK.

The following news-letter appeared in the *Charlotte Daily Observer*, May 19, and will no doubt be of interest to our readers:

Last Saturday evening a number of Trinity men met and after an informal dinner, organized the Trinity College Alumni Association of New York City. Dr. George B. Pegram, '95, was elected president. He is instructor in physics at Columbia University and therefore a permanent citizen of the community. Mr. W. H. Adams, '99, formerly of Mooresville, now with the American Tobacco Company, was elected secretary. Mr. B. F. Dixon, '03, the youngest classman present, was elected treasurer. Mr. Dixon has almost completed his second year law course at Columbia University. Out of about twenty Trinity men in this city, fourteen were present. Steps were taken to continue the organization and to keep a record of the names and addresses of the men now in the city and to welcome new men who may come here from the college.

The meeting was a very pleasant one aside from its more serious object. Old comrades shook hands again and recalled the days spent at Trinity when we had more hair on our heads and were younger in years of experience than now. The roll call of these Tar Heel boys might prove interesting to many of your readers in North Carolina.

Mr. M. P. Troy, who has been in Havana some years and is now with the Havana Tobacco Company of this city, represented the class of '07 and gave as a Spanish song.

Mr. L. W. Crawford, of Greensboro, at present a member of the faculty of the Brooklyn Polytechnic, urged those present to hold fast the earnest spirit inculcated at the home college.

Mr. H. B. Asbury, formerly of Durham, has been promoted to the S. Anargyros Company of this city. He told us a few good old Carolina yarns. He said Durham had street cars now and you could get from the station to the college for a nickle, instead of 20 cents, as per those ancient old street carriages we used to know.

Mr. L. H. Asbury, who is permanently located at Boston, but for the present with the New York branch of his firm, Messrs. Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson, architects, as usual let his younger brother do the talking for him.

Mr. John Tyer sustained the reputation of preachers' sons during the evening. He has recently been transferred from the Catlin branch of the American Tobacco Company, where he was assistant superintendent, to the New York branch.

Mr. L. L. Hendren, of Newbern, wanted to give us a lecture on the subject of his thesis, which is to be presented to Columbia University in return for his Ph. D., in physics next week; however, he did not get beyond the subject, "The recombination of gas ions under low pressure." The boys didn't care for any more scientific hot air.

Messrs. B. G. Allen and L. W. Elias represented the medical fraternity and told some stories of a young physician's life in a large city hospital.

Mr. W. P. Johnson, the most typical Tar Heel present, who now holds a position in the leaf department of the American Tobacco Co., distinguished himself by keeping quiet and listening patiently to the others' yarns.

Mr. Stewart Mims came down from Yale and gave us a good talk and told some real good jokes; however, don't tell his big brother at Trinity College, as he would be uneasy to know that one so young was adrift in this naughty metropolis.

One more fact, Mr. Editor, and I am through. Not a man of the fourteen present has grown a mustache yet and they are all likewise single. Perhaps they are still loyal to dear old North Carolina's daughters and expect to go back there for wives when they get better foot-holds in the fierce competition of this great city.

S. S. Dent,
111 Fifth Ave., New York City. May 16, 1905.

We are glad to learn of so many of our alumni getting together so far from home and reviving the memories of their old Alma Mater. We send them our greetings and wish for them the success that Trinity men deserve in "the fierce competition of that great city." And we will give them a hearty welcome when they come back home looking for wives among "dear old North Carolina's daughters."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased God to remove from our midst, in the fullness of a ripe old age, our kind friend and benefactor, MR. WASHINGTON DUKE; and,

WHEREAS, He was ever deeply concerned for our good and keenly interested in all phases of our life and in all the organizations of the college community which made toward our development, physical, social and religious; and,

WHEREAS, His own life was a noble example to us, in its strength of character, in its sound, energetic business principles, and in its simplicity of Christian experience, therefore be it resolved:

1. That we, the entire student body of Trinity College, mourn his death, not as one whose career is ended, but as one who has been called by the infinite, eternal Father to other spheres where those labors begun on earth may have their full completion.

2. That we return thanks to Almighty God for his life and his example, which has been an inspiration to many; that we recognize, though only in a small way, the vast good his gifts to Trinity College have already done, in sending forth men into our state and our country better equipped, mentally and spiritually, for the conflicts of life, and with higher ideals of service to mankind.

3. That we extend our most heartfelt sympathy to the family in their bereavement, especially to the sons whom he was so loath to leave, and to that inmate of his home who has so long been his constant companion and friend.

4. That copies of these resolutions be sent to the immediate members of the family, and a copy published in the Trinity ARCHIVE.

A. G. MOORE,
L. T. SINGLETON,
O. I. HINSON,
Committee.

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